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THE EARLY LIFE AND LETTERS OF CAVOUR

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CAVOUR IN 1834

FROM A MINIATURE PAINTED FOR THE COUNTESS GIUSTINIANI

THE EARLY LIFE AND LETTERS OF CAVOUR

1810-1848

BY

A. J. WHYTE

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TO

FRANCESCO RUFFINI

SENATOR OF THE KINGDOM OF ITALY

THIS VOLUME IS GRATEFULLY

DEDICATED

PREFACE

No account of Cavour's pre-political life, embracing all the available materials, has hitherto been published, even in Italy. The materials for it lie scattered through the large number of volumes which, since Cavour's death, have been written on the subject. The earliest work of importance was *Il Conte di Cavour avanti il 1848* by Domenico Berti, which for some years was the only book on the subject. Two years later (1888) Cavour's Diary was edited and published by the same hand. Then came Chiala's standard edition of the Letters in six volumes, with their invaluable introductions, of which half the first volume and the greater part of the fifth were dedicated to Cavour's pre-political life. This great work was followed by Amédée Bert's volume of the letters written to Emile de la Rue which contained further material, and still more was revealed in the small but important collection of letters written to the Comtesse de Circourt and edited by Count Nigra.

In 1912 appeared Senator Ruffini's two valuable volumes entitled *La Giovinezza di Cavour*, which, besides supplementing the extracts and information given by Berti, tapped a new and fruitful source of information in the correspondence of Cavour with his mother's family, the de Sellons of Geneva. This was followed by a third volume, *Cavour e Mélanie*

Waldor. Almost simultaneously appeared Enzio Visconti's collection of letters written by Cavour to Giacinto Corio, Cavour's factor at Leri, entitled *Cavour Agricoltore*.

In addition to these direct sources, material is to be found in a variety of other works : de la Rive's *Comte de Cavour* ; Castelli's *Ricordi* ; Tavallini's *La Vita e Tempi di Giovanni Lanza* ; *Memorie di Ercole Ricotti*, and others. Cavour's writings on economic subjects and his articles from *Il Risorgimento* have been published in two editions by Galimberti and Zanichelli, as well as the copious extracts given by Chiala.

I am indebted to the courtesy of Fratelli Bocca, the well-known publishers at Turin, for permission to reproduce a number of illustrations from Ruffini's *Cavour e Mélanie Waldor*. The two interesting miniatures of 'Cavour in 1834' and 'Madame de G.' I owe to the kindness of the *Corriere della Sera*, in whose publication *La Lettura* they originally appeared.

My best thanks are due to Mr. A. J. Grant, Professor of History in the University of Leeds, for help and advice in the earlier stages of this work, and to Mr. G. M. Trevelyan, to whom all students of modern Italy turn, for his kindness in reading the work in manuscript. To Senator Ruffini of Turin I owe a special debt of gratitude, not only for his interest and personal kindness, but for the loan of books which I could not otherwise have obtained.

A. J. W.

Copgrove Rectory,
Harrogate, *February* 1925.

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INTRODUCTION

CAVOUR is known in history as the architect of the modern Kingdom of Italy. When he was nominated First Minister of King Victor Emmanuel II. of Sardinia in 1852, Italy was divided into eight separate states—the Kingdoms of Sardinia and Naples, the States of the Church, the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, and the Duchies of Modena, Parma, and Lucca, with Venetia and Lombardy as Provinces of the Austrian Empire. Italy thus divided was the work of the Congress of Vienna in 1815, and represented the latest redistribution of her soil in a series whose permutations and combinations had prevented the unity of Italy for a thousand years. When Cavour died in 1861 Italy was a single kingdom under Victor Emmanuel, save for Venetia and the city of Rome.

It was Cavour who by wise domestic policy first won the respect and confidence of Europe, and later by a bold and hazardous statesmanship sent the flower of the little Sardinian army to the aid of France and England in the Crimea, raising the prestige of Italy and earning the gratitude of the Western Powers. It was Cavour who pilloried Austria in the eyes of Europe at the Congress of Paris and knew how to utilise the defeat of Russia to wean England from her traditional alliance with Austria to become the warm supporter of Italian freedom. Finally, it was the same clear brain and firm hand which brought Napoleon III. into Italy in 1859, broke the power of Austria and kept Italy free from foreign interference while Garibaldi won the Kingdom of Naples for Italy and Victor Emmanuel.

This great work of Cavour's has been widely written upon, and it is not the purpose of the present volume to deal with it. But Cavour as a man, apart from a statesman, is not as well known as his work. In all that he did from the moment that he accepted office as Minister of Commerce and Agriculture, there was a clearness of vision and a sureness of touch which indicated the master hand. There was no hint of indecision, weakness or lack of experience in his work, but a maturity of judgment and a fulness of knowledge which could only have come from a long and arduous apprenticeship. It is this story of the making of a statesman through long years of patient waiting and unceasing preparation which is related in the following chapters.

. . . . . .

The early life of a great statesman may or may not be of genuine interest. But the life of any man who sets before himself in youth a high ambition, and in spite of almost insuperable difficulties achieves it, must always be instructive and worthy of attention. Such in a sentence was the early life of Cavour. Almost from childhood he was obsessed with political ambition. At the age of fifteen he startled his worthy professor of mathematics, who sought to stimulate his ability for figures by the prospect of becoming a famous mathematician, by replying, 'This is not the time for mathematics; one must study economies; the world progresses. I hope to see the day when our country has a constitution, and who knows but I may be a minister in it.' To this dictum he steadily adhered and in his fortieth year he saw its fulfilment.

The present volume covers the years from Cavour's birth in 1810 to his entrance into Parliament in 1848, a period during which two great movements were in progress, the industrial revolution and the rise of democracy. The general political condition of Europe during this period cannot be better described than by a simile drawn from the story of Watt and the kettle,

in which the new industrial democracy is the heated water seeking expansion but kept firmly down by the lid of autocracy—represented by the policy of the Holy Alliance—whilst the boss on the lid took the form of the grim figure of Prince Metternich. The kettle boiled over in 1848.

If we omit the years of Cavour's boyhood, this period corresponds almost exactly to the reigns of Louis Philippe in France and Charles Albert of Savoy in Italy, and to the era of the Reform Bill and the Corn Law agitation in England. Industrially, it was the period which saw the application of steam to transport in the form of railways and steamships, and to industry in the rise of modern machinery. The birth of modern banking, the application of machinery to agriculture, the use of gas for street lighting, and many other inventions and developments date from this same epoch.

Cavour was the child of his age. Though the son of aristocratic and royalist parents, held at the font by a sister of Napoleon and named, suggestively enough, Camillo, after his godfather Prince Borghese, he was born a democrat. From his father he inherited a strong will and an aptitude for business, and from his mother, a Swiss of Huguenot ancestry, his love of freedom and his democratic leanings. The tenacity of his democratic ideas and his imprudence in advocating them ruined the military career designed for him by his father and put him in chronic opposition to his family, his social circle, and the court. Debarred in consequence from the one career he desired, he adopted a business life. Beginning with agriculture, he was soon immersed in schemes for railways, mills, steamboats, banks, and other ventures, some of which failed and some of which succeeded, but which all brought him knowledge and experience. In spite of his multifarious business activities he found time to write a series of very able articles on social and economic subjects, and was rapidly making a name for himself as a writer, when the Piedmontese reforms of 1847 sent him into journalism as

editor of his own paper, *Il Risorgimento* (The Resurrection). It was from this position that he passed in June, 1848, to a seat in the Chamber of Deputies.

During these years Cavour continually widened his horizon both by study and travel. Always a student, he read either in French, Italian, or English all the standard works on history, political philosophy, economics and agriculture that he could obtain. In his numerous sojourns in Paris and his two visits to England he made a close study of the political, industrial and social conditions of both countries. To this was added an intimate knowledge of Switzerland and a close relationship with many of the best known thinkers and politicians both in this latter country and in France. Both in Geneva and Paris he attended university lectures and, in short, there were few avenues of political and social information, apart from practical experience, which Cavour had not done his best to explore before his political life began.

Soon after 1830 Cavour's political principles began to crystallise, and two years later he had adopted that attitude of the *juste milieu* to which he remained faithful throughout his life. This midway position, which condemned equally the reactionary tendencies of the Royalists and the revolutionary propaganda of the Socialists, and which he described later as moderate-Liberal, commended him neither to the Conservatives nor the Republicans, each of whom believed him to belong to the opposite party, and his principles did not materialise into an active force until his famous *connubio* with the Left-Centre under Ratazzi in 1852.

The materials available for the reconstruction of Cavour's life before his entrance into politics consist of some hundreds of letters, his diary and published articles, and, for the first six months of 1848, his leaders in *Il Risorgimento*. The letters are evenly distributed and enable us to follow his activities steadily year by year with scarcely a break. The personal portrait which emerges from the letters is a pleasant one. This first

movement of Cavour's life might well be headed ' allegro con brio.' His sense of humour, his unceasing activity, his unfailing interest in intellectual pursuits, together with his affection for his family and his concern for them in sickness and trouble, reveals a happy and attractive nature. Intellectually precocious, he had all the omniscience of youth, and in his early years the lectures he delivered to his correspondents caused frequent irritation. His home life from his eighteenth to his thirtieth year, however, was very often far from happy. His father was engrossed in business. His mother and her two sisters divided their attention between throne and altar, and his brother was immersed in philosophy and the care of his own family. The palazzo at Turin was the happy hunting-ground of ultramontane clerics and extreme reactionaries. Politics were taboo and business was despised. To fill in his time Cavour gambled and lost more than he could afford, and got mixed up in social intrigues and love affairs which he thought were more serious than they were. The dull social life of Turin, ' half barrack and half monastery,' disgusted him. He had neither money nor status and was generally looked askance at as a Liberal of unknown iniquity. But the moment he got away from Turin to Paris or to his cousins at Geneva he became another being. In the big world outside, where he could speak his mind with freedom, he was as cheerful and interested as he was bored and miserable at home.

Many of his later letters are concerned entirely with business, either agriculture, stock-raising, or industrial undertakings in which he was interested. Some of these have been included in the present volume, less for their intrinsic value than for the light they throw upon Cavour's character and methods. In these, his grasp of detail, his power of generalisation and width of outlook are very noticeable. The remaining letters are chiefly political and are concerned mainly with France and England. They reveal an understanding not

only of internal and external problems but of the trend of political currents very unusual in a stranger. His forecasts of political movements are often very accurate and his anticipation of events sometimes remarkable.

A noticeable feature of his correspondence is the absence of allusions to Italian or Austrian politics. This, no doubt, was due partly to prudence and the extreme severity of the censorship, but partly also to Cavour's attitude towards the entire system of absolutism. As a matter of fact the political life of Italy during these years was dull. The periodic outbreaks fomented by Mazzini were more symptomatic than dangerous and resembled the uprising of bad gasses upon the surface of a stagnant pool. Cavour regarded all the Italian governments as part and parcel of a system which already belonged to the past, irksome and vicious, and doomed to be presently superseded by the new order of things arising in the West. He was not in the least interested in domestic politics and was only too pleased if he could get away to France or Switzerland and breathe a freer air. In this fact lay much of Cavour's success as a statesman. He belonged to the new order. He turned his face to the future and steadily refused to look back. Consciously or unconsciously his policy was that of his people. He had caught the spirit of the new age : its sense of nationality, its thirst for material progress, and its desire for self-government. Whatever might be said against him, he could never be justly accused of sympathy with the system of absolutism.

Taking these letters as a whole, what strikes us most perhaps is the width and range of Cavour's interests. He had little leaning towards art and polite letters, but with these exceptions there was hardly a branch of knowledge which did not interest him. The world of politics, from foreign policy and the growth and interaction of parties down to details of procedure and methods of election ; industry, from the movements of foreign trade to the latest inventions and improve-

ments in machinery ; chemistry and science ; social reform ; education ; economics and agriculture ;—in all of these his interest was perennial. No text-books were too dull, no blue-books too dry, to quench his enthusiasm. Scarcely less astonishing than the range of his interests was his mental and physical energy. He was capable of working at the highest pressure for weeks and even months on end. Sleep and recreation he reduced to a minimum. He was indeed, as d'Azeglio said of him, ' d'une activité diabolique.' With this tremendous vitality he combined extraordinary thoroughness. His power of concentration was remarkable. His memory was prodigious. To this equipment he added courage, self-confidence, and readiness to take responsibility. He was no idealist but a practical opportunist. Early in life he wrote down in his diary a motto to which he adhered steadily all his life : ' Pour être un homme d'Etat utile, il faut avant tout avoir le *tact* des choses possibles.'

With the eye of the true statesman he saw that the future prosperity of his country depended on its power to assimilate the movements of the age, and as a pioneer in the application of science to industry and an advocate of constitutional government he did his best to promote the true interests of his country. A warm admirer of England, of whose statesmen Pitt, Canning and Peel were his models, he would gladly, when the time came, have broken away from the bureaucratic and centralised system inherited from France in favour of the more free and independent methods of England, but the constitution was made without him. A convinced free trader, he rejoiced over the abolition of the Corn Laws, though he was deceived in his opinion that the rest of Europe must of necessity follow the example set by England. He understood the value of public opinion in this country and was more anxious to obtain the good word of the Press than the commendation of individual statesmen, an attitude he reversed when dealing with France.

In conclusion, we cannot read this record of Cavour's pre-political life without being impressed by the peculiar fitness of his training for the rôle he was to play a few years later. At the moment when the old absolutist system was passing away, it gave Piedmont a statesman not only entirely sympathetic with the new régime of constitutionalism, but one who had studied it deeply and carefully in the countries where it was most successful. And moreover one who, having been kept entirely apart from the previous form of government, had neither old habits to unlearn nor new ones to acquire. Again, at the moment when the future prosperity of the country required the adoption of the new means and methods revealed by the industrial revolution, it put at the head of the government a business man and a financier, who in all matters relating to industry was a pioneer and a modernist. Lastly, in the wider sphere of international relations, at the very moment when the sense of nationality was becoming the keynote of European politics, Italy found in Cavour one who, as Gioberti said, 'made the mistake' of governing a small country as if it was an empire; a man who, uninfluenced by the squabbles and jealousies of the various Italian states, viewed Italy and the Italian question as a single problem, and thus lifted the whole complex controversy from the lower level of a mere redistribution of Italian soil (as Napoleon III. and others regarded it) on to the higher plane of the creation of a nation. He stepped into public life at the darkest hour of his country's history and by sheer ability, courage, and faith forced her to place her destiny in his hands.

Cavour never married. In 1834 he fell desperately in love with a noble Genoese lady, the Countess Giustiniani, and the memory of his hopeless though requited passion was the one romance of his life. Four years later, in Paris, he formed a sudden attachment with a French lady, Madame Mélanie Waldor. This intimacy had a curious sequel, for after Cavour's

return to Italy Madame Waldor employed her leisure in writing a romance with Cavour for her hero.

The majority of Cavour's letters and his articles for foreign reviews were written in French, his leaders in *Il Risorgimento* and a minority of his letters in Italian. In neither language was he a stylist. His French biographer, M. de Mazade, speaks of his 'française de fantaisie,' while it is well known that his articles in Italian were always submitted before publication to some member of the editorial staff for revision. In both languages, however, he knew how to express himself with force, clearness, and simplicity.

. . . . . .

The purpose of this volume is to present a portrait of Cavour drawn from his letters, diary, and writings; to trace the growth and development of his character and abilities, and as far as possible to let the man himself stand out clearly. Although the book comes to a close with his entry into political life, as a character study it is more complete than so large an omission would suggest, for once immersed in politics, to separate the character of the man from the statesman becomes almost impossible. It embraces threequarters of his life and leaves him in the plenitude of his power on the threshold of his great work for Italian unity. It is a page of political biography almost unknown to English readers, for there is no translation of his letters or diary, nor has any attempt been made hitherto, even in Italy, to combine the various sources which have contributed to the present volume. Such a record, so full of activity, intelligence and observation, will, it is hoped, prove of interest to the reading public, while to those attracted by the story of the unity of Italy, a knowledge of the early life of Cavour, the controlling mind of the *Risorgimento*, will be found a valuable preliminary study to the understanding of his later career.

THE FAMILY OF CAVOUR

Giuseppe Filippo Benso,
Marchese di Cavour *m.* Francesca Filippina de Sales

Michele Benso,
Marchese di Cavour *m.* Adelaide Susanna de Sellon

Adèle Lascaris di Ventimiglia *m.* Gustavo, Marchese di Cavour — Camillo

- Auguste, killed at Goito, 1848
- Josephine *m.* Marchese Alfieri di Sostegno
- Aynard

FAMILY OF DE SELLON

Count G. de Sellon *m.* Anna Maria Montz.

- Giovanna Vittoria *m.* 1. Comte de Turbie 2. Duc de Clermont-Tonnerre
- Adelaide *m.* Marchese di Cavour
  - Gustavo
  - Camillo
    - Barone P. E. Maurice *m.* Adèle
      - Federigo
    - Amelia *m.* C. T. Revilliod
    - Hortensia
    - Valentina
  - Auguste
  - Giuseppina *m.* Marchese Alfieri di Sostegno
  - Aynard
- Giovanna Enrichetta *m.* Conte d'Auzers
- Giacomo de Sellon *m.* Cecilia de Budé

I. FAMILY AND EARLY YEARS
1810–1826

The House of Benso—The Family—Under Napoleon—The Restoration Reaction under Victor Emmanuel I.—Cavour's Early Years—Destined for Army—The Royal Military Academy—Appointed a Royal Page—Dismissed by Charles Albert—Early Letters—Receives his Commission.

TEN miles south-east of Turin lies the little town of Chieri. Though now of small importance, it was once the centre of a free community known as the Republic of the Seven B's, from the seven distinguished families which had their origin within its boundaries.[1] The last and greatest member of one of these, the house of Benso, is the subject of this biography.

Tradition traces the house of Benso back to the twelfth century when, it was said, a certain pilgrim, Uberto of Saxony, following in the train of Frederic Barbarossa as he made his way into Italy, married the heiress of the house of Benso, then lords of Baldissero, Porticello, and Santena. Another version states that Uberto fought with Frederic against the Lombard League and afterwards made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, marrying on his return the heiress before mentioned. The authenticity of the tradition may be doubtful and Cavour himself, who gives us another version,[2]

[1] The others were: Balbo, Balbiani, Biscaretti, Buschetto, Bertone, and Broglie.

[2] Cavour once said: 'It is said that my family originates from Saxony and that a pilgrim called Benz came into Piedmont about 1080 A.D. This fact has its origin in the three scallop shells which we bear with the motto Gott: Will: Recht. Do you believe it? No. Neither do I.' (Artom, *Cavour in Parlamento*.

did not believe it, but the arms and motto borne by the family, together with the fact that there is evidence of a patrician family called Benso living near Chieri as early as 1150 A.D.,[1] provide us at least with a framework of truth. In the succeeding centuries the family took a not undistinguished part in public affairs ; they were Ghibellines by tradition, and we find an Arduino Benso in the train of the Emperor Henry VII. (1309). In 1590 an Ascanio Benso was minister to Ranuccio Farnese, Duke of Parma, while an Antonio Benso, colonel of cavalry in the service of Venice, distinguished himself at the siege of Cyprus (1489). It was not, however, until the middle of the seventeenth century that the family were ennobled, at which time Carlo Emmanuel II. raised the head of the family, Michele Antonio Benso, to the dignity of the marquisate, bestowing upon him the vacant fief of Cavour, once an appanage of the Counts of Racconigi. Cavour's grandfather, Marquis Giuseppe Filippo, married Francesca de Sales, a descendant of St. Francis de Sales, and, dying before his wife, passed on the marquisate to his son Michele, who in 1805 married Adelaide Susanna de Sellon, a member of a distinguished Huguenot family which had fled to Geneva on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. From this union there were born two sons, the Marquis Gustave and Count Camillo Benso di Cavour, the future minister of Victor Emmanuel II.

The wealth of the family was derived from agriculture, for they possessed extensive lands situated in different parts of Piedmont. The most important estate was at Leri, not far from Vercelli, where they owned a large farm of several thousand acres. Flat, ugly and unhealthy as it was, situated in the heart of the rice country, Leri was in his later life the dearest of all Cavour's possessions. He raised it from a condition of neglect and poverty to be a model of successful agriculture, and the happiest years of his life were

[1] See Chiala, *Lettere*, vol. i. p. i. note.

spent tramping the rice fields and supervising the cultivation of its broad acres. It was to Leri that Cavour fled when the stress of political life grew overwhelming; as he writes to his friend Castelli: 'Thanks be to heaven, an ocean of mud separates me from the importunities of bores and place-hunters, and safe from all politics I have the consolation of living as if the problem of Italy did not exist.' Besides Leri the family owned farms at Trofarello and Grinzane, and it was at this last place, of which for many years he was syndic, that Cavour began his work as an agriculturist after his retirement from the army. In addition to these they owned Cavour, from which they drew their title; but the homestead, destroyed by the soldiers of Catinat in 1691, had never been rebuilt, and the place was of small value or importance. For the most part the family lived in their palazzo at Turin, situated in what was then called the Via dell' Arcivescovado, formerly known as the Rue de Jena and now as the Via Cavour. But in the hot weather they migrated to Santena, about twenty kilometres from Turin, where in the midst of a finely timbered park they possessed a large country house. Here or in Turin they lived in patriarchal fashion, as was the custom of the old Piedmontese nobility, gathering under one roof members from both sides of the family. On his mother's side both her sisters, Victoire, Duchess of Clermont-Tonnerre, and Henriette, Countess d'Auzers, with their respective husbands, had apartments in the Cavour palazzo. On his father's side his mother, the Dowager Marchioness di Cavour, a fine old lady who lived to be eighty-eight, and two of his father's brothers, the Cavalier Uberto and the Count Benso, lived with them. The Duc de Clermont-Tonnerre was an amiable nonentity managed by a clever wife, and Count d'Auzers an ardent and somewhat pugnacious royalist, with whom Cavour had many a tussle on political questions in his youthful days. But between Cavour and his grandmother there was in his early life a very close

bond. When in 1828 his outspoken political opinions brought upon him a severe reproof and the family generally were saying hard things about him, it was to his beloved Marina (the pet name by which she was known in the family) that he turned, writing to her from his barracks at Ventimiglia: 'To you, oh my dear Marina, who bear me such love, I turn and pray you to defend me against the hateful and undeserved charge brought against me—that I am hard-hearted and that all feelings of tenderness are extinguished within me. I can be accused of much, perhaps even of being inconsiderate and too much of a Liberal, but never of hardness of heart.' And Cavour probably revealed the true secret of their mutual sympathy when one day he exclaimed: 'We understand each other marvellously, you and I, for you were always a little bit of a Jacobin.' [1]

Two other members of the family deserve notice: the Count de Sellon, his mother's only brother,[2] who lived at Geneva, and Auguste de la Rive, a more distant cousin, who also lived at Geneva and was a professor at the university. For some years the Count de Sellon wrote regularly to Cavour, and later, when they drifted apart in thought, for his uncle's life was entirely given up to propagating his ideas on universal peace, arbitration, and the abolition of the death penalty and duelling, his place as a correspondent was taken by Auguste de la Rive.

Such in outline was the family amongst which Cavour was born on 10th August, 1810. With the Prince and Princess Borghese standing as godparents he was christened at the Parish Church of S. Carlo by the Archbishop of Turin. How it came about that the future minister of Victor Emmanuel II. was ushered into the world with a pomp and circumstance so alien to his own character requires some explanation.

[1] Berti, *Cavour avanti il 1848*, p. 22.

[2] He had four daughters, of whom the eldest, Adèle, afterwards Baroness P. E. Maurice, and the second, Amélie, were among Cavour's regular correspondents.

In 1802 Napoleon, having driven out the house of Savoy, incorporated Piedmont together with some other portions of northern Italy into France, under the title of the Cisalpine departments. Six years later, deeming it advisable to satisfy the desires of the Piedmontese nobility, grown restless in the absence of their royal family, he sent to Turin as Viceroy Prince Camillo Borghese (who had married his sister Pauline) to form a court in place of the exiled house of Savoy. With the idea of reconciling the nobility to their new masters, Prince Borghese was instructed to gather round him in positions at court such of the Piedmontese aristocracy as would respond to his invitation. Many stood aloof, but amongst those who were not above serving the foreigner was the Marquis Michele di Cavour. Already united by family ties to France, the house of Cavour found little difficulty in adhering to the new régime, and before very long was occupying a distinguished position at court. The Marquis was appointed Chamberlain, his mother received the post of Dame of the Palace to the princess, and his brother-in-law, Count d'Auzers, became Director-General of Police. This state of things continued without interruption until 1814, when the victory of the Allies and the fall of Napoleon swept the court of Prince Borghese into the limbo of history. In these circumstances it is easy to understand that the prince, instructed to flatter and propitiate the Italians, should act as godfather to the infant son of his chamberlain, upon whom was bestowed, in honour of his godfather, the suitable and suggestive name of Camillo.[1] In such an atmosphere the child grew up more French than Italian. He learnt to think and speak in that language, so that in later years he was never truly at home in his native tongue and neither spoke nor wrote it with perfect ease.

In 1814 the inevitable change came over the fortunes of the family. The abdication of Napoleon, followed

[1] A copy of the entry of Cavour's baptism is given by Chiala, vol. v. p. i.

in due course by the restoration of the exiled house of Savoy, caused the speedy retirement of the supporters of the French occupation. Many years later, in looking over the papers of his uncle Benso, Cavour came across the correspondence between his aunt Victoire and his father at this time. Though he gives scarcely any extracts in his diary it is easy to see the alarm created in the family by the restoration. 'I would rather see the great Turk on the throne than Victor Emmanuel,' exclaims his aunt, and his father appears little less disturbed, declaring that he would never submit to the new king and talking of leaving the country, to which Cavour adds the comment, 'Quantum mutatus ab illo!'[1] As a matter of fact he retired to his estates and for a time wisely enough made himself as inconspicuous as possible.

The restored king, Victor Emmanuel I., was the second of three brothers, all without male issue, who occupied successively the throne of Savoy; his elder brother, Charles Emmanuel IV., abdicated in 1802 and went into a Jesuit monastery at Rome. His younger brother, Charles Felix, followed him as king upon his own abdication in 1821, and with him ended the elder branch of the house of Savoy, and the title passed upon his death in 1831 to Prince Charles Albert of Savoy-Carignan, Prince of Carignano, the direct ancestor of the present King of Italy. Victor Emmanuel I., married to Maria Theresa, daughter of the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria, was the father of four daughters, all debarred from the throne of Savoy by the Salic Law. After fifteen years of exile in the island of Sardinia, where by means of Russian subsidies he had kept up with meticulous precision the etiquette of a miniature court,[2] Victor Emmanuel returned to Turin on the 20th May, 1814. On that memorable day he wrote to the Queen, 'I shall never forget my entrance into our faithful Turin and I shall reward the people

[1] See *Diary*, p. 102.

[2] See Costa de Beauregard, *La Jeunesse de Charles Albert*.

at once by erasing every trace of enemy occupation.' He remarked to the Russian minister, Potemkin, that he had been asleep for fifteen years, which provoked the deserved reply, ' It is fortunate that the emperor, my master, has not slept as well as your majesty, for without him your majesty would scarcely have awakened upon a throne.' [1] On the very next day, faithful to his promise, the king proceeded to reward his people with an edict which swept away with a stroke of the pen the whole progress and political structure of the last twenty years. This famous ordinance, after retaining in their entirety the taxes both direct and indirect levied by the French government, proceeded thus : ' We recognise the validity of no law whatsoever enacted between this our present edict and those of the royal constitutions of 1770.' To realise the full effect of this amazing pronouncement we must remember that during the twenty years of French occupation the whole political and educational system of the country had been revised. The introduction of the code Napoleon and of the French civil service and educational system had swept away a whole crowd of abuses and vested interests ; the banishment of the Jesuits and the suppression of effete religious orders had turned many convents and religious buildings into secular schools and in some cases into thriving local industries. In twenty-four hours the whole industrial, political and educational system of the country was hopelessly dislocated. The whole social edifice constructed by Napoleon fell like a pack of cards ; the state suddenly found itself without administrators, the magistrature without magistrates, the civil service without servants, the schools without teachers, while the individual business man and trader found himself without security in the present or trust in the future. Scarcely less disastrous was the constructive effort which followed. The king, calling for the court almanac of 1798, pro-

[1] This account is drawn chiefly from Tivaroni, *L'Italia durante il domini Austriaco*, part i.

ceeded to reinstate every official, still living, in the position which he had then occupied. With the help of a band of officials as retrograde as himself he made a strenuous and detailed effort to restore the kingdom to its exact condition of twenty years before. The whole educational system was handed back to the Jesuits, the pre-revolution system of law was revived, the old offices and orders, the old interests and abuses were restored *en bloc*. In short, as far as royal authority could do it, the very existence of the revolutionary period was to be blotted out and the national life started once more where the clock of true progress had stopped in the year of grace 1798.

The effects of this extraordinary attempt to wipe out the past soon became apparent. It led directly to the rebellion of 1821. The severity with which this ill-prepared attempt was crushed only made matters worse and foreshadowed more clearly the upheaval of 1848. The significance of the contrast between the ideas circulating throughout Europe in the early decades of the nineteenth century and the mediævalism of the court of Turin must not be lost sight of in watching the early career of Cavour. It explains better than anything else the intensity of his feelings against absolutism and his consequent personal dislike of royal patronage. Every book and magazine which he read, not of home production, and they were many, portrayed a state of enlightenment in other countries which was only too obviously absent from his own, and how quickly and thoroughly his active brain appreciated the difference is plain enough in the letters and diary of his early years.

Camillo's early instruction was mainly in the hands of his grandmother, who in anticipation of this task had taken a course in education and method from the Abbé Girard, when her duties had taken her, as lady-in-waiting on Princess Borghese, to attend the wedding of Napoleon with Marie Louise in Paris. As Camillo grew older, the Abbé Frézét took charge of his edu-

cation and became a valued friend both of his young pupil and of the family. Appointed a lecturer at the Royal Military Academy about the time of Camillo's entrance into that institution, he kept a watchful eye upon his development and acted as a kind of special correspondent between the pupil and his home circle. Later he became a permanent member of the Cavour household, and died in their palazzo at Turin in 1839. The happy relation between Cavour and his old preceptor comes out in a letter dated 10th September, 1839.

> 'On my return here I found upon his deathbed my old tutor who had charge of my education in childhood and who lived with us, not in any official capacity but as a relative and friend. I was with him in his last moments and I was glad to be able to make him happier by my presence. But his death has caused me bitter sorrow and plunged me into a state of grief which only time will heal.' [1]

Camillo's entrance into public life may be dated from the early age of five years. On this occasion he was staying with his de la Rive cousins at Presinge, their house near Geneva. The incident, quoted by most of his biographers from the original record of de la Rive, is well worth mentioning.

> 'He was a lively little fellow with a face indicating both quickness and decision, very attractive manners and an endless flow of childish spirits. He wore a red suit which gave him at the same time a droll and resolute air. On his arrival at Presinge he was quite put out, and remarked to my grandfather that the postmaster had provided execrable horses and ought to be dismissed. 'I demand,' he said, 'that he shall be dismissed.' 'But,' replied my grandfather, 'I cannot dismiss the postmaster; only the first syndic can do that.' 'Ah, well,' said Camillo, 'I want an audience of the syndic.' 'You shall have it to-morrow,' said my grandfather, and then and there he sat down and wrote to his friend M. Schmidtmeyer, the first syndic, telling him that he was sending him a very amusing 'petit homme.' The next day Camillo in due course arrived at M. Schmidtmeyer's house. He was received with great ceremony and, not in the least

[1] Ruffini, *Cavour e Mélanie Waldor*, p. 144.

nonplussed, he made three deep bows and then in a clear voice repeated his story and request. On his return, as soon as he saw my grandfather he cried out, 'It is all right, he will be dismissed.'"

It is easy enough to exaggerate the significance of stories told of the childhood of those who afterwards become famous, but there is a determination and thoroughness about this little incident, a fixity of purpose to see the matter through, which are thoroughly characteristic of Cavour. Until he was ten years old Camillo's life proceeded on normal lines. In the childish letters which the loving remembrance of the family has preserved we see a bright, healthy, somewhat self-willed boy, affectionate and dutiful, disliking his lessons but all the same progressing rapidly under the careful supervision of his parents and tutor. The question of his future career was speedily settled. Like the majority of the younger sons of the Piedmontese nobility he was destined for the army; but in order that his son might start his career with all possible advantage, his father was anxious to procure his nomination as a royal page.

The royal pages, twenty-four in number, were selected from the sons of the nobility destined for a military career and entered at the Royal Military Academy. They received a grant of court uniform and 1200 francs a year, together with the privilege of heading the list at their final examination independent of all question of merit. After what has been said regarding King Victor Emmanuel's attitude towards French rule in Piedmont, the likelihood of his nominating as a page the son of so staunch a supporter of Prince Borghese's court as the Marquis Cavour was remote. This difficulty had already been foreseen, and when the restoration revealed the anti-French sentiments of the new king, the Marquis Cavour had set himself to win the friendship of the young Charles Albert, Prince of Carignano, the heir-presumptive to the throne. His foresight was now rewarded by a

promise from the prince that when he was in a position to do so he would certainly nominate Camillo as one of his pages. This promise he fulfilled in 1824, when on his return from Spain he was for the first time recognised by Charles Felix, who succeeded his brother in 1821, as heir to the throne and permitted to have a court of his own. The two letters which in reference to his promise he wrote to the Marquis Cavour and to his brother-in-law Count d'Auzers ran as follows :[1]

> ' I received yesterday, my dearest Cavour, your last letter in which you remind me of the promise which I made in regard to your son Camillo. As soon as my political position will permit me to make nominations to positions in a court of my own, I trust that you are well assured that the acquisition of this interesting young man who gives such great promise will have a twofold value for me, above all if in so doing I can show you, at least in the person of your son, the gratitude which I owe and the friendship which I bear you.'

To Count d'Auzers[2] he wrote a few days later :

> ' I had the pleasure of writing a few days ago to the Marquis de Cavour ; I hope that he and you also are convinced of the pleasure I shall feel when my political circumstances put me in a position to make nominations to my court, for the first will certainly be this charming Camillo, so interesting in himself and to whom I am sincerely attached, regarding him almost as your son. I have received a letter from Sonnaz asking the place of second page for his son, saying, ' after the young Cavour.' So you see, my very dear friend, that on my side the desire is at least as great as yours.'

In the meantime, on 1st May, 1820, at the age of ten years, Camillo had been duly entered on the books of the Royal Military Academy.

He spent six years in this establishment, where the sons of the nobility were trained for commissions in the army. At the end of that time he passed out first in the final examination, though his position of royal page already assured him of heading the list independent of merit. We can gather some idea of his character and

[1] Chiala, *Lettere*, vol. i. p. 5.

[2] As this letter shows, Count d'Auzers was a close friend of Charles Albert.

disposition from the 'Orders of the Day' preserved in the academy, which, supplemented by his own letters and those of fellow students, give us a fair picture of him during these years. We will begin by quoting, for the benefit of those who like omens of coming greatness, the following extract from a letter by a contemporary student, the Cavaliere Michele Cao:

> 'I have not forgotten,' he writes, 'that we had a theatre in the Academy; here, when very young, Cavour acted in a piece entitled 'The Poets in the Elysian Fields,' taking the part of 'The Genius of Italy,' as which in one scene he was lowered from above dressed as a winged symbolic figure by means of machinery constructed by Bordino. I do not remember what were the words the genius addressed to the poets, but they were expressions of the glory of Italy and of her future greatness.'

It was well for the future of Italy that Bordino's machinery was of solid construction. From the same source we gather that Cavour was already a voracious reader. He took little part in the games, preferring to read history, politics, and, whenever possible, newspapers. These last were smuggled in to him by his elder brother Gustave whenever permitted to visit him. This little weakness, which was strictly against rules, got him into trouble, as we can see from the following entry dated August, 1823, Cavour being then aged thirteen:

> 'The Signor Cavour will immediately be placed under close arrest for having books in his possession without leave from his superiors.'

Though easy to handle when tactfully managed, Cavour could not be bullied, and we can see the effect of some over-zealous disciplinarian in the following entries:

> 'The Signori Cavour and X. are reported by the professor of class 4 for grave disobedience in refusing to obey the general orders of the school. The above-mentioned students will be confined with bread and water for three days, with the addition of a *nota rossa* [1] from the professor.'

[1] 'Nota rossa,' *i.e.* a report on a red form, was a 'bad mark.'

And again later :

> ' The Signor Cavour, who has deliberately disobeyed the senior prefect of inspection, will be under arrest until further notice.'

It was not always like this, however. He frequently receives ' honourable mention,' and on one occasion his ability in mathematics brought him the following somewhat mysterious honour: ' The Signor Cavour, for his distinguished progress in mathematics . . . has been given the highly honourable privilege of holding a ' Portafoglio Grande ' with keys, of which the duplicate will be kept by the commandant ; which Portafoglio will be brought every evening to the commandant by the above-mentioned scholar.' [1]

Of Cavour's private opinions at this time a somewhat remarkable account appears in a private letter of an old member of the academy, Major Carlo Cappai :

> ' Camillo had always a great admiration for Benjamin Franklin, and also for Count Santorre di Santarosa, who died fighting for Greece in her struggle for liberty.[2] The opinions he expressed were ultra-liberal, and I remember one day when the professor of mathematics, the celebrated Plana, was explaining an extra difficult lesson, he gave Cavour advice to try and become a great mathematician like La Grange, to which Cavour replied : ' This is no longer the time for mathematics ; it is necessary to study political economy ; the world progresses. I hope to see the day when our country is governed by a constitution, and who knows but I may be a minister in it.' '

In 1824 Cavour was nominated page to S.A.S. the Prince of Carignano.[3] This long-promised honour,

[1] See Introduction to Chiala, *Lettere*, vol. v., for his life at the R.M.A. The building itself, which adjoins the Piazza Castello on one side and the Royal Gardens on the other, consists of a two-storied building with an arcaded fort forming three sides of a square enclosing the parade ground. The fourth side was the official residence and offices of the Minister of the Interior, who thus could from his windows exert his silent influence on the political faith and morals of the rising generation.

[2] He had been the leader of the 1821 rebellion. He was killed at Sfacteria.

[3] The Prince at this time, on account of his connection with the rebellion of 1821, was not permitted the title of ' Sua Altessa Reale,' but only the lower one of ' Sua Altessa Serenissima.'

which gave great satisfaction to his family, was received by the person chiefly interested with singular distaste. His attitude and the indignation it caused at the academy are evident from the following extract from a letter of Major Cappai :

> ' When Cavour was nominated page he showed a very lively displeasure. For some years (he was only 14) he had already shown much distaste for service at the court and had frequent disputes with his friends Scati, Gazzelli, and Roberti, who were already pages. The Marquis Claudio Sommariva, equerry to the prince, visited him the first time he was dressed in the scarlet uniform of the court pages to offer him his congratulations. Camillo replied so rudely to his compliments that the Marquis reprimanded him severely and told his father about it. Our good commandant was equally grieved and rebuked him also. Camillo continued to be a page, but avoided appearing at court as much as possible.'

Unfortunately the matter did not end here, for this episode was but the first link in a chain which brought him into such marked disfavour at court that a political career was practically an impossibility to Cavour as long as Charles Albert was on the throne. Cavour's obvious refusal of a career under ' royal patronage,' which was his father's dearest wish for him, was a cause of much disappointment at home and led to estrangement between Cavour and his family. The trouble with the prince seems to have broken out again in September, 1825, for on that date he writes to his mother :

> ' To tell the truth, matters are not going very well with me ; this wretched affair of the prince, which probably you will have heard about, has spoilt everything. I cannot leave the school, not even to go to the theatre. I was told dryly that as we are in Turin to study, this does not mean amusing ourselves. Thanks to heaven, there is only one year more of this blessed Academy and then it will be finished with—I assure you it will give me the utmost pleasure. I expect when you return we shall be officers, for after All Saints' Day we shall put on our epaulettes.'

But it was on the occasion of his leaving the Academy a year later that he finally forfeited the favour of his

patron, who a few years after (1831) became King Charles Albert. His own account of it appears in a letter written many years later to his friend the Marquis Costa de Beauregard where he says, 'I broke with the court, thanks to some imprudent words pronounced on leaving the Academy.' The prince's account of it is recorded in a letter dated Turin, 31st December, 1826, to his equerry Charles Emmanuel di Robilant: 'Young Camille has turned Jacobin, and I have dismissed him; tears and lamentations from all the family.' Though the cause usually assigned was the use of a phrase derogatory to the dignity of the court, the true reason must be deeper. The fact was that, in the eyes of Cavour, Charles Albert had betrayed the Liberal cause by his attitude in 1821. One of Cavour's closest friends was Pietro di Santarosa, a cousin of the leader of that movement, and we may be sure that Cavour heard and accepted the family version of Charles Albert's conduct. This was bound to colour his whole attitude towards his patron, and it was inevitable that he should say things which made his position impossible. It seems pretty clear that Charles Albert not only dismissed Cavour from his *entourage* but did his best to have him dismissed from the army. Ricotti in his memoirs[1] states that the prince requested the king to dismiss Cavour and that Charles Felix, unable to refuse the prince, demanded Cavour's dismissal from the commandant. The general, however, refused, on the ground that the matter referred to took place before Cavour had received his commission. The king, however, insisted, upon which the commandant sent in Cavour's papers, but with his own resignation as well, whereupon the king refused to accept either and the incident closed. This view has the support of Cavour's latest biographer,[2] on the strength of a letter from Gabaleone di Salmour published by Crispolti[3] which

[1] Ricotti, *Ricordi*, p. 158.

[2] Ruffini, *Giovinezza di Cavour*, vol. i. p. 336.

[3] *Corriere della Sera*, 25th September, 1910.

gives us substantially the same account as Ricotti. The actual phrase used seems to have been an allusion to his 'livrea da gambero,'[1] which might be freely translated as designating his court duties as a 'lobster parade.' Chiala discounted Ricotti's version of the incident on the ground that he was some fourteen years junior to Cavour, but his evidence is immensely strengthened by the independent testimony of Salmour, who was Cavour's contemporary at the Academy and a brother officer with him in the Engineers at Genoa. He adds the picturesque detail that Cavour especially hated the duty, which always fell to the lot of the two smallest pages, of being perched beside the coachman of the royal carriage on occasions of state. The commandant of engineers, whose loyalty to his officers thus prevented Cavour's dismissal from the service, was the Marchese di Boyl. His court life as a page was never forgotten by Cavour, and years afterwards when his friend de la Rive asked him how the court pages were dressed, he replied with heat, 'How do you think we were dressed except as the lacqueys that we were? I blushed with shame at it.'

Cavour's attitude towards the court was, in fact, consistent throughout his life. He never liked attendance at court functions and etiquette always annoyed him. He had no desire for collars and orders. In this he was a thoroughgoing democrat, and to the last the most uncongenial side of his work was that which demanded his appearance in court dress. Careless of his personal appearance and of externals generally, he fully realised the value and power of honours and rewards in the case of others, though for himself they had no fascination at all.[2]

[1] Lit. 'a livery suitable for a crayfish,' an allusion to the colour of the pages' uniform.

[2] Remembering this, one feels there is a certain irony in the carefully preserved cocked hat and laced coat reverently placed amongst the relics of Cavour in the National Museum at Turin. One would rather have seen the stout cudgel and huge straw hat with which he tramped the rice fields of Leri than these relics of a greatness which sat so uneasily upon him. But perhaps it is as well to realise that he actually wore them.

Before bringing to a close Cavour's school life at the military Academy, it may be of interest to give examples of his letters written to different members of the family.[1] Unfortunately he appears much more interested in the visits and letters he receives than in detailing the events of his life at the Academy. The first we will quote is to his mother, written before his thirteenth birthday.

DEAR MAMMA,

What it has cost me to be the only one absent from a complete reunion of the family you can imagine. The greatest pleasure that I receive is to get your letters and news. I thank you ever so much for what you have written in the one which I received yesterday evening. I should not be so miserable if the good Abbé [2] was with me, but he has gone to the mountains carrying with him the regrets of all ; our good Count de Villafallette loves him exceedingly and has missed him very much, as we all do. I am beginning to feel the thorns with which the path of life is sown ; but since I have commenced a career, I must learn how to bear patiently the troubles that one meets. The commandant has done all that he can in allowing me to go twice into the country, and I think that to ask him a third time would be an indiscretion. I shall be able to embrace my aunt next month at Turin ; it is true that the shortness of the time I passed with her only made me feel the more the pleasure of her conversation. Good-bye, dearest mamma ; love to Victoire, Tonnerre, Papa, Henriette, d'Auzers, Marina, Gustave, and Franquin.

I embrace you tenderly,

C. CAVOUR.

In July, 1823, he writes to his mother, who is going to take a course of the baths at Valdieri. The letter is dated '26th July, Vigne de Seminaire,' which was a hostel for the students used in the hot weather.

DEAREST MAMMA,

It needed all your maternal love to brave the heat of the sun and climb up here. We shall then be separated for a month. During a whole month we shall

[1] These letters will be found in Berti's *Il Conte di Cavour avanti il 1848*.

[2] This refers to the Abbé Frézét, his mentor at the Academy.

not see one another at all; it is very hard, but it is necessary to resign oneself to it, for your health requires it. At Valdieri you will be well lodged and well fed; you will enjoy pure healthy air and Gustave will make a trusty companion. You have heard about Gustave's adventure on horseback. We all ran after him; luckily the horse went into a farm and was easily stopped. Be sure you are cheerful and take care and look after yourself well. Between us, the Abbé and I will write to you nearly every post; you may be sure, dear mamma, that I am happy, specially when I am not ordered to be so. Please give my love to father, and believe me always,

Your affectionate son,

C. Cavour.

Here is a pen-picture of him at the age of fifteen, home on an *exeat* and thoroughly enjoying himself, drawn by his father in a letter to his wife.[1]

'Your son, or more properly, our son, is a quaint bit of originality; he makes plans like St. Cierge does houses. First of all Camillo has dined like a lord; a large plate of soup, two fine big cutlets, a plate of bouilli, then a woodcock which I brought back from the rice fields, with potatoes, haricots and rice, ending up with grapes and coffee—he could eat no more. After that he recited to me several passages from Dante, songs of Petrarch, and extracts from Alfieri, Felicaja, Corticelli's grammar and *Jacopo Ortis*, all this striding up and down in his *robe de chambre* with his hands in his pockets.'

In another letter alluding to the military walks which the senior students used to take from time to time, his father gives us another unexpected glimpse of him.

'Lodi tells me that Camillo amuses the whole Academy with his stories en route. He has always a hunch of bread in his hand and a story in his mouth. He is never tired, and on arriving started to show Lodi how to play *truc arest*. . . .'

Two other letters dating from this time deserve quotation, one to his grandmother and the other to his brother Gustave; to the former he writes:[2]

[1] Ruffini, *Giovanezza di Cavour*, vol. i. p. 14. [2] Berti.

Dearest Marina,

The Abbé has this moment brought me your kind letter. I write to you in bed with a very bad pen, so I beg you not to be shocked if I write badly. I am very sorry to hear mother is ill, but what troubles me most is that I cannot take care of her as she took care of me when I was sick. I console myself, however, in thinking that you are all there to keep her company and that you will assuredly never leave her. I will give your messages to the good Abbé Frézét, who looks after me well and is always very cheerful; he often reads me the letters he has written. Yesterday his class was examined, which lasted from three o'clock until evening; after this long sitting he came to see me and went to sleep leaning against the foot of my bed. Yesterday I had Gustave here to see me, who kept me company all day. Tell him, I pray you, that the passage of which he wanted an explanation depends upon a very long and complicated theory, that is *La théorie des fonctions génératrice*, which forms a study quite separate from the elements of infinitesimal calculus. Please let me know when mother will start for Valdieri, for her sickness will have upset all the plans already made. Most of all I should like to know when I shall have the pleasure of seeing you; for it is a very long time since I was separated from you, and I would much wish to pass some time with you before you go to Savoy, which will separate us for some months. M. Dho says that ladies' society improves our manners; I don't much believe it, but anyhow let us drop the subject. Adieu, dearest Marina; much love to all the family, and do not forget the good Prior, whom I love much always and much desire to see. The Abbé Frézét sends his compliments.

Camillo.

In the following letter to his brother we notice for the first time that use of irony of which in later life he was such a master :[1]

Dear Gustave,

I have received your kind letter and am infinitely obliged for it. One can see by your biting comments that you are a disciple of Juvenal and that one does not pique you with impunity. Only I ask you not to pepper your letters with Latin quotations. Do you know so little of it that you

[1] Berti.

are obliged to show off your knowledge? Or are you one of those old pedants that must quote Virgil and Cicero at all times? Would you become like Ronsard that Boileau laughs at so much? You would do better to cross your *t's* and put accents upon your *a's* and *e's* when they need it rather than search your brain for apt quotations. They tell me you perform your duties as gentleman usher very well: I am curious to see you doing the gallant with the ladies. I hope that in the next letter you will give me an exact account of your conduct, occupations, etc.

On Saturday, returning to Turin, I saw—think who I saw! the dear, kind Abbé Tosti! He complains bitterly that you never write to him and that you have forgotten him for that *horrid Santarosa*. I am sure you will put this right. The Abbé has not forgotten his dear Seraphine and you have not forgotten your dear Romain. This would be unworthy of you.

I have had to-day a very pleasant visit: Marina and Countess Malines have been here. See what an effort of maternal love! They are well; also our dear travellers arrived here the other day and will leave soon to rejoin you. I am reading *La Harpe*, which I like very much. This is my principal occupation. I leave room for a word from the Abbé so that he can have his revenge on you for your jokes. After the last debate on the slave trade he has said no more of 'Ostrogoterie.'[1] Give my love to the ladies.

Your loving brother,

CAMILLO.

Cavour continued his independent methods up to the last. We find him debarred from the riding school for being highly negligent in his exercises, and the very next day put under arrest 'until further notice' for deliberate disobedience to the senior prefect of inspection. A month later he is under arrest again for disobedience to the adjutant and giving impertinent answers. But his failures in discipline did not prevent him from passing out in his final examination first in order of merit, with the highest possible marks in 16 subjects out of 22, and with his lowest percentage 92 per cent. He does not seem to have earned any

[1] Another way of saying 'he has said no more about 'paradoxical opinions.''

reputation as a hard worker, but rather as having tremendous power of concentration. Though not particularly attentive at lectures, on the approach of an examination he worked with such energy and success as to distance all his competitors. On 30th July, 1826, Cavour received his commission as lieutenant of Engineers.

II. CAVOUR'S ARMY CAREER

July 1826—Nov. 1831

Illness—William Brokedon—Joins Engineers at Turin—The Government of Charles Felix—Letters to his Uncle—Study—Gambling—Death Penalty—Education—Sent to Ventimiglia—Letter to his Brother—Exilles—Lesseillon—Books Read—Letters—Universal Peace—Arbitration—Affairs in Greece—Genoa—Countess Giustiniani—Revolution of July—Salmour's Account of Cavour—A Suspect—Letter to Brokedon—Prophecy of 1848—Recalled to Turin—Sent to Bard—Letter to Father—Resigns from the Army—His Notebook.

Cavour received his commission in the army ten days before his sixteenth birthday.[1] He did not, however, at once join his regiment, but remained in the Academy until 16th September, when he was formally gazetted as sub-lieutenant in the Royal Engineers and attached to the garrison at Turin. Almost at once he fell ill, and on his recovery was granted three months' sick leave. Part of this he spent in the Italian Alps, and while there made the acquaintance of an English artist named William Brokedon. Thrown together in a neighbourhood where travellers were scarce, these casual acquaintances became friends, and many of Cavour's early letters are addressed to this Englishman, who some years later was his host in London. On the expiration of his leave he joined the garrison at Turin (1827), where he remained until October, 1828.

Turin, though the capital of the country and the seat of the court and government, was in these days neither a very interesting nor lively city. The hand of an

[1] July, 1826. Cavour's age was ten years behind the year of the century.

absolute monarch, to whom freedom of thought was anathema, fell heavy on the inhabitants, backed as it was by a ubiquitous police and a reactionary clergy. The censorship, controlled by the Minister of Foreign Affairs, stifled all new ideas, and the military commandant controlled all amusements. In a word, Piedmont at this time realized the ideal of the thorough reactionary government where 'under pain of death one does not speak of what it is forbidden to do.' In order fully to understand the tenour of Cavour's letters in these years of his military life, it is essential to appreciate the nature of the country's government and the effects which it produced upon Piedmontese society. The development of his political and social principles only becomes intelligible when we grasp the absolutist nature of the whole background of his life, whether in the atmosphere of his home circle, or in the social life of Turin in which he mixed, or in the wider sphere of the government of the country as far as he became aware of it. The more clearly we realize the contrast between Cavour's own principles, nourished on the best of French and English political philosophers such as Guizot and Hallam, and the narrow fanatical absolutism, half military and half monastic, of the men who during these years guided the fortunes of his country, the more shall we be able to understand the severity of Cavour's struggle for intellectual freedom.

Charles Felix was the most reactionary monarch in Europe. He was devoid of all patriotic feeling, and when advised to increase his army replied that it was quite unnecessary, as there were always a hundred thousand Austrians at his beck and call. All officials from the judges to the communal syndics were removable at pleasure and were selected for their loyalty to the throne. Special courts of justice such as the Foro Ecclesiastico, which took cognisance of all cases where clergy were concerned, and various others, rendered justice complicated, slow and uncertain. There was no Press save the daily sheet issued by the

Foreign Office called the *Gazzetta Piemontese*. The news which appeared of most interest to the editors of this production concerned China and Japan, European affairs and news from the United States being too dangerous for publication. Apart from this, the only newspaper of any importance was Brofferio's weekly sheet the *Messaggiere Torinese*. In this, by dint of clever editing and a kind of parabolic use of ancient history and the suggestive adaptation of non-political modern controversies such as that between the Classicists and the Romanticists, he contrived in spite of the censorship to give the paper a liberal flavour, though it was more by implication than expression that its true opinions were to be discovered. Journalistic efforts of a more pronounced kind like Mazzini's *Indicatore Genovese* had a short life, and the severity of the government effectually restrained the literary-minded from indulging too readily in the risky business of Piedmontese journalism.

Education was in the hands of the Jesuits and the universities were under the strict supervision of the bishops. The principles of both were the same: the elimination of all knowledge which might lead to dangerous or independent thought. Modern history and speculative science were forbidden, literature and philosophy edited with discretion. The military and the police worked hand in hand, and spies were everywhere. The Minister for War was as much occupied in eradicating dangerous opinions from the army as with training or equipment. The Vicario of Turin, the head of the secret police, spied upon everyone from the military governor of Turin and the aristocracy down to the humblest of the citizens. In spite of all this, Piedmont was honeycombed with discontent and revolutionary ideas. The universities were hotbeds of modern views, and even in society were to be found men like Cavour who looked forward rather than backward. But the general effect of this system was disastrous. The intelligent portion of the community,

debarred from the interests of political life, deprived of all instructive literature, forbidden to think and compelled to be outwardly religious, fell back on unwholesome forms of excitement. Secret societies flourished; illicit literature was published, circulated and read. More respectable societies, like the Agrarian Society and the Whist Club of later date, were simply disguised opportunities for political discussion. The upper classes found in gambling and gallantry an antidote to the drudgery of the parade ground, the dullness of court functions, and the depression engendered by continual religious exercises and services. It is not surprising that Cavour stigmatised the atmosphere of Turin as 'suffocating,'[1] or that he compared it bitterly with the free life of thought and speculation which pervaded the community of Geneva. The rigid system of caste which divided Piedmontese society into watertight compartments, each aping its social superior to the best of its ability, as obsequious to the class above it as it was contemptuous of that below, narrowed the possibilities of civil life within the smallest limits. This system, always favoured by absolutism as the best means of preventing combined action, needed a big upheaval to break the bonds of caste and tradition. And yet with all this appearance of orthodoxy and rigidity, the leaven of ideas was always working, and though the process was long in proportion as the power of repression was formidable —and we must never forget that Austria lay ready behind the government of Turin—the position was not hopeless. It was weary work waiting, but clear-minded men like Cavour were at bottom convinced that it was only a question of time before the day should dawn and the darkness flee away.[2]

Such in outline was the condition of Piedmont when Cavour stepped from the school life of the Academy into

[1] 'L'enfer intellectuel' was one of his phrases.

[2] See Bersezio's *Il Regno di Vittorio Emanuele II.*, vols. i. and ii., from which this outline is drawn, for a full account of Piedmont at this time.

the social and military activities of Turin. With his family in residence close by, it is not surprising that his letters during this period are few. They are mostly written either to his uncle at Geneva or to his English friend William Brokedon. His personal appearance at this time was by no means unattractive. Though he was short and thick-set, his fair hair and twinkling blue eyes, set off by a charming smile and vivacious manners, justified the description given of him some years later by a Parisian admirer, ' L'Italien au teint rose et au sourire d'enfant.' But his youthful appearance was in striking contrast to the masculine maturity of his mind, and few suspected under that ingenuous exterior the powerful and ambitious intellect that was working within. As an officer of the garrison Cavour's work was little more than perfunctory and he had much time to himself. This he devoted in part to study and in part to the pleasures of society. Nothing is more remarkable about him than the consistency of his belief in himself and the vigour with which he set about preparing himself for his destiny. He instinctively realised from the first the greatness of his powers, though very early in life he also grasped the fact that his liberal principles would be a tremendous handicap to his advancement ; but he never wavered, he held them as firmly at sixteen as he did later, and at no moment of his life did he consider as a possibility the question of surrendering them. The following letter written to his uncle de Sellon at Geneva, dated June, 1828, while he is still in garrison at Turin, reveals his attitude at this time :

' I occupy myself chiefly with mathematics and mechanics, for which I have most aptitude. I consider that a thorough study of history is very useful, and I attach great value to languages. But it appears to me that he who wishes to acquire a name and to raise himself above mediocrity, ought not to take up too many subjects nor occupy his mind with too great a variety of studies. The sun's rays focussed by a lens will burn wood, whilst dispersed they have no effect. If I should find myself in different circumstances, and if I

could believe that some time in the future I should be able to employ myself usefully without betraying my way of thinking, I would abandon the dry and fatiguing study of calculus to dedicate myself with enthusiasm to a different kind of work. But I cannot, nor indeed ought I, to deceive myself with illusions, and therefore if I do not wish the powers which God has given me to become weak or unproductive, I must devote myself entirely to the exact sciences which at least I shall be able to cultivate at all times and in all places.'[1]

But if Cavour was studying the exact sciences in the morning, he was also studying the very inexact science of human nature in the evening, and was rapidly being initiated into the twin vices of Turin society, gallantry and gambling. His uncle wrote to him warning him about the dangers of play and apparently suggesting that he could by taking part in the other amusements of society find both enjoyment and recreation without danger. Cavour is not so sure about this :

My Dear Uncle,

You have good reason to write to me that the passion for play is terrible and can do more harm than anything else to a young man. I know it, for I have played a little without giving myself up wholeheartedly to it ; and I have noticed that it gives one an excitement, a '*crispation*,' which has a bad effect upon one's ordinary occupations and peace of mind. But while agreeing with you upon the dangers of play, allow me to say that I do not think that dancing or other such occupations of society are a remedy without danger. First of all I would remind you that at eighteen one scarcely looks for moderation in what one does ; also if I gave myself up to dancing and society, it would be very difficult in a country where the ladies are coquettish enough, not to attach myself to one of the beauties who dispute the adoration of the young men, and I think that then it would be still more difficult to act with moderation.

If I was at Geneva, where a good tone pervades society, where one meets everywhere well-informed and intelligent men with whom one can discuss solid subjects and learn something in conversation, then you would see me frequent society and amuse myself in it. But at Turin, where it is

[1] Ruffini, vol. i. p. 49.

necessary to be on one's guard at all times in order not to fall; where one meets people who can only talk to you of the theatre or more often the *chronique scandaleuse* of the town, I do not know anything more boring than society, and it appears to me that the best thing to do is to hold oneself aloof as far as one can without offending the social *convenances*.

I beg you, my dear uncle, to continue to help me with your advice and to allow me from time to time to write you my own impressions, for this is the greatest service you can render me in warding off the dangers with which I am surrounded. It is much easier to accept advice from those who upon important subjects think as you do, than from those whose opinions revolt one. The counsels of the absolutist d'Auzers have not the hundredth part of the effect that those of a clear-minded philanthropist like you have upon me.[1]

But unfortunately neither his perception of the dangers, nor his uncle's good advice, nor even his own excellent intentions succeeded in keeping our young officer out of mischief, for before he was very much older he fell a victim both to the fascination of play and to that of the ladies as well. In fact until his life's work opened before him with the granting of constitutional government to Piedmont,[2] his life, energetic and healthy as it was, was complicated morally and financially by these two passions. Both of them, however, he cast resolutely behind him when the one great purpose of his life, politics, became a reality. A month or two earlier than that last quoted there is a letter to his uncle on a different subject, in reply to a disquisition on one of his pet enthusiasms, the abolition of the death penalty.

My Dear Uncle,

I have seen with great pleasure that the cause for which you are fighting, which is that of humanity and civilisation, has made great progress; one cannot obtain everything at once, nor can one flatter oneself that one can change completely the opinion of those who have been brought up and lived their life under the domination of prejudices up to now universally accepted, nor draw everyone into the path

[1] Ruffini, p. 46, vol. i. [2] In 1847

of justice and reason. But when truth is able to make herself heard, when she has eloquent interpreters, she makes conquests daily, either by rallying great numbers of people to her standard or by winning positions of advantage from the enemy. And, as in mechanics, an accelerating force which acts constantly like gravity, always prevails in the end.

Further, when the voice of liberty is not gagged and when it can make itself freely heard, it ends sooner or later in being universally listened to and followed. This is why one sees the most enlightened people crying out against the death penalty, or if they do not demand its total abolition, calling into question its justice and utility and demanding a thorough examination of this vital question. The amendment of M. Dupin which would have abolished the death penalty in cases where there was a conflict of opinion between a Royal Court and the Court of Cassation has been lost. I am certain that a few years ago it would never have been listened to. But that which can contribute more powerfully than anything else to the amelioration of the penal code is the effort which all true philanthropists make to spread popular instruction, which is very backward in France, as M. Charles Dupin has so luminously proved in his work upon *Les Forces productive de la France*. The more education is spread the more manners are softened. A truly enlightened population would recoil in horror from the infliction of the penalty of death.[1]

This letter is notable for two things: Cavour's advocacy of popular education as the true method of overcoming prejudice rather than the accepted method of legislation, and his views of liberty. Probably no other foreign statesman has ever grasped so fully or maintained so consistently our English conception of the liberty of the subject. The battle which he fought in later years for the freedom of the Press, and his refusal to bring in a Press law until the excesses of the journals in the face of the exasperation shown by France and Austria became a positive peril to the state, is one of the noblest episodes in his career.

Cavour's sojourn in the garrison of Turin came to an end in the autumn of 1828, when with some other officers he was attached to the Engineers at Ventimiglia. The ostensible reason for this was the demand

[1] Berti; Ruffini.

of Austria for the rebuilding of the forts at this entrance gate from France into Italy by the Corniche road. King Charles Felix having gone to Nice by sea, expressed the intention of returning by road through Ventimiglia ; the road being out of repair -kept so on purpose in case of French invasion—had hastily to be put into good order, and when the king, fretting at the delay, returned by sea, the government ordered the road to be pulled up again ; this raised such a local outcry that the order was rescinded, but the watchful Austrians demanded as a safeguard the rebuilding of the forts of Ventimiglia. For this purpose four officers of Engineers were detailed from Turin, including Cavour and his friend Salins. But the Secretary for War had a knack of sending to out-of-the-way places officers who either talked too much or showed signs of incipient liberalism, and there is some reason to believe that this was the ground of Cavour's selection. Of his social life during his stay at Turin we know nothing, but reading between the lines of a remarkable letter written to his brother Gustave very soon after arriving at Ventimiglia, we can see that discretion in expressing his opinions had not been a conspicuous quality in his conversation while at Turin. He himself confessed that his opinions at this time were very exaggerated, and further that he had never hesitated to express them fully, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that his sojourn at Ventimiglia was, if not a punishment, at least a warning officially issued by the Secretary for War and was intended to be understood as such. Though Cavour knew what he was talking about and had a reason for the faith that was in him, there was all the same a strong savour of impertinence in this junior officer airing opinions to all and sundry. As it was, to behave as he did, in the immediate circle of the government and his own reactionary family, was both unwise and dangerous. We can understand his father's exasperation. He saw far more clearly than his son what the result of such indiscretion would be. Not only did it mean dis-

favour in high quarters and an end to all hope of government advancement, but probably dismissal from the army and a disgrace to the proud name of Cavour. In this the marquis was warmly seconded by his family, and before Cavour left Turin a stormy interview took place, Cavour's version of which appears in the following letter :

My Dear Brother,

Your letter has greatly surprised me. I cannot conceive how so much importance can be attached to so small a matter. What ! because in a hastily-written letter I forgot those customary forms of address—which have no significance since they are the same for all—I am accused of strangling my natural feelings through philosophic pride ; do they advocate my showing a false sensibility that deceives the heart and weakens the vigour of my mind ? At the time I was so angry that I wrote a very strong letter to uncle Franchino, but on thinking things over I burnt it. I cannot, however, pass it over altogether in silence, and now that I am cool again I am writing to you, so that you can, if you think it desirable, show this letter to Franchino and the others ; it will give me the opportunity also of replying to another accusation, no less far from the truth, namely, the charges they have brought against you of having worked to harden my heart. The forgetfulness in regard to a mere phrase which has been made a charge against me is nothing but a pretext, and I know very well that it was meant to allude to the liberal ideas which I have never been willing to sacrifice and to the thousand other complaints that have so often been made against me.

I was silent when father in a burst of anger threatened to let me die of starvation in America and said that I wished to kill him with vexation ; his state was known to me and it was a duty not to aggravate it with imprudent answers ; but when mother and uncle, who love me so dearly, heaped reproaches on me, I could not but think that serious causes of complaint had raised them against me. From the moment of leaving the Academy I accused myself of being the cause of mother's illness through my follies and my aversion to humiliating myself simply to escape punishment. But now it seems to me that I am not so much to blame and that my impulsiveness is not a sign of a bad disposition. The excuses they wished me to make—and I have made them too often and they were the greatest burden laid upon me—were hateful to me either

because they lowered me in my own eyes and in the eyes of those to whom they were made, or because they seemed to be nothing but a cowardly fear of punishment. I have always noticed that our superiors greatly despise young men who, discarding their personal dignity, come cringing to obtain a pardon at any price.

I had a friend in the Academy, a friend [1] in whom I found a lofty and enthusiastic mind, who, unnerved by the bitter reproaches of his family, had been brought almost to death's door; he reposed absolute trust in me and loved me with passion, and they ordered me in the name of sentiment to have no more to do with him so as not to render myself suspect.

Was it necessary at the age of fifteen to sacrifice my dearest affections in the vile interests of ambition? Was it necessary to render myself contemptible in the eyes of those who had hitherto always esteemed me? No, it was not necessary. In the meanwhile, either through weakness or childish want of thought, I had half yielded. For me such a condition of things cannot last; and at the end of a year I have asked my friend's pardon and I have sought to remedy a very real wrong. And here is the opportunity of making my confession of faith towards him. Cassio is my friend and will always be so as long as I live and as long as every breath of honour is not exhausted within me. Nothing will be able to make me commit a fresh baseness against him and harden myself to leave him. If others think that this feeling is contrary to nature I shall be distressed, but nothing will make me change it. Royer Collard has demonstrated that there can be no law against law; in the same way there can be no affection against affection. Deep as are my feelings towards my family, they cannot destroy the bonds of friendship, which are as holy as those of blood. My opinions have been the occasion of heartrending reproaches. They have called me a degenerate, a traitor to my country and my class. Heaven is my witness that I would rather end my days in prison than commit an act derogatory to my name or to the dignity of a free man—dignity which stands before everything—I would rather die a thousand times for my country or for mankind if I thought it would be truly of value. Is it my fault if I see things differently from them? Am I not master of my own convictions? It is as impossible to admit the greater part of their beliefs as to believe that two and two make five. If I

[1] Baron Severino Cassio.

am wrong in this I ought to be sympathised with rather than blamed. If some foolish ambition or bitter hatred or low passion had dragged me into a wrong path and led me to deny the teaching of my ancestors no blame would be sufficient for such conduct. But all personal considerations, all probable advantages, both political and material, invite me to fight under the banner of absolutism.

But an innate sense of moral dignity which I have always carefully preserved, has always kept me from a path in which it was necessary as a primary condition to deny one's own convictions, and neither to see nor to believe save with the eyes and according to the lights of others. The older I get the more I see the course things are taking, and the more it seems to me that I am not altogether wrong. Time alone can decide upon the justice of my opinions and their permanent value. Certain I am that the family would have blushed with shame if personal motives had driven me to dissemble and deceive, to utter opinions which were in opposition to my real way of thinking, and thus to render myself despicable to all men of honour whatever their political colour might be.

This in a few words is what I wished to say to you to prove that my natural feelings have not lost their command over my heart.

If I have taken up the matter with some heat, it is because I fear the bad effects of sentimentalism upon a mind that acts from reason. Sentimentalism gives birth to those false vibrations which throw the whole instrument into discord and end by rendering it incapable of uttering any sound at all. What I fear is apathy, above all for one in my condition. Your fate is fixed ; you know what the future has in store for you. So you can let yourself go peacefully into a pleasant indolence from which circumstances will draw you without the least shock : indeed you yourself confessed that want of energy has caused you trouble.

Now, think what would it be for me, who do not know what I shall become, who live in the midst of utterly uncongenial surroundings and find myself nearly always in opposition to everything that goes on around me ? If I let myself become apathetic the least false step would ruin me for life. For me mental energy in indispensable. I must struggle then with all my power against whatever would weaken the mainspring of my character, of which I have need every day.

They complain because you do not show them my letters. It is natural. If you were only my brother and ties of blood alone united us they would have reason. But you are much

more to me than a brother : you are a friend from whom I have hidden nothing and the family know it very well. In this case all that I entrust to you is to you alone, and no one should desire to penetrate into our intimate correspondence, since the whole value of it would be destroyed. Try to make them understand this line of reasoning, because we do not want them to think that we are engaged in a huge conspiracy in our correspondence. I have still a thousand things to say to you, but I reserve myself for the next post.' [1]

From this letter we can see plainly enough that Cavour's political opinions have already crystallised into principles from which nothing will move him. The pressure exerted upon him by his family, his father's anger, the persuasions and reproaches of his mother and his aunts and uncles are equally unavailing. But his position at home was far from pleasant. Attached as he was to all his family, the storm which his views brought down upon him greatly distressed him though it never weakened his resolution. From this confession of faith he never departed, and the principles enunciated at eighteen he held throughout his life. His analysis of his own character is singularly just, and it was the failure of his father to appreciate what was so clear to himself, which some years later brought him almost to the edge of disaster.

After a few months at Ventimiglia, Cavour was moved to Exilles, a fort high up in the Alps commanding the road from France to Susa. After four months here he was again transferred to another fort, Lesseillon, from which he was after a similar period recalled to Turin, and after a short stay in the Capital he was attached to the garrison at Genoa. During the twelve months which he spent in these isolated mountain fortresses Cavour read and thought much. He has left us a notebook filled in the earlier part with mathematical problems and in the later with extracts taken from the books upon which he was engaged. Among the authors thus mentioned we find the names of

[1] Berti, p. 80 ff.

Guizot, Benjamin Constant, Charles Dupin, Chateaubriand, Comte, Mme. de Staël, and Lamartine; and among English authors, Hallam, Hume, Bentham, Byron, Adam Smith, and MacCulloch. In this way he laid the foundation of that wide political and economic knowledge which, reinforced later by practical experience gathered in his visits to England and France as well in his own occupation as an agriculturist, enabled him to bring to the art of government an equipment which very few continental statesman of that time possessed.

Of his letters during this period the most interesting are those addressed to his uncle at Geneva. As usual they are concerned with the questions of international peace and the best way of attaining it. The following from Ventimiglia is dated 16th December, 1828:

> 'I fully share your opinion as to the evils of war; but nevertheless you will admit that the best means of escaping them is to be prepared for them and to present a strong defensive front to any enemy that would attempt to threaten our country. 'If you want peace prepare for war' is an old adage and one of which the truth has never been more clearly recognised than in these times. The Engineers whose duty it is to strengthen the defences of the country co-operate in stopping or at least in retarding war by presenting the greatest possible number of difficulties to whoever should be disposed to undertake it. 'Fortifications,' says Carnot, 'are alone works of self-preservation, whilst all other means of warfare are destructive.' I think that this great soldier was right.
>
> There is no doubt that it would be an incomparable advantage to enjoy perpetual peace in the midst of the blessings of new-born civilisation: all the efforts of generous-minded philanthropists and of all true citizens should be directed to this end. But unhappily we live in the midst of ignorance, absolutism and barbarity. If the defenders of civilisation disarm in order not to burden the people, the barbarians of the north, the murderers of M. . . .[1], would quickly profit by the trustfulness of honest men and Europe would be plunged once more into that darkness from which so many sorrows and so much hardship have not yet entirely drawn her.

[1] Metternich ?

As to the particular value which I derive from my work at Ventimiglia, I don't think it is very great. No knowledge is truly useful unless it bears directly upon the object in view. The plans which I draw would be very useful if I intended to pass all my life in the Engineers; but as I hope it will be quite otherwise, I do not see of what use all this that I learn in my profession will be to me. It is true that one learns from everything and that the application necessary in one's work opens the mind and develops the intelligence by teaching us how to apply theory to practice. From this point of view I am the more pleased to be occupied with practical things even at Ventimiglia (which is the poorest country in Europe) than to lose my time in the office at Turin where there is scarcely anything at all to do.

Thanks to my brother I get all the papers and can keep myself *au courant* of everything that passes in the political world. The coming year will be, in its moral aspect, very interesting: in France the two parties are about to come to a decisive struggle, and it is probable that the dregs of the Villèle administration and the counter-revolutionary party will be completely beaten by the true defenders of civilisation. The course of events in France will drag all Europe in its train and will to a large extent decide her fate. Piedmont above all is under the moral influence of France, and the dominant opinion beyond the Alps cannot fail to be reflected in Piedmont; careful observation reveals this daily.

I hope to be able to procure the documents that you require in regard to Comte de Montfort, and as soon as I return I will try to find them. Unfortunately I shall not be able to satisfy you at once, as my stay at Ventimiglia will last well into the winter.' [1]

Another letter dating from this period deserves quotation. It was written from Turin during some days of leave granted after quitting Ventimiglia and before proceeding to Exilles. The first portion of the letter deals with the question of capital punishment, repeating much the same arguments as he used before, after which he discusses the subject of international arbitration which at the present time is of considerable interest.

'Universal peace would be an immense blessing: but it seems to me that the means which you suggest—European

[1] Ruffini, p. 52.

arbitration—would be either illusory or that peace would be purchased at the price of sacrificing far more important interests. To me it appears proved that civilisation alone can restrain the passion of kings and peoples, and by enlightening the one, the other in their own true interests would put a stop to the shedding of blood.

Without civilisation all arbitration will be impossible. The Holy Alliance could not survive although a general interest bound the sovereigns between themselves. A simple federal pact keeps united twenty-two states separated by immense distances, having different religions and a wide variety of customs.[1] But in this last case, civilisation, which teaches nations their true interests, cements a union which could exist by no other means. On the other hand, treaties founded upon factitious bases, contracted to serve particular interests, were the only support of this Holy Alliance, which, though it appeared as if it must last for ever, has not even survived the august Emperor who founded it. Has the German Diet stopped the wars that have dyed the soil of Germany through the centuries? A federative system, whatever may be the scale upon which it is founded or whatever the ties which bind it, can exist only if it has a common interest for its basis—if the people have not a high degree of civilisation which enables them to see clearly what is for their real advantage.

Now it appears to me that this is not the case with Europe. From Lisbon to Moscow, from London to Naples the most important questions are argued with unthinkable keenness, a struggle is going on at all points of Europe between the partisans of enlightenment and those of obscurantism. Is this the moment, when there is a divergence of opinion not only between sovereign and sovereign and people and people, but between individual and individual, for wishing to submit Europe to absolute arbitration? It is all very well to say that a general congress would occupy itself only with international affairs and would not interfere at all with the internal affairs of each state. It is impossible. To-day wars are different in their effects: their results no longer either strengthen or weaken individual states, but they either forward or retard the cause of civilisation. Miguel would have on his side all the partisans of absolutism, independently of the question of his rights. I have heard people, conscientious enough in most things, assure me that all means are

[1] The United States of America.

justifiable for a useful end. If such is the avowed principle held by the majority of those who are strongly attached to any party whatever, what would be that of the governments who have so often trodden under foot the most sacred principles to obtain what they believed to be an advantage for their country or their sovereignity? A tribunal inspires trust only in proportion to our assurance of the morality of the judges. Do you count much on the morality of Metternich if he had to decide whether the claims of Don Pedro or his brother were legitimate?

If arbitration such as you propose was admitted, here, in my opinion, is what would happen. The governments inimical to enlightenment and modern theories are numerically the strongest: it would follow that the decisions of the congress would all be tainted by the odious politic of Metternich. The Holy Alliance has closed the school of M. Comte at Lausanne: who knows what the majority of the sovereigns of Europe would claim the right to do? If the minority were not willing to submit it would be necessary to have recourse to arms, and perhaps wars would result which otherwise we should have escaped. I believe it to be the duty of all good citizens to oppose every unjust war, to make known the blessings of peace, and to point out the road which must be followed to escape for ever from the shedding of human blood.

Civilise—educate—and you will be delivered from this scourge of war: this is what we must never cease to repeat to the people. If all the nations of Europe had reached a high pitch of civilisation there would have been no war in the East. All would have interposed on behalf of Greece and the Turk would have been forced to accord six years sooner what has been dragged from him by fire and sword. We must not cease to fight for the cause of civilisation if strongly attacked, and if the victory rests with us, no doubt the death penalty will be abolished and war banished from the law of nations.' [1]

In this letter there appears for the first time that blend of idealist and realist in Cavour which in later years made his policy so baffling and his character so hard to understand. 'Universal peace,' he declared, 'is the greatest blessing of God.' He clung to the possibility of it, basing his faith first and foremost on

[1] Ruffini, p. 59.

the power of education. This was to him the true function of philanthropists, to teach the people. Where the moral standard of a nation was not high enough, as in the majority of European countries, he held that self-interest was the best and most useful agent for peace. But while he urged forward the teaching of this ideal he did not for a moment believe that the actual problems of Europe could be solved by such means. No statesman, save perhaps Bismarck, ever planned war with such deliberation as Cavour. For ten years he worked for it, and when at the last moment the alternative of a congress seemed about to materialise, he seriously contemplated suicide rather than face what he held to be the failure of his life's work.

One other letter of importance prior to his departure for Genoa remains. It gives us, besides some details of his family, a summary of his views on the state of Europe a few months before the outbreak of the revolution of July. It is dated 16th January, 1830.

My Dear Uncle,

I have not written to you since the New Year : but on these occasions the letters one writes are so full of compliments and empty phrases that I have never been able to induce myself, as you have, to follow a custom invented for the most part to ring the changes upon one's true sentiments or at least to mix in the same mould our true affections and the casual acquaintances formed by social *convenances*. I hope nevertheless that you will not doubt that my good wishes for your happiness and that of all your family are not the less sincere because I have not expressed them according to the accepted formula.

The new year has begun very well for all of us. Everyone here is well. My aunt Henriette especially is much better ; she has got back her good spirits again after her long sickness. d'Auzers is the only one who is not well ; he is more morose than ever and often passes whole days without speaking a word. Poor man, he drew all his pleasure from the contemplation of his own importance, having based his happiness in life upon the friendship of a certain august Person ; unhappily this has been to a great extent withdrawn, and he finds

himself isolated in the midst of people who, whilst they sympathise with his misfortunes, do not approve of the cause of them. If I was an 'ultra' [1] the example of d'Auzers would be sufficient to make me renounce such ideas, injurious to mankind and above all to those who profess them. Poor d'Auzers, nothing that is noble or generous in politics has any longer power to move him; the tirades of the *Gazette* feed the bitterness of his soul and the fierce threats of the ministers alone quickens his heart-beats. What a sad existence!

I have read lately with much pleasure an account of the progress of the human mind in the year of grace 1829: the human mind is on the move, and in spite of the futile efforts of ignorance and evil it continues to go forward with a firm step. I hope and desire keenly that this year may be even more fruitful than the last. There are many causes which must be fought out. God will that light and reason triumph.

The fate of the Greeks interests me above all. I do not attach much importance to classical memories in themselves. But when to these memories are joined the advantages of modern civilisation they can exercise a powerful influence in drawing the fiery partisans of antiquity into more reasonable paths. If Greece gets the blessing of a wise government and in consequence becomes a flourishing nation, how many people there are who will want to visit the historic places which have interested mankind for two thousand years! The Greeks, the first to light the torch of civilisation, will be a beacon which will cast its rays across the darkness of the East, and further, its beams will reflect usefully upon the West and our sad Italy. Both East and West matters have gone much to my satisfaction. Greece is free from the Mussulman yoke and America has repulsed the unlucky Spanish expedition. But we, shall we move forward or shall we be trodden down once more by Polignac and his confrères of the good old time? I hope much from the wisdom and energy of the Chambers, from the increase in public spirit and the spread of enlightened opinions. But I fear equally the feebleness of the King, the obstinacy of the Dauphin, the fury of the ultras, and the holy horror of the priests. The present ministers can do much harm to France and in consequence to Europe, but out of evil sometimes comes good. If it comes to dismissing the ministry it will indeed prove that the ultras are incorrigible and that the fine

[1] Cavour frequently used this term as equivalent to 'extreme reactionary.' Another phrase he uses is 'Carlist,' *i.e.* follower of Charles X.

phrases of M. de Martignac no longer suffice for France, without good and solid guarantees, to preserve us from aristocrats and congregandists.[1]

I do not yet know for certain my destination this spring or summer : I shall probably go to Genoa. They say it is a pleasant place to go to.

Please give my kindest regards to my aunt Cécile and my cousins, and believe me,

Your affectionate nephew,

CAMILLO DI CAVOUR.[2]

Two months later Cavour received orders to report himself at the Engineers' headquarters, the Padiglione del Genio, as it was called at Genoa.

Genoa, the richest and most prosperous city in Piedmont, the centre of all the foreign trade of the country, had been the consolation prize won by the house of Savoy at the Treaty of Vienna in 1815. Though its relations with its ancient rival and enemy were not yet cordial and its age-long devotion to republican principles still caused it to be viewed with unceasing suspicion by the government at Turin, the common menace of Austria had so far kept it loyal in spite of the loss of its independence. The population of Genoa contained many families from other countries drawn to the city by business who brought with them a wider outlook on life and more liberal views than were to be found elsewhere in the kingdom. After the dull skies and oppressive atmosphere of Turin and the lonely idleness of the mountain fortresses in which he had lived for the past year, Cavour found in the sun-bathed city of Genoa with its energy and boldness of thought and action a place after his own heart. The vigorous character of the Genoese, their keen instincts both for trade and politics, the liberality of their opinions and their freedom of self-expression made an instantaneous appeal to him. Welcomed with cordiality into the best society, our young lieutenant of Engineers, now in his twentieth year, found himself for the first time in his

[1] The extreme clerical party in Piedmont. [2] Ruffini, p. 93.

own country in a thoroughly congenial atmosphere. Nor was the admiration all on one side, for Cavour with his vivacity and personal charm, his wide views, sound knowledge and open mind, quickly won his way into the hearts of the Genoese. He threw himself into the social life of the city with his usual impetuosity, dividing his spare time between the *salons* of the nobility and the more modest homes of business families, such as his friends the Swiss banking house of de la Rue. But while the practical side of his nature found satisfaction in talking politics and trade with the business men of the city, there was one household which attracted him for very different reasons. Among the patrician families whose *salon* was frequented by the young officers of the garrison was the noble family of Giustiniani. The Countess Nina Giustiniani[1] was young and attractive, if of a somewhat melancholy and introspective nature; she was moreover a fervent republican, bringing to the consideration of political questions an alert and highly cultured mind. A close intimacy quickly grew up between the Countess and Cavour, and there is some probability that his political views were, at any rate for a time, influenced by this friendship. Political understanding and sympathy from a young and attractive woman was a new experience for Cavour, and he responded with an ardour more ingenuous perhaps than wise. The intimacy deepened, and when Cavour was recalled to Turin after a year in Genoa he left behind him in the heart of Nina Giustiniani a passion which death alone could quench. If he himself at this time was not so deeply involved, he had at least found a sympathy and understanding which needed but a touch to kindle into flame.

Cavour had been five months at Genoa when the revolution of July broke out in Paris. There is no doubt that at the moment Cavour, together with the other radical extremists, hoped, if he did not actually expect, that it would lead to a liberal movement in

[1] Her baptismal name was Anna, but she was known to her family and to Cavour as Nina.

Italy backed by moral or material aid from France. Happily we have, from the pen of a friend and brother officer at Genoa, a picture of him just at this time, which, though it does not tell us what was passing through his mind, gives us a graphic portrait of his behaviour.

'It was not until 1830 when we were both in garrison together at Genoa that we ever talked politics together. At first we limited ourselves to criticising the government and poking fun at the ministers, but simply as critics and not seriously.

It was at this time that Cavour began to occupy himself with foreign politics. One morning dining with Davidin de la Rue [1] and others Cavour received by courier the notice of the promulgation of Polignac's ordinances and the disturbances in Paris. Cavour showed this information to the Engineers, and our young minds were at once excited. Some upheld the French Government, maintaining that it was forced to take up arms, others took the side of the people. I was of the first opinion and my friend Cavour of the other, from which I received from him the nickname of 'Polignac.'

Up to that moment Cavour, though reading the journals with eagerness and writing and taking notes upon the discussions in the French and English parliaments, had limited himself to speaking of politics simply academically, on behalf of representative government. *À propos* of the journals, I remember that at that time, whilst most of us were accustomed after dinner to make up a party to go out and play billiards, Cavour used to leave us and go and talk with bankers and other people and get the loan of the papers, and when we returned to barracks we would find him busy reading and taking notes.

I remember besides that there was a paper called *Gallignani's Messenger*, an English paper printed in Paris which was licensed by the police and alone gave exact information. Cavour forced me to learn English so that I could read it. One morning he sent me an English master who presented himself saying that Count Cavour had told him that I wished to have lessons. As I did not wish to offend my friend I continued to have lessons as long as I was at Genoa, so that finally I could read and understand English well enough.

Other messages followed the courier sent from Paris to Signor Ackerman, which announced the revolution in

[1] A cousin of Émile de la Rue, the banker.

France even before the governor of Genoa was aware of it. We having received the news from Cavour, I proposed to inform the governor, General Venanson, in order not to be accused of concealing important information. Cavour having refused, I went to the Palazzo Ducale, where for my pains I received a severe reprimand from His Excellency, who could not understand how junior officers could get news of such important events before he did. I left the palace remembering too late Talleyrand's maxim, 'Et surtout pas trop de zèle.'

Returning to Cavour: the revolution of July excited him greatly, the more so because of the excitement of an intimate friend of his who had rooms close to his. This officer, young like us, was busy studying ancient history and was just at the age when nearly all young men have a leaning towards republics.[1]

I still can see Cavour and his friend with their tunics off and shirt sleeves rolled up, the former grasping in his hand a paper knife in lieu of a dagger, rushing down the corridor crying 'Long live the republic, down with the tyrants!' and then bursting open my door and dashing into the room laughing and crying 'Death to Polignac!'

These few days of youthful effervescence are certainly the only ones during which Cavour thought seriously of a republic, and it is even now doubtful whether the predilection which he thus showed at the age of twenty was real or fictitious, the more so as all of us were friends and joked freely amongst ourselves. I left the garrison of Genoa at the beginning of 1831, and Cavour was still much excited over the events in France. This was the cause, a few days after my departure, of his transfer to the fortress of Bard in the Val d'Aosta, then in course of construction, because of an imprudent speech which he uttered in the presence of some of his superior officers in one of the forts of Genoa.'[2]

This hardly looks like the picture of a dangerous set of conspirators, but the resemblance was sufficient for the police. Writing three months later to his uncle we have a graphic description of the consequences of this youthful ebullience of high spirits and national aspirations.

[1] Severino Cassio, who was sent to Fenestrelle, the military prison, for his opinions at this time.

[2] Ruffini, p. 116. This extract is from the papers of Count Gabaleone di Salmour.

'Many times I have taken up my pen to write to you, for I have so much wanted to talk to you and find out your opinion upon the extraordinary events which almost without interruption have been taking place around us during the last three months. But very practical reasons have stopped me doing so. The upheaval which has overturned the greatest monarchy in Europe has shaken the thrones of all the other princes. They think it necessary to redouble their vigilance in repressing the combustible element amongst the population, conduct pardonable enough amongst people who are not aware that the elasticity of gases increases in direct ratio to the pressure put upon them. Our government, which probably knows nothing of physics, has taken severe precautions, specially at Genoa. The city is full of spies, there are long lists of suspected persons, and I do not know by what fatal coincidence, but nearly all the corps of Engineers are upon these lists. As the result of this, for nearly a month all our words and I verily believe all our thoughts have been noted. You will understand well enough that it would have been imprudent on my part to expose myself to the possibility of furnishing incriminating evidence to those who are watching me. Hence in spite of my keen desire I have abstained from writing to you. And even now I shall not speak to you of politics, though things have already become calmer, unless something of great interest should happen.' [1]

But Cavour's apparent discretion was insufficient; he had become a suspected person, and no doubt the police reports had reached headquarters in Turin, for all the odious machinery of police surveillance was put in motion against him. On 2nd December he wrote two letters of interest, one to his friend William Brokedon in London in regard to a parcel of books he was sending him, incidentally giving us some details of the effect of the July revolution; and a more intimate one to his father. The first of these is as follows:

'I am truly ashamed of being so remiss about writing to you, but I wished to be able to say something positive about the books which I have sent you; and it is only this morning that a letter from Paris tells me that they have finally reached M. Baillère, as you will see by the enclosed receipt. You

[1] Ruffini, p. 125.

could not have believed, my dear sir, that the events which for the past four months have upset the very foundations of Europe have during all this time prevented your books from arriving at their destination. I had taken the opportunity of sending them to my uncle the Duc de Tonnerre at Geneva who was going to Paris for the opening of the Chambers. Then intervened the glorious revolution of July, but my uncle, who does not share the admiration of Europe for his compatriots, and who thought at first that a govermnent frankly Liberal must infallibly lead to anarchy, thought it prudent to come and spend some time in Piedmont, so the books returned to their point of departure. Finally, my uncle, seeing that Paris still existed and that France was not torn by civil war, decided to go to Paris, and took the books with him ; unfortunately he had for various reasons to stop a fortnight at Geneva, with the result that the parcel addressed to you left Turin on 1st July and only arrived at Paris on 29th November. But it has passed through the revolutionary tempest, and it is something that it has not been wrecked altogether.

I am on the point of returning to Turin, where I shall pass the winter. I do not know for certain what I shall do next spring—for the rest I believe that the whole of Europe is in a very uncertain state. I could not possibly obtain leave to travel at such a moment, and I shall not be able for some time to carry out my project of paying you a visit in London.

I congratulate you most heartily on the happy change in your government.[1] Every English friend of humanity like yourself must blush to see an audacious faction tread under foot the rights of nations and bolster up the rotten edifice of the Holy Alliance. But a period of regeneration is beginning for you, and I trust that before long you will be completely free from the yoke of a greedy aristocracy.

Whilst all Europe marches with a firm step towards progress, unhappy Italy is for ever weighed down beneath the same system of civil and religious oppression. Pity those who with a soul worthy to develop the highest principles of civilisation are reduced to contemplate their country [ruined] by Austrian bayonets and . . . . . .[2] Tell your compatriots that we are not unworthy of liberty ; that if we have some degenerate members, there are also those fit to enjoy the blessings of freedom. Excuse me if I digress, but my mind is oppressed beneath the weight of indignation and grief and

[1] This was the resignation of the Duke of Wellington and the formation of the Grey Government which introduced the Reform Bill.

[2] MS. illegible.

I find a very real comfort in pouring out my feelings to one who knows the causes of my sorrow and sympathises.

I am, dear sir, your very sincerely,

C. DI CAVOUR.[1]

The other letter was to his father in reply to one of his mentioning the fact of his nephew's second birthday. In this letter Cavour makes the following remarkable prophecy. The letter is dated 2nd December, 1830.

'It was kind of you to think of me on Auguste's birthday and not to forget the older generation for the younger. However ardent a partisan of progress I may be, I do not want to be put on one side by my successors. I trust that Auguste will live in calmer times than these. *Eighteen years from now the great crisis which has already begun will reach its climax and Europe will then decide for good upon one of the great principles which now stand before it.* One cannot hide from oneself that between now and then great events and great catastrophies will take place. The armaments of Russia, Prussia, and Austria threaten war and have led to a fall in the funds. I believe, however, that the northern Courts were encouraged by my Lord Duke[2] and that his fall will cool their warlike ardour somewhat.'[3]

This prediction of the events of 1848 is certainly astonishing, and one cannot see how Cavour could arrive at so definite a date save that in eighteen years his nephew would be the age he himself then was. But its accuracy is none the less surprising.

During this month of December, 1830, he was recalled to Turin, but he was delivered from the police of Genoa only to find himself in the grip of those of the capital. Only the influence and assured loyalty of his father saved him from the fate of his friend Baron Severino Cassio—arrest and imprisonment in the military fortress of Fenestrelle. As it was, he was put under police supervision; wherever he went and whatever he said was duly reported; his friends and relations, the houses he frequented, were alike subject

[1] Chiala, vol. v. No. 1197.

[2] The Duke of Wellington.

[3] This letter, of which extracts only are given by Berti, was reprinted in full in the Italian translation of de la Rive's *Cavour* published by Emilio Visconti Venosta.

to the same odious espionage. Cavour was a bad subject for such treatment, and when it was aggravated by the almost open hostility of his own class and the scarcely concealed disgust of his relatives, it was almost more than he could bear. After a few months of this, probably on the request of his father, he was relegated to the fortress of Bard in the Val d'Aosta, which was little less than banishment. But during the months Cavour spent at Turin he studied society in the light of the July revolution and passed his verdict in a letter to his uncle dated February, 1831.

'The present crisis, very far from opening the eyes of Turin society, from revealing to them that the only path of safety for the aristocracy is to put itself at the head of the movement, has rendered it more reactionary than ever. One hears on all sides nothing but the most foolish boastings and the most stupid proposals for the use of force—I was nearly saying ferocity. You can understand how sad it is to live in the midst of such people, above all when after hearing such talk in the world outside one finds it again at home. On the other hand all the middle classes at Turin and in all the other Italian towns which have not been contaminated by court infection have hailed the revolution in France with enthusiasm and regard it as the dawn of the day that will usher in Italian regeneration. It does not require a conspiracy, but an accident, a mere circumstance, to hurl Italy into a terrible revolution; what then will happen to our aristocratic courtiers who have the pride of their grandsires without their valour? They will be suffocated in the mire which at the present moment they hide from themselves with their orders, ribbons, and adornments. . . . However great my horror of bloodshed, it is not possible to wish a peace which prolongs the state of prostration in which we live. The Italians need to be regenerated; their moral fibre, weakened by the ignoble domination of Spaniards and Austrians, has improved but little under French rule: the ardent youth of the country sigh after nationality, but to break with the past, to be reborn into a healthier state, great efforts are necessary. Sacrifices of every kind must be made to remake the Italian character. An Italian war would be an assured promise that we meant to become a nation, that we meant to drag ourselves out of the mud in which we have vainly struggled so many centuries.'[1]

[1] Berti, p. 117.

But Italy was not so ripe for revolution as Cavour thought, and many years were to pass before the national spirit was ready for war. In his sojourn at Bard, to which he went in March of 1831, Cavour was at least spared one of the minor vexations of such a position, for he found in Major Olivero not merely a commanding officer but a true friend who did what was possible to lighten the tedium of his 'prison.' He wrote to his mother that he was happy in his solitude and would end by adapting himself to the puerile conversations of his fellow officers. Nor did he cease to take a lively interest in foreign politics, and particularly in the English elections of that year, and added in his letter: 'More than twelve members, three anti-reform, have had to resign in favour of the reformers. I think that Lord Grey spoke the truth when he said, 'The king and the people are united and the reform must and will pass.'' But his experiences convinced him that there was no longer a career for him in the army; he never seems to have taken the least interest in it, and he now made up his mind to resign; with this end in view he wrote the following letter to his father:

BARD, *Oct.* 1831.

MY DEAR FATHER,

Last spring when I was obliged to leave Turin at a moment's notice, we agreed together that I could not with honour remain for long in the service. Also you promised, with your usual kindness, to think of the manner in which, with as little unpleasantness as possible, I could carry out in fact the painful resolution which certain matters touching my honour rendered inevitable. But shortly after grave events changed my position. Honour and duty necessitated that whilst a prince who had personally shown himself well disposed towards me was upon the throne, and whilst foreign war threatened the country, I should assume for a time a different attitude. Though I was under the stigma of most odious accusations, to abandon in the face of danger the flag of the king who had in times of peace retained me near his person, would have given a handle to my accusers and would have justly made me a mark for the charge of ingratitude and

perhaps more serious imputations. Now these reasons no longer exist. The clouds of war have blown over and the hopes of peace (which the threat of cholera renders more certain) enable me without affording a plausible pretext for calumnies to bring to an end a state of things which unfortunate events have rendered incompatible with the respect that I owe to my name and with the sentiment of honour which is the first principle of a soldier and a gentleman. You know well, my dear father, that for many years I have expressed a wish to end my military career; my inclinations, the studies to which I had dedicated myself with some success, and the weakness of my sight, all induce me to choose a more congenial career. I need not remind you that while I attended to my duties I occupied my hours of leisure in the study of many branches of administrative science. I hope through this means one day to occupy a position more in keeping with my abilities. Though I was quietly following my profession, spiteful and inaccurate statements were spread abroad about me, and as unfortunately they were founded on specious appearances they were easily accepted as true. I have never thought it necessary to conceal my opinions, because they contain nothing which a man of honour could not speak about openly, though I have seen clearly enough in these last months how such innocent actions and imprudent words could be made to appear criminal. So much so that last year, having strongly disapproved of the famous decrees of Charles X., I was marked by the police as a dangerous and suspect person, and it was through no fault of the commanding officer, Colonel Cassio, if I was not then and there sent into a fort as a Carbonaro.

On my return from Genoa to Turin, by means of comments on my conversation and by misconstruction of everything that I did, I was made to appear as an anarchist and a 'clubist' and not what I was in reality, namely, a young man who took a lively interest in present events and expressed his opinions without reserve, often imprudently. . . . You know what was the result. Although important, highly-placed and well-disposed persons quashed the gravest charges made against me, I was none the less made to appear in the eyes of my brother officers and of the army as a person to be avoided, capable of the blackest and most detestable crime—treason.

After this can I continue to serve? Can I honourably return among my brother officers? No; when one has such a name as mine, when with all the feelings and instincts of a gentle-

man one has also the precious heritage of a long line of ancestors, it is not possible either to make a compromise with one's honour or to continue to wear a uniform of which even for a brief space one has been esteemed unworthy.

It is with very great regret that I say good-bye to my comrades, from whom I have received many proofs of esteem and friendship. My resolution is not sudden : I have for a long time weighed carefully the extent of the sacrifices it imposes on me. With this resolution vanishes my dearest hope, that of consecrating the weak powers which heaven has bestowed upon me to the service of my king and country. There is indeed some comfort in the thought that in returning to private life I shall prosecute with ardour the studies I have undertaken. Though out of touch with public affairs I shall all the same endeavour, by making use of the knowledge I have acquired, to serve my country as a private citizen. Nor do I altogether abandon the hope that, when suspicions have vanished, a propitious opportunity may come of applying my knowledge to a definite object in a more direct and efficacious manner.' [1]

After the receipt of this letter the Marquis gave his consent, and Cavour sent in his papers and his resignation was accepted by the government on 12th November, 1831.

Cavour's career in the army left little impress either on his life or character. He entered it without enthusiasm and he left it without regret. In later years, while he admitted the benefit received from mathematics and recognised also the value of his experiences both as a journalist and an agriculturist, there is no word of praise for his military life. His letters are singularly devoid of any allusions to his work as an Engineer, and he seems to have regarded it simply as a necessary evil to be borne as long as possible and then to be got rid of at the first opportunity. How entirely he was engrossed in politics almost from childhood is sufficiently obvious in his letters, but it becomes yet more clear in the notebooks to which reference has already been made, which contain

[1] Berti, p. 124.

extracts from his reading between the years 1828-1832. In these he jotted down a series of maxims and aphorisms for his own edification, and they reveal clearly the purely political bent of his mind. Among them are the following:[1]

'The worst of miseries is the oppression which clothes itself with legal forms.

Political economy is, so to say, the science of love of country.

If laws were immutable they would be excessively harmful.

Hardships which cannot be borne without a loss of force must be avoided.

Let us guard from calumny even vice itself, otherwise it may chance that the public thinking it a victim will end by taking an interest in it.

It is not possible to struggle against social facts. Their roots go so deep that the hand of man cannot reach them. As soon as they take possession of the soil we must accustom ourselves to live under their rule.

A despotic government, though it cannot ignore certain moral forces, nevertheless fears them and employs them only with great caution. On the other hand a free government uses them—and explains everything.

A state cannot maintain freedom unless the principle of responsibility is widely diffused amongst all classes of citizens.

There is no great man who is not a liberal. The degree of love of liberty is in each man in proportion to the moral elevation he has reached.

In all the relations of life, in all countries of the world, it is with the oppressed that it is necessary to live: those who are happy and powerful are ignorant of half the feelings and ideas of mankind.

Great and happy results have never been attained by sacrificing the laws of humanity.

To be a useful statesman it is necessary before everything to have '*the tact of the possible*.'

There could be only one career for a young man who based his life on principles such as these. Here was the man for whom Italy was waiting.

[1] *Diario di Cavour*, p. 18 ff.

III. CAVOUR AND THE 'JUSTE MILIEU' 1831–1833

Cavour at Home—Death of Count d'Auzers—Letters—M. de Barante—Letters on *Juste Milieu*—On English Corn Law Agitation—Incident with Austrian Police—Choice of a Career—Literature or Agriculture—Chooses the Latter—Letters to Brokedon—Rousseau and Lord Chesterfield's Letters—Letter to Marchesa di Barolo—Visit to Geneva—Visit to Paris falls through.

Cavour had hardly set foot in his father's house after leaving Bard, when a double fatality overtook the family, his great-uncle Franchino and his uncle Luigi d'Auzers dying within a few days of each other. Though these two had been the most irreconcilable 'ultras' of the family and had shown the most bitter opposition to his political and social ideas, Cavour was genuinely attached to both of them. Added to the strain of all that he had passed through in the last twelve months this fresh sorrow threw him into a state of deep depression. It was under these circumstances that he wrote the following letters to his aunt and uncle de Sellon at Geneva :

My Dearest Uncle,

You will scarcely have heard of our irreparable loss, when already a new sorrow has overwhelmed us. Poor d'Auzers succumbed yesterday morning to a violent attack which the weak state of his health could not throw off. Up to the last moment he retained all his faculties and in the midst of intense sufferings has shown the courage of a man and the resignation of a true Christian. I have scarcely left him during the two days of his illness [1] and it is impossible to tell

[1] Illness had a curious fascination for Cavour ; he flew to the sick-bed of any member of the family who was ill : he often appears in his letters and diary in this capacity of nurse.

you what he suffered. He died without saying good-bye to us. The spirit of Catholicism [1] is unhappily averse to allowing the dying to occupy themselves in their last moments with their family: the priests think that God will see with sorrow the tears which they give to their earthly relatives. Animated by this sad spirit Franquin and d'Auzers have left us without a word of adieu, and our separation is doubly saddened by it. Alas, the priests have taken from us our last consolation and stopped those we love from dying in our arms. Poor Henriette! she is in the most distressing condition: she has lost the one aim and object of her life; there is no longer any to-morrow for her, she neither hopes nor fears. Her piety has been a great help in this terrible trial. Religion is so beautiful, it does so much good, why must it be so disfigured as to be unrecognisable?

Franquin has been buried at Santena in the family vault: father and I followed him to the grave. Now, three days later we go, Gustave and I, to perform the same sad duty for d'Auzers, who wished to be buried with the family. It is in the presence of these evidences of human mortality that one penetrates into the vanity of the world. I had no need of this to convince me of it, but I assure you that it has more than confirmed me in the renunciation of all idea of fame and celebrity. . . . I shall continue to hold my liberal opinions with the same warmth though without hope, not even desiring to make a name. I shall sustain them by means of my love for truth and my sympathy for humanity.

The poor d'Auzers has perhaps died grieved by the thought that he left nephews unworthy of him. This idea is very painful to me, for in spite of our differences I have never ceased to feel the most tender affection for him. If he had been able to read my heart he would have seen that the motives which moved me were as pure as those which prompted him to sacrifice his happiness in the service of a man who has never repaid him except with ingratitude.[2]

A few weeks later, writing to his aunt, after mentioning

[1] The de Sellons were Protestants, as were all his Swiss relations.

[2] This alludes to the king, Charles Albert. Cavour's distrust of him was very deep-seated, though we do not know on what evidence he made the charge mentioned in this letter. Cavour never forgave Charles Albert for his attitude in 1821. (Chiala, vol. v. No. 1199.)

the sad losses in the family circle and the distress of his aunt Henriette, he proceeds :

'Happily she has found in religion true consolation, for her piety, though not without a little superstition, is genuine. It is a great blessing for her. Catholicism has this great advantage that it gives to minds, not of the first order, the means of occupying much time. It is impossible to be constantly meditating upon the Gospel, instead of which one can pass the day saying the rosary or reciting litanies. Henriette is better now she has begun to occupy her mind with other things, above all with her little nephew Auguste.[1]

Domestic affairs have been very sad, but matters in the world outside have not been much brighter for me. You will have heard of all the worries which I have had to bear : the suspicion in which I was held and what followed as the result of it, and finally the decisive step which I had to take. But it is not what has happened to me personally which has most troubled me. The state of Italy, of Europe, and of my own country has been the cause of real grief to me. How many hopes have been deceived, how many dreams have failed to materialise, how many misfortunes have fallen on our beautiful country. I blame no one : it may be just the nature of things which has decided them ; but the fact is that the revolution of July after raising in us the fairest hopes has plunged us into a state worse than before. Ah, if France had known how to make full use of her opportunity, if she had drawn the sword this spring, perhaps ! But I must not continue upon such a sad subject, and one upon which you do not perhaps share my opinions. But do not think that what I have suffered—morally, that is—has altered my love for the ideas which I hold. These ideas are part of my existence ; I shall profess them, I shall hold them, as long as I have a breath in my body.

I must end up, though I have still a heap of things to say to you, but you will, I know, understand me perfectly. With all good wishes to my uncle and cousins.

Your devoted nephew,

CAMILLE.'[2]

[1] Cavour's elder brother, the Marquis Gustave, married Adèle, daughter of the Marquis Lascaris di Ventimiglia, and had three children—Augusto (killed at the battle of Goito in 1848, aged 20), Giuseppina (married Marquis Alfieri di Sostegno), and Aynard.

[2] Chiala, vol. v. No. 1200.

For the first time in these two letters we come across references to religion, and it is to be noticed that Cavour is concerned rather with practice than principles. There were times when he spoke in his letters almost as if he were an unbeliever, but in spite of the efforts of his aunt at Geneva, who made determined attempts to bring him to her own Protestant way of thinking, he never left the Church of Rome, receiving on his death-bed at the hands of a faithful priest, with whom he had come to an arrangement some years before—warned by the fate of his friend Santarosa—the last rites of the Church.

Another point which deserves comment is Cavour's attitude towards the revolution of July. He had, in fact, together with nearly all the liberals, misconceived it. There were two parties—the one, the 'parti du mouvement' as it was called, whose programme was to exploit the full consequences of the revolution, including universal suffrage, and if possible a republic at home, with armed support of all risings against tyranny abroad; and the other the 'parti de la résistance,' which was for peace abroad and a constitutional government on the English model at home. Cavour wanted the home policy of the 'parti de la résistance' combined with the foreign policy of the 'parti du mouvement'—that is, English constitutional government at home and support of all risings in favour of liberty abroad—which was an impossible combination. But Cavour's attitude towards France underwent a complete transformation in the course of the next year or two, and this was in great part due to the influence of the new French minister, Baron Prosper de Barante. A man of the world and the author of a well-known work on the history of the Dukes of Burgundy, for which he had been elected a member of the Academy of Sciences at Turin, the new French minister had a difficult rôle to play. Viewed with suspicion and distrust by the king, who had already shown his sympathies by placing a large

sum of money at the disposal of the Duchesse de Berry, his task was to reassure the Piedmontese government as to the pacific intentions of France without at the same time alienating the liberal element in the country. With this latter end in view he endeavoured to make the French legation a centre for the better-known Piedmontese liberals, and such men as Count Balbo, the Cavours, the Marquis d'Azeglio, Count Sclopis and others were numbered amongst his guests. Cavour indeed became a regular visitor and a close friend both of M. de Barante himself and of the two secretaries of legation, M. Lesmaisons and Count d'Haussonville. The latter in an article which he wrote after the death of Cavour has described his insatiable thirst for information regarding France. Often after cross-questioning M. de Barante until the latter's patience was exhausted, he would turn his guns on the secretary and sometimes day would be breaking before Cavour would return home to digest his information. The result was to convince Cavour that France had become a force for good and that her moral support at least would be given to efforts on behalf of liberty. Cavour's opinions, in short, were undergoing considerable modification at this time, and he was adopting that attitude of the *juste milieu*, though not in the French sense, which at this time became a catchword in French politics. The following letters will show his position.[1]

To M. Auguste de la Rive, Geneva.[2]

'Many things have happened, my dear cousin, since our political talks in the alleys of Presinge. A terrible upheaval, which we did not then foresee, has shaken the political world to its foundations, and God knows when it will steady itself again. The general commotion has of course reacted upon individuals. Everyone's opinions have been shaken, modified, and in some cases even completely changed. Among

[1] How far he changed his opinion is clearly seen in a note in the diary dated 24th January, 1834, where he says, in reference to the monarchy of July: 'I hope that soon one will no longer count the time to pass before its fall by months or years, but by centuries.' (*Diary*, p. 92.)

[2] Chiala, vol. v. No. 1205.

my friends and acquaintances an inconceivable alteration has followed as the result of it. Moderate reformers have thrown themselves body and soul into the movement, no longer content with anything less than a complete *bouleversement*; others of the same point of view have recoiled, frightened, to extreme reaction; some people who would have been fully satisfied with reasonable concessions now want a republic, and others who in the matter of reforms were chiefly afraid of too much hurry have jumped back to the age of Louis XIV., invoking the memory of the *Grand Monarque* to govern the people of the nineteenth century. As for me, I have long been undecided in the midst of these opposite movements. Reason has drawn me towards moderation; a wild desire to drive out our oppressors has thrown me towards extreme measures; at length, after many violent agitations and oscillations, I have ended by fixing myself like a pendulum midway between them. But you must understand that it is an honest *juste milieu*, desiring, wishing and working for social progress with all my power but with a firm decision not to purchase it at the cost of a general upheaval, social and political. My position of *juste milieu* all the same does not stop me from desiring as soon as possible the emancipation of Italy from the barbarians who oppress her and from foreseeing that a crisis, perhaps a somewhat violent one, is inevitable; but this crisis I want brought about with all the circumspection possible, for I am ultra-persuaded that the violent methods which the men of the movement adopt only retard it and render it more doubtful of success.'

Writing to his aunt in May, 1833, Cavour defines his attitude towards the republican extremists still more clearly:

'The unhappy agitation which for the past three years has been disturbing Europe has prevented me from coming to see you, but I hope the time has now arrived when I can profit by the apparent calm to pay you a visit. I little thought when I left you last that such tremendous events would keep me away from you for so long. I feel that a sojourn at Geneva will do me an immense moral good, for after having lived for three years in the midst of the most violent exaggerations, the atmosphere of reason which one breathes in your country will be a real tonic. When I speak of the extravagant exaggerations of the extreme parties I speak from a knowledge

of the facts, for it is only a few days since they unearthed here an ultra-republican plot which with no other weapons than the fury of the conspirators sought to overturn the government and establish I know not what.[1] They have arrested a good number of non-commissioned officers and seized a lot of eminently revolutionary papers. This mad-brained plot, which had no chance of success, would have had no other result than to throw the government, already only too disposed towards it, into the arms of Austria and the congregandists. The saddest results of the revolution of July, which almost balances its immense benefits, is that it has given birth to a ferocious, absurd, and frenzied party who wish by anticipating the future to secure at any cost the triumph of a system which is at present impossible ; and who for that purpose would hurl society into a frightful chaos from which it could only recover by accepting the absolute and brutal domination of either a despotic or aristocratic power. In spite of this outburst against the republican party, which does so much harm to Italy, I may tell you that I preserve complete faith in the future of the human race and the law of social progress . . . '

The extremists to whom Cavour alludes were a real danger to the country. While Mazzini was plotting at Genoa and elsewhere, the emigrés, or Carlists as Cavour nicknamed them, *i.e.* adherents of Charles X., were gathering at Turin and urging Charles Albert into the arms of Austria, and between the two stood those who thought like Cavour, agreeing with neither of the extreme parties and trying to find that *juste milieu* which would combine royalty with free institutions. In France this phrase of *juste milieu* took on a certain doctrinaire meaning : it came to signify government by the middle classes, that bourgeois government which fell with Louis Philippe. But with Cavour it had no such meaning, but simply signified a policy of

[1] The plot to which Cavour alludes was one of the first fruits of Mazzini's Young Italy. It was discovered before it had matured and the government repressed it with great severity. Twelve soldiers were executed for complicity in it. A full account is given in Tivaroni's *Dominio Austriaco*, and a more recent and more judicial account in Luzio's *Carlo Alberto e Mazzini*.

avoiding extremes, as he himself explains it in a letter to the Abbé Frézet :

'You ask me, in your letter, what effect my journeys will have upon my ideas and opinions.[1] I think I may reply that they have confirmed me still further in maxims of moderation, of wise progress and of useful reforms. There is no danger that I shall follow in the footsteps of Dal Pozzo,[2] however freely I may be disposed to render justice to all the good that there may be in the Austrian government and which I would wish to see carried out in Piedmont. The more I observe the course of events and the attitude of men, the more I am persuaded that the system of *juste milieu* is that most suitable to present circumstances and the best fitted to save mankind from the excesses which threaten them—anarchy and despotism. When I speak of *juste milieu* I do not mean to advocate the system of this or that particular individual, but simply that policy which yields to the necessity of the times all that reason can show to be just, whilst refusing that which has no other basis than the clamours of parties and the violence of anarchical passions.

The *juste milieu* is found in all forms of governments. Geneva, though a republic, is essentially *juste milieu* both in theory and practice ; this is the reason why things go so admirably there, notwithstanding the outbreaks and alarms which have pervaded all Europe for the last five years. Geneva, a country of liberty and equality, goes happy on its way in perfect peace and tranquillity, because of its policy of making concessions in time and of energetic resistance to the stirrers up of strife. My desire is to see our government enter upon this road of the *juste milieu*, and even if it should not embrace the entire system, that it should proceed in the political and social progress which the times demand. All Europe gravitates towards the *juste milieu*, and to it even England, though she has separated from it for the moment, will come back and leave it no more. In France this system is becoming firmly established, and in Germany it grows and gets stronger in the shade. Here is my panegyric upon this poor *juste milieu* which has been made the

[1] This letter is dated January, 1836, after his visit to France and England. (Berti, p. 134.)

[2] A Milanese lawyer who, after acquiring a patriotic reputation by writing against the excesses of the Piedmontese Restoration, ruined it by a second work in favour of the Austrian Government.

target for so much abuse by those consumed by strong passions or invincible prejudices.

You will not be displeased, I hope, for you also are becoming wise and reasonable. I am sure that after having danced round trees of liberty and paid compliments to the Jesuits you will end upon the firm ground where truth and moderation are to be found.'

Interested as Cavour was in French politics and their probable influence on Europe in general and on Italy in particular, he was scarcely less so in the events taking place in England. He had already realised not only Italy's need for the support of the Western Powers as the only means of counterbalancing the influence of Austria, but also the economic interdependence which existed between them. There were not many men in Italy at that date who grasped the fact that there was a connection between the passing of the Reform Bill and the Corn Law agitation and the prosperity of Piedmont, but how clearly Cavour saw it is evident in the following letters, both written to his English friend William Brokedon, the first in English and the second in French: we give the first in Cavour's English:

'. . . It is not only in England that the great question of the corn laws is agitated; here as well as in your own country the contending interests of the *consommateurs* and the *protecteurs* are in presence striving in order to obtain—the first, greater liberty for foreign importation; the latter, a more effectual protection against the corn of Odessa. Most unhappily, nowhere the true principles of economical science are so little understood as in Piedmont. The lucid theories and profound reasonings of the philosophical writers, as well as the numerous facts and evidence collected by the care of various enlightened governments, are totally unknown here. The violent passions of the one and the blind and selfish interests of the other are the only arms employed, till now, in the discussion of this question of so mighty interest. Having been of late engaged in several discussions on this subject with a person who can exert an efficacious influence on the final decision of it, I have endeavoured to collect all the official documents which might throw a light on the

subject. I possess now all that has been written on it in France, but I yet want some works published in England; I mean:

1. A relation of a journey undertaken by Mr. Jacob, by order of government, in the western provinces of Europe in order to ascertain the state of agriculture in these countries.

2. The report of the committee on the Corn Laws in the House of Lords.

I will be infinitely obliged to you if you be so kind as to procure these works for me. All our attention is now directed towards England. We wait with great anxiety the final decision of the reform question. More than any other nation Italy is interested in the triumph of the Liberal party in England, because more than any other nation she stands in need of the powerful and disinterested help of Great Britain for obtaining in some manner the redress, at least, of a portion of the intolerable grievances which afflict her since 1814.'[1]

The second letter is dated July 1832.

'I am quite ashamed of having allowed so long a time to pass without answering your kind letter of last May; but several reasons besides negligence have successively stopped me. I wished to await the fate of the Reform Bill, to rejoice with you over the triumph of a cause for which true English patriots have so long and so vainly fought, a triumph which has caused all hearts alive to the happiness and freedom of the human race to beat with joy. . . . The books will be of the greatest use to me, to fix clearly my ideas upon this difficult but most important question of cereals and free trade; ideas which up to now, I confess, have been entirely in accord with your most celebrated writers and statesmen. Perhaps a deeper study will lead me to the opinions of the partisans of the system of reciprocity; meanwhile I have never been able to find convincing objections to the arguments of Adam Smith and Ricardo and to the facts brought forward by Mr. Huskisson, and his disciples, the actual ministers. According to my way of looking at it, the commercial and industrial crisis which has afflicted England, and the distress of the working classes which has followed from it, far from being caused by the new system introduced into your commercial policy, would have been diminished and perhaps even altogether escaped, if it had been adopted upon a bigger scale

[1] Chiala, vol. v. No. 1206.

embracing the whole commerce in cereals. I hope that our different opinions will be soon reconciled by the adoption of a more liberal system on the Continent; already France seems disposed to take a healthy line—the reduction in the freightage of ships coming from England proves it; and, for the rest, one knows that the very decided policy of the ministry—a thousand times more liberal than that of their noisy opponents—is to lower gradually the tariffs which ignorant and jealous statesmen have raised between two nations made to assist and enrich each other. Now that the real national opinion is represented in the House of Commons, it is permitted to hope that the government will show itself more firm and decided in favour of the liberty and independence of nations. With this expectation at least the Italians flatter themselves, and in the unhappy position in which they find themselves it is very necessary to preserve some rays of hope. Pressed on one side by Austrian bayonets and on the other by the furious excommunications of the Pope, our position is deplorable. Every free manifestation of thought, every generous sentiment is stifled as a sacrilege or a crime against the State, and there is no hope of obtaining by ourselves any mitigation of our sufferings. The fate of our compatriots in the Romagna is above all truly appalling; and the measures taken by the intervening Powers have only made matters worse. The intervention of France is not sufficient to obtain the least reasonable concessions from the Pope; only the voice of England if she spoke in firm and positive language could bring to the Romagnols a government which would be bearable, and in some small accord with the ideas and institutions of our century.' [1]

It was unfortunate that just at this time when Cavour was setting a course midway between the Scylla of republicanism and the Charybdis of absolutism that he again became an object of interest to both the Austrian and Piedmontese police. It happened in this way. In his eagerness to feel the political pulse of Europe in relation to the revolution of July, he wrote a letter to his friend Count Ruggiero di Salmour, who was on a visit to Germany and was staying at Dresden. The letter was as follows:

' I have no doubt that by now you are in a position to know thoroughly the moral and political condition of that part of

[1] Chiala, vol. v. No. 1202.

Germany where you are staying. It is with this conviction that I ask you the following questions, which require all your brains and all the knowledge of the country which you possess.

1. Is there a real national party in Germany and are their plans likely to mature in the near future? What is the strength of this party and in what classes of society are its roots deepest? Has the idea of nationality penetrated to the masses in Germany?

2. What is the influence of the clergy and of the nobility upon the nation in general? Are the clergy well informed and do they favour or oppose the intellectual movement and improvement in education? Do the nobility, and especially the younger members, preserve the prejudices of their ancestors? Are they well educated and are their political views those of enlightened persons?

3. What are the national sympathies towards people outside Germany? Will the bonds which formerly united the Poles and Saxons last? What is their attitude towards Russia? Are they interested in the intellectual movement in France? Do they incline to a restoration or to the continuation of the present system or to an ultra-liberal movement? Do they want France to undertake a war of propaganda or only hope that in the event of one of the little states of Germany being invaded by Prussia or Austria, France would intervene on behalf of oppressed peoples?'[1]

This letter in course of transit was opened by the Austrian police, who copied it and sent the copy to Count von Hartig, Governor of Lombardy. The original letter was forwarded to its destination. Count Hartig forwarded it to Count Bombelles, the Austrian Minister at the Court of Turin, and sent another copy to Count Sedlinski, Minister of the Interior at Vienna. Count Bombelles, having shown the letter to Count de la Tour, the Piedmontese Minister of Foreign Affairs, wrote to Count Hartig the result of his interview as follows:

'M. le Comte de la Tour has read with particular interest the fragment of correspondence between the young Piedmontese and his friend at Dresden. I will take the first safe opportunity to forward to you some details concerning this indi-

[1] This letter was found by Ruffini in the Vienna archives; see Ruffini, vol. i. p. 142 ff.

vidual. In the meantime the matter appears to me of such importance that I beg you to give it your most careful attention and also to keep me informed on the matter.

H. DE BOMBELLES.'

Having warned von Hartig, Bombelles set to work to collect information from the Piedmontese authorities concerning Cavour, with the result that the following summary of his character and career was, on Oct. 2nd, forwarded to Count Hartig :

M. LE COMTE,

I make use of this favourable opportunity to furnish to your Excellency the details for which you asked me concerning M. Camille di Cavour. This young man belongs to one of the best known families in Piedmont, and his father, the Marquis di Cavour, is highly esteemed and is the first to lament the conduct and principles of his younger son. This young man, endowed with great quickness and ability, joined the Engineers. His views and his intimate relations with other dangerous thinkers, and notably with a M. de Sesmaisons attached to the French Embassy, induced the King shortly after coming to the throne to send him to the fortress of Bard, not as a prisoner but as an officer of Engineers. This exile lasted about six months, after which Camille di Cavour retired from the service and returned to his father's house. I consider him a very dangerous person, and all attempts made to reclaim him have been fruitless. He requires most careful watching.

As the result of this correspondence Count Torresani, Director of Police at Milan, sent the following letter to the Commissioner of Police at Buffalora, the frontier station between Piedmont and the Austrian dominions :

A young Piedmontese nobleman, Count Camille di Cavour, at one time an officer of Engineers, is said to be setting out on a journey, and in spite of his youth he is already hardened in the corruption of his political opinions. I hasten to give you this information with instructions not to admit him if he should present himself at Buffalora, unless his passport is absolutely in order ; and in this case to conduct the strictest examination of his person and effects, as I have received information that he may be the bearer of dangerous papers. (May 15, 1833.)

Cavour disappointed the police, as he did not set out at all. But the memory of the Austrian police was long, and the sequel to this correspondence took place three years later. At that time, when Cavour had just taken over his father's agricultural interests, he found himself engaged to fulfil a contract, undertaken probably in the first instance by his father, to provide 800 sheep for the Viceroy of Egypt. These had been procured in Hungary and were to be shipped from Trieste. As the Marquis wanted them inspected before he paid for them, he proposed to send Camillo to do this and to superintend their embarkation. For this purpose he applied for a passport to Laibach and Trieste. Count Brunetti, who had succeeded Count de Bombelles as Austrian Minister at Turin, was particularly anxious to gratify the Marquis, who, in his position of Vicario, was doubtless of considerable assistance to him, but on looking up the records he found the whole sad story of Camillo's dangerous past detailed before him. Upon this he had recourse to our friend Count Hartig, Governor of Lombardy, who in his turn consulted Count Torresani, the director of Austrian police ; it was finally decided that a passport might be issued, but, as the purchase of sheep might entail disastrous political consequences of an unknown nature, a condition was attached that Cavour must travel via Buffalora, and that on no account must he proceed from Laibach into Hungary in the event, say, of the sheep walking slower than usual and not being at Laibach when Cavour arrived. The police of Buffalora were warned to watch him and the police of Illyria were warned to stop him, and with these precautions the passport was granted. Cavour, blissfully unconscious of all the interest taken in him, set off for Laibach, and his diary details to us the end of the story :

> My companions and I had arrived at Buffalora very pleased to have finished half our journey and were awaiting with impatience the return of our passports. The little luggage

that we carried had been treated with indulgence by the Cerberus in charge of the Douane, we having appeased his rage with a handful of centimes. Just as we were about to start a gendarme arrived and requested me to go to the office of the police commissioner. Having responded to his unpleasant invitation I found myself in the presence of a big red-faced smiling man who very politely said that he knew that I had letters which it was necessary for him to read. I was sorely tempted to reply to such impertinence as it deserved, and I had to make a big effort to control myself, but in view of my father's position and of my own position in regard to him it was impossible to embroil myself with the police, so I contented myself with replying that he had only to fetch in my bag which contained all my letters. I thought that when he saw me furnished with letters of recommendation from Count Brunetti it would calm his doubts about me and end his odious examination. But not at all. He read with the greatest coolness the two letters written in French from Count Brunetti to the governors of Trieste and Venice, and contented himself with saying that as they were open and only contained recommendations he would give them back to me. The German letter of Count Brunetti puzzled him and he wanted me to explain it, but as that was not possible he was tempted to keep it, which would have amused me immensely. The only one of my open letters which gave him a moment's uneasiness was that of Professor Boucheron to Professor Ferrucci, but when I had explained to him what was the occasion of it he gave it back to me with the others, merely making a note of its contents. There remained the four closed letters to decide upon. At first he decided to keep them, but after having turned and re-turned them several times, and being assured by comparing the writing that two of them were written by my father, he decided to give them back to me. As I was going out my amiable inquisitor saluted me, adding politely, 'Excuse me if I have had to be a little severe, but I could not do less.'

When I was calm again I thought a long while of the harm that these useless vexations do to the Austrian government in the opinion of both strangers and their own subjects, without contributing anything to increase the stability of their rule in Italy, which for the moment at any rate is assured by means of force far more efficaciously than by these silly and annoying police methods.

Cavour little realised the connection, which the

diligence of historians has established, between his letter to his friend Salmour in 1832 and the methods of the Buffalora police commissioner in 1836.

We must now go back a little in point of time and relate some matters connected with Cavour's personal life. When Cavour left the army and returned to his father's house he was of course without a profession. The position of a younger son of the Piedmontese nobility, amongst whom primogeniture was strictly enforced, was never an enviable one. The Church and the army were the only careers which offered genuine possibilities of advancement, and where, as in Cavour's case, both were excluded, the remaining choice was exceedingly narrow. Trade and business of all kinds were taboo to the nobility, as was the civil service, and the army was the natural channel out of which emerged the future diplomats and ministers of the State. What was left was either literature or agriculture. The Marquis wished his son to take up the former, deeming it no doubt most suited to his gifts and character. But Camillo was averse to a purely literary life. In the first place he regarded himself as deficient in imagination,[1] though it would be more correct to say that he lacked fancy. But the main reason was probably the same as rendered the army so distasteful to him—that he was at the mercy of a reactionary government and not at liberty to express his thought with freedom. 'The absurdly rigorous censorship,' he writes to his uncle, de Sellon, 'upon every literary work which is even remotely connected with politics, is exercised here in such a way as to make it impossible to get anything published. And a definite law forbids the happy subjects of our well-beloved King Charles Albert to publish any work abroad.' But apart from this objection, which in itself was quite sufficient to prevent Cavour from taking up literature as his main occupation, we must

[1] See letter to De la Rive: Chiala, i. No. 16.

remember that with him everything was brought to the test of its influence on the possibility of a political career opening for him in the future, and from this point of view he found it unsuitable. Either it was too subjective or too engrossing, and so apt to cut him off from that constant political survey of Europe which had already become habitual with him, or he feared the doctrinaire spirit which is so often the snare of the purely theoretical writer. Whatever the actual reason he decided against it and resolved to take up agriculture. Yet there is a certain irony in the fact that two of the first Prime Ministers of Piedmont after the granting of the Statute in 1847, won their reputation and attained their position through their success in literature.[1]

Agriculture in Piedmont at this time was scarcely more attractive than literature. The landlords farmed on the principle of small expenditure and low returns. Except in isolated cases, where, in imitation of the example set in Tuscany, more modern methods had been introduced, agriculture was carried on in exactly the same way as it had been a century before. Both brains and capital were needed to ensure even a moderate return, and if Cavour possessed the former he was extremely deficient in the latter. Under such conditions the small farm at Grinzane which his father handed over to him failed to arouse his interest, and the additional honour of the post of syndic of the commune which Charles Albert was induced to bestow upon his erstwhile page, whom he had but recently described as ' an impertinent Carbonaro,' was only an additional burden. In fact it was not until 1836, when he took over the management of his father's farms, that he began to take a real interest in agriculture as a profession. Nevertheless his new occupation had its advantages : it gave him a house of his own, a certain authority, and some degree of independence. Agriculture was one of the staple industries of the country,

[1] Cesare Balbo, the author of *Le Speranze d'Italia*, and Vincenzo Gioberti, the author of *Il Primato*.

a first-hand knowledge of which would always be of use in political life, and it brought him into touch with many different kinds of people and gave him a knowledge of both the needs and characters of the Piedmontese peasantry. But for the first few years he spent most of his time in Turin, with occasional visits to Grinzane to look after the farm and carry out his duties as syndic. If a sentence in a letter which he wrote to his friend William Brokedon is accurate, it was not long before he became a kind of agent for his father in the management of his estates. In response to his friend's invitation to visit England he replies :

> It is very kind of you to give me so pressing an invitation to visit your delightful country. I assure you that it is not the will which is wanting, for there is nothing I desire so much as to become personally acquainted with your illustrious country, which has filled with its name the moral, political and industrial world. But, for the present, circumstances oblige me to remain at home. My father has been called by his fellow citizens to the honourable but most laborious position of Mayor of Turin, and in consequence he cannot attend to his private affairs, which up to now he has always managed himself ; and my elder brother and his wife have gone to Paris. So you see I am absolutely indispensable to my father to take his place in the management of his affairs, which consist principally in large agricultural and commercial undertakings. Happily in Turin as in London the office of mayor only lasts for a year, so that my father in another ten months will lay down the weighty burden of public honours and take up once more the direction of his private business. Then I shall be free . . .

Apart from this he led the life of an ordinary young man living in the capital, going out into society and taking part in the social life and amusements of the nobility. About this time we find in his letters some criticisms of interest arising out of the literary activity of his friends. Further on in the letter just quoted to Wm. Brokedon we have the following passage :

> I am delighted for my own sake and for all the amateurs of the *beaux-arts* that you are not allowing the talent you possess

to rust. No enterprise provides a greater interest than the illustration of the works of Lord Byron. This poet will be for long enough the favourite of strong souls and of those whom a too exquisite sensibility or a too lofty disposition renders but ill-fitted to live in this egotistical and materialistic world. Lord Byron may justly claim to be the poet of the nineteenth century as Voltaire was of the eighteenth, and it is a patriotic work for an Englishman to popularise this powerful genius by adding to the sublime beauty of poetry the charm of illustration.[1]

In another letter a month or two later he gives his opinion of the value of Rousseau's *Émile* and of Lord Chesterfield's *Letters to his Son*, à propos of a volume of extracts from these two authors published by his uncle, de Sellon :

As soon as I was in a position to judge Rousseau for myself, that is to say as soon as I had read his works, I felt the most lively admiration for him. He is the man, in my opinion, who has done most to uplift the dignity of Man, so often trodden underfoot, specially in past times. His eloquent voice has done more than any other to keep me firm in the path of progress and social emancipation. His *Émile* above all has delighted me by the justice of its views and the force of its logic ; and experience daily confirms me in the opinion that three-quarters of his advice and of his maxims are excellent. You cannot, I think, do a greater service to the fathers of families and teachers than to give them the quintessence of the teaching in *Émile*. I hope that, instructed by the reading of these eloquent pages, Gustave will modify some part of the system which he has adopted in regard to the education of his son, which is unfortunately in direct opposition to the wise precepts of Rousseau and in consequence to the laws of common sense and reason.

During last year I read with great pleasure Lord Chesterfield's *Letters to his Son*. The charm of his style, the subtlety of his observations and the justice of his judgments, especially in regard to all that has reference to high society, makes this work one of the most interesting that I know. At the same time, if it contains sentiments admirably adapted to produce a man of brilliant parts and pleasant social gifts, I am not at all sure that it is equally calculated to produce a man of firm moral character. It seems to me that success is the only

[1] Chiala, vol. v. No. 1203.

object which he puts before his son; that he attaches more importance to externals than to principles, and to appearance rather than to essentials. In the advice which he gives him in regard to his attitude towards women it is not mere social success but simply seduction which he advocates. Now if one finds it natural enough for a father to tolerate his son's intrigues and even to be somewhat proud of what is called 'success' in the world, it seems to me that he ought not to urge him on to the path of gallantry nor to give his encouragement towards actions which are excusable but not justifiable. Finally, I think that the precepts of Lord Chesterfield falling upon ill-prepared soil are better calculated to produce a successful rake than a statesman. It is true that the two are often found in the same individual.

These short remarks are not intended as a criticism of your selections from the works of Lord Chesterfield; on the contrary your choice tends to increase the value of the work, from which you have extracted all that is useful and of value while at the same time omitting what might be dangerous. Further, in putting them side by side with passages from *Émile*, you have given the reader the opportunity of correcting by comparison whatever there may be either false or dangerous in the teachings of these two great masters of the human heart. The masculine energy of Rousseau more than counterbalances the supple worldliness of the English author, and on the other hand the attractive graces of the noble lord soften with advantage the want of polish—sometimes almost crude—of the Genevan philosopher.[1]

After the death of Cavour, when the unity of Italy was an accomplished fact, Victor Emmanuel ordered an official history of the Subalpine Parliament to be written, and chose as editor Angelo Brofferio, the leader of the Democratic Party and one of the bitterest opponents of Cavour. In his first volume he gave a portrait of Cavour as unjust as it was inaccurate. These were his words: 'His bulky person, his vulgar aspect, his ignoble gestures, and his unpleasant voice were against him. Of letters he had no trace: he was ignorant of the arts: devoid of all philosophy: no ray of poetry flashed in his soul: the scantiest instruction: etc.' The reader of his letters can judge

[1] Ruffini, vol. i. p. 173 ff.

for himself the value of such criticism, but nevertheless the impression remained and helped to create that conception of Cavour as an ignorant Philistine in all matters of literature and art which has coloured the pages of more than one of his biographers. He suffered perhaps in comparison with Massimo d'Azeglio, a soldier-artist and writer built on an Elizabethan model; but though he had little time and perhaps not much inclination for polite letters, Cavour was neither ignorant nor a Philistine, but one who followed his own maxim of education—that it is of use only when it bears directly on the end in view.

One other letter dating from this time, very different in character from the preceding, must be quoted. It was written to the Marchioness di Barolo, a very old friend, who had indeed known Cavour from infancy. The first part of it, which need not be given, is an apologia on Cavour's part for a previous letter which had grieved the Marchioness, attributing the tone of his letter to the state of his feelings at the time. He proceeds:

> But in order to try and give you proof of this, as far as may be possible I will detail to you what was my moral condition when I wrote to you what I simply believed to be commonplace pleasantries on my position as syndic and my novel state of humility. When one throws oneself quite young into the world and into politics, and when one brings to it a proud spirit and a heart as yet unspoilt, it is not astonishing that one gives oneself up to the most deceptive illusions of vanity, celebrity, glory, ambition, and I know not what besides. For my part I have given myself up wholly to them, and I will confess, at the risk even of being laughed at by you for long enough, that there was a time when I believed nothing to be beyond my powers and when I should have thought it quite natural to awake one fine morning as Minister directing the Kingdom of Italy. The violent strain which the state that I had long endured caused to my feelings contributed powerfully to keep up this illusion in me, much longer than was reasonable, but deprived as I was in moments of difficulty of the ordinary support which sustains us at the outset of life, the aid of an over-excited pride was indispens-

able to save me from weakening. In these illusions there was so much that was absurd that after a month of greater calmness I abandoned them. I will not deny that the destruction of a series of ideas which had been very dear to me for a long time caused me a good deal of pain ; but now it is about over ; only from time to time some recollections only half forgotten cause me a certain degree of irritation ; but as I am something of a mocker I always end up by laughing at myself and ridiculing these illusions of youth. It is true that my position of syndic has been a cause of some irritation owing to the foolish contrast, of which I could not help being aware, between what I am and what I thought I ought to be.[1]

In another letter to a friend who wrote sympathetically to him about his disfavour at court, he replied in words which form a pendant to this letter :

I thank you for the interest you take in my misfortune ; but believe me I shall still accomplish my career in despite of it. I am a very, an enormously ambitious man, and when I am minister I shall justify my ambition ; for, I tell you, in my dreams I already see myself Minister of the Kingdom of Italy.[2]

Cavour just at this time was on the edge of the most critical year of his life. In fitting himself for what was to come he unfitted himself for what was in being, and the process of waiting for the moment of change was a time of real danger. A less clear-minded man might have thrown himself into political or other excesses, but he knew his danger and found, as we shall see, in different channels an outlet for the accumulated knowledge and energy of his character without losing his hold on essentials or dissipating his powers of action. But the following year (1834) was not without premonitory symptoms which were only just recognised in time to prevent a catastrophe.

In the summer of this year he went to Geneva after an absence of four years. Cavour loved Geneva. He found there that 'atmosphere of reason,' that moral

[1] Chiala, vol. i. No. 6.

[2] Quoted by Botta in a lecture to the New York Historical Society on Cavour, 1862.

and spiritual freedom which was so lacking in reactionary Piedmont. Besides his two sets of cousins, the de Sellons whose Villa Fenestrelle was on the banks of the lake and the de la Rive's who lived at Presinge, his uncle and aunt de Tonnerre had a villa there called Le Bocage. Between these three houses he spent most of his time during August and September. At this time he began to keep his diary, which fortunately supplements the scarcity of his letters, and thanks to this we are able to follow his activities. Part of his time was naturally enough spent in sight-seeing; he went to Ferney, the home of Voltaire, and notes the simplicity of the furniture and the extreme indecency of the pictures. Another time he goes to Coppet to see the house of Necker and his daughter Mme. de Staël, commenting on the sadness one feels in contemplating places made famous by names which once resounded through Europe and now are but memories. Another excursion was to Chillon, made immortal by Bonnivet and Byron. He goes to Montreux and breaks into raptures over the view: 'To realise in all its fulness the poetry of this scene,' he exclaims, 'one would need the love of St. Preux or the despair of Lord Byron.' But these were only pleasant interludes in a strenuous round of conversations and dinners redolent of European politics and all kinds of social schemes for human regeneration. At each of the three family groups he met a different kind of society. At Le Bocage it was aristocratic, political and reactionary, at the de la Rive's it was academic and scientific, and at the de Sellons mainly pacific. The interest still uppermost in his mind is the stability of the government of Louis Philippe and the probabilities of a 'Carlist' reaction. Soon after his arrival he wrote to his brother Gustave: 'My first care and my first thought have been to collect all the facts that can give me an idea of the actual state of France.' The very first entry in his diary, which is typical of many later ones, shows us that he wasted no time: 'Dined at Fenestrelle

with M. Charles Lucas and M. Prosper Lucas, a young doctor. He is persuaded that if Odillon Barrot came into power he would employ the same energy as Casimir Périer on behalf of order, but with a wider political outlook. He avows that he is a close friend of his.' His companion to Ferney, Coppet, and elsewhere was the Prince de Craon, whose opinion is recorded in these terms: 'He is convinced both of the powerlessness of the Carlists and of the numerical weakness of the Republicans; he assures me that in all Paris one cannot find a single officer of the National Guard who has a Carlist reputation.' He visits Sismondi and discusses Mazzini and 'Young Italy' with him. 'He spoke to me,' he says, 'about the author of 'Young Italy' with an interest that astonished me. Good Sismondi, how truly he sympathises with the unfortunate Italians'; then he adds in patriotic bitterness, 'To be pitied is the last dignity of a defeated Power.' Meeting the scientist de Candolle at dinner, he discusses the 'brusone,' a disease which often ruined the rice crop, and notes that it is a fungus and that no cure has as yet been discovered for it. Some of the entries are not without gleams of humour. He goes to see M. Lullin de Chateauvieux, a well-known Swiss economist, hoping no doubt to get his views about French politics, but is disappointed: 'Chateauvieux, amiable as usual, won't talk politics before his wife, who is an extreme Royalist.' His political enthusiasm sometimes becomes a little tiresome to his female relatives, and candid criticism is the wholesome result: 'I thought I was sublime at dinner at Chevilly with M. Chateauvieux and M. Naville. But Adèle says I was simply tiresome and boring. Oh vanity, vanity, what illusions you create in us!' His precocious maturity is obvious in entries such as this: 'Dined at Chevilly. Chateauvieux doesn't think Louis Philippe's government strong enough to make war. I think he is wrong. Young Chateauvieux is a nice boy: having picked up his politics in the Corps de

Garde at the Tuileries and St. Cloud, he reasons accordingly, talking of agriculture and a bouleversement and other things ' sur cet air là.' '

Interested as he was in politics, Cavour was almost equally interested in all social and economic movements which tended in any way to forward the betterment of mankind. He fills several pages of his diary with a discussion of a visit he paid to a Penitentiary where new methods were being tried. He goes to a ploughing competition, finds fault with the method of harnessing which throws all the weight on the horses' necks, and afterwards attends the supper and prize distribution and comments on the good manners of the peasants, expressing his delight at their patriotic fervour. He attends lectures at the University on subjects which interest him, and reads a translation of an article on taxation from the *Edinburgh Review* to the members of the Lecture Society. A school at Hofwyl conducted by a Dr. Fellembourg attracts his attention, where the scholars are taught on the Pestalozzi system. He reads sermons in the *Gazette Evangélique*, studies the *Revue Encyclopédique*, and even goes to the Protestant Church to attend service.

But the complete enjoyment of Cavour's visit was spoilt by an incident which very much upset his private plans. Naturally enough he was very anxious to go to Paris and study the political situation at first hand, and his only means of doing this was by staying with his uncle and aunt at their residence in Paris. But the Duke, though he had taken the oath to the new government, could not be induced to return and take his seat in the House of Peers, though he complacently drew his 12,000 francs a year as a Peer of the Realm. Cavour had made up his mind that this winter his uncle would go to Paris and that he would be invited to stay with them. Bearing this in mind, we can see the inner meaning of the following passages from the diary :

Sunday Sept. 1st.

For some days my aunt de Tonnerre has been in a state of political irritation which only the natural sweetness of her character prevents degenerating into bitterness and hostility. I attribute this in part to the new position in which she finds herself since her return to Geneva. For one thing, all the Genevese of every shade of opinion are continually insisting on the stability of the new order in France and implying that the country is cordially attached to it. The opinion of the Prince de Craon has given much weight to their words. But on the other hand the Carlists and their sympathisers are for ever at Le Bocage, continually stimulating her zeal for the good cause by all the latest gossip from Paris. This continual pulling in opposite directions distresses and worries her, the more so as she finds herself in an ambiguous and midway position between the two parties. She must feel now how foolish is the line they have taken in putting their personal interest first without wishing to give up their political rôle.

This passage makes it clear that the Duchess, who probably felt no difficulty in getting her own way with her easy-going husband, would welcome an excuse to avoid going to Paris though she knew that she ought by rights to do so. The excuse was found a little later :

A letter written by a friend to M. de Caumont telling him of the reappearance of cholera in the Paris hospitals has been sufficient to throw my aunt Victoire into a state of terror. At once the question was raised of giving up Paris this winter and returning to Turin. Is it genuine ? Is it a pretext to avoid having to play an unpleasant rôle in Paris between the Faubourg St. Germain which she is afraid to face and the Tuileries which she does not dare to offend ?

The climax is reached a few days later :

My aunt Victoire has declared to de la Rive that she will not go to Paris this winter. What obstinacy ! what blindness ! for the cholera is after all only a pretext, a ridiculous pretext, so as to escape returning to the Faubourg St. Germain and see it robbed of its power. Unhappy is he who in times of storm and trouble puts himself in a false position ; if he has neither the means nor the courage to draw himself out of it, his position gets worse each day. M. de Tonnerre at Turin

in the winter of 1832 was simple enough ; in the winter of 1833 it commences to be awkward ; everyone begins to ask how one can, honourably, after taking an oath and consenting to receive 12,000 francs a year, not fulfil any of the legislative duties of such a position, but instead openly oppose the government, and that in an underhand rather than in a dignified and generous manner. But when they see M. de Tonnerre returning to pass a third winter in Turin, what will be said, after he had formally announced that he was returning to Paris to fulfil his duty, and all for a childish fear of some cholera cases in the Paris hospitals ? To anyone with any sense of justice and elevation of mind, there can be but one answer to such inexcusable conduct.

Cavour's lofty conception of the demands which political morality made upon his uncle would be more convincing if they had been more disinterested ; but unfortunately he permits us to see in a later entry in the diary the strong personal interest which he had in his uncle's conduct.

My aunt Henriette and I left Geneva on October 9th ; my adieux at La Fenêtre were tender and affectionate, those at Le Bocage studied and cold. My aunt Victoire scarcely said a word about being glad to see me again at Turin or in Paris ; she was evidently embarrassed, and she saw plainly that I knew what value to put upon her fears of cholera and her regrets at the failure of my visit to Paris.

The presence of this last personal pronoun is singularly illuminating. It reveals clearly enough how beneath his righteous indignation at the behaviour of his uncle lay the disappointment at the frustration of his own plans, and that his high line of political morality was strongly tempered by personal egotism. He was grieved and angry. On his journey home his aunt Henriette was tactless enough to broach the sore subject of Cavour's love of independence. The result was disastrous ; a violent quarrel ensued, and they arrived at Turin in a condition of mutual exasperation.

IV. MISERY AND ROMANCE
1834

Extracts from Diary—Unhappiness at Home—Death of his Sister-in-Law—Thoughts on Suicide—His Romance—The Double Intrigue—Grinzane—Genoa—His Father Appointed Vicario of Turin—Letter on M. de Barante—Massimo d'Azeglio and Silvio Pellico—Précis of English Poor Law Bill.

A FEW days after his return from Switzerland, Cavour went for a spell to Grinzane. On the way there he records one of those small incidents which, since he though it worth while to put down in his diary, doubtless was remembered when he came in later years to consider the need for ecclesiastical reform. Stopping to bait his horse at Bra, he is disquieted at the sight of a number of priests, accompanied by women, in a state of semi-intoxication in the village café. 'This,' he comments, 'is how the Catholic clergy conduct themselves in the presence of a hostile philosopher and one belonging to a party seeking by all means to overthrow their power. The finger of Providence has marked them, their end approaches. When I speak of the end, I do not mean one year or two but a century. When it is a question of an edifice which has lasted close on two thousand years, one can well call the century which witnesses their fall the beginning of the end.'[1] His disappointment over Paris is still uppermost in his mind, as we see from the following entry a few days later.

> Having received a letter from mother announcing the return of my aunt and uncle de Tonnerre and trying to justify their

[1] *Diary*, p. 46.

action, I had not a moment's peace until evening, when I wrote her a four-page letter full of bitter recriminations against them. I went to bed with the firm determination of sending it to her, but very fortunately 'night brings counsel,' as the wise man said, so this morning, having recovered my temper, I quietly put the letter in the fire. Not because I think my complaints against them either false or exaggerated, but because it was absurd to make them in so crude a manner to mother, who is always inclined to shield them. I congratulate myself on two things: firstly, on having written this letter over night, for it comforted me to write it and gave me a good night; and secondly, for having burnt it this morning at the prompting of common sense. May I always do the same, and destroy in the morning acts dictated over night by anger and spite.[1]

But if he did not think it wise to unburden himself to his mother, he wrote a long letter about the delinquents to the Baron Paul Émile Maurice, who had recently married Cavour's cousin, Adèle de Sellon, which gives us a vignette of the family life which is well worth preserving:

I have wished my dear friend to write to you precise information as to the re-establishment of my aunt and uncle de Tonnerre in Turin. Thanks to pseudo-cholera and spite against the *juste milieu*, we have them again in the midst of us. They have reinstalled themselves here as if they had never left Piedmont—they might just have come from a stay at Rivoli. They have resumed their former life exactly as usual. M. de Tonnerre promenades, visits, goes to the theatre, tells everyone his anecdotes and dumps his eternal *bons mots* on everyone who will listen. Mme. de Tonnerre remains nearly always at home or with her sisters, plays Patience, receives visitors, and delights in constantly seeing the true-blue ultras. As to Paris, there is not a word of it unless it be from time to time to contrast the actual state of things with the never-sufficiently-to-be-regretted Restoration.

As to the public, it is less severe than I expected towards them. The Piedmontese is kind and indulgent by nature, especially towards those who do not show themselves disposed to domineer over them, and from this point of view they have certainly no fault to find with my uncle. So if the malicious

[1] *Diary*, p. 56.

ones have been somewhat sarcastic, in general it has been said that they are nice people, that they keep a good cook and a pleasant *salon*, and that in consequence they have done right to return. All their old acquaintances have come and called.

The political insipidity of the atmosphere here in which my aunt finds herself has already produced happy results upon her temper, which the Liberal miasmas of Geneva had singularly embittered. She begins to become her former self, that is to say she becomes every day more kind and indulgent.[1]

A passage from another letter deserves quoting as giving a picture of the extreme faction at this time in Turin :

My aunt Victoire has much improved since her return here. She has plunged again deeper than ever among the ultras. She receives such people as MM. Duchayla and Robilant, and Lascarena and Truchses, and the *contes bleus* which all these people relate to her enable her to support the actual state of things. They have always a fresh illusion ready to replace the one which has last disappeared. One day it is M. de Bourmont carrying Lisbon by assault, another it is Don Carlos entering Madrid ; at one moment it is the blustering of Nicholas which delights them, at another the finesse of Metternich. In short, when the ultras have formed themselves into a select circle from which all the profane are excluded they always manage to create an atmosphere of illusion which is sufficient for their peace of mind. I take good care not to undeceive them.[2]

As we might suspect from these letters, Cavour is not happy in the family circle. Different passages in his diary at this time offer a marked contrast : when he goes to Grinzane and has things to do he is generally cheerful. There are bright pages dealing with a variety of topics, illustrating the social life in which he mixes and giving us amusing portraits of people he meets and conversations in which he either joins or simply chronicles. But when he is at home he is morose and critical, introspective and quarrelsome. His position reminds us of a family which has reared a lion cub from infancy and which daily contact has blinded to

[1] Ruffini, vol. i. p. 197. [2] To his aunt de Sellon : Ruffini, vol. i. p. 204.

the fact that it is now no longer a cub but a lion, and who fails to grasp the significance of its peculiar fits of growling and moodiness or to understand that they had much better let it go if they wish to escape trouble. The two months' holiday at Geneva in the autumn of 1833 was the turning point. It was the first time since he had reached manhood that he had been there, where he was received and treated as a man. For the first time he found himself accepted as an equal amongst men already distinguished in many different walks of life. In contrast with this exhilarating experience his life at home was unbearable. In the first place he was still (until he was twenty-five) technically a child, according to Piedmontese law, and too often he was treated as such. Then he was almost entirely dependent upon his father for money, and what was perhaps worse than either of these, he was mentally and politically out of sympathy with the whole household. It would be hard to say which of these three, want of money, want of sympathy, or want of adequate and interesting work, weighed most heavily on Cavour at this time. All through these months we feel as we read his diary that there is a crisis approaching. Fractious and difficult at home, disgusted with the paltry character of his employment, with the atmosphere of suspicion in which he lived, and with the political and literary vacuity of the social life around him, he falls into a state of depression which augurs ill for his future. Bitterly in need of encouragement and intelligent sympathy, he begins to lose hope.

Just at this time, in the closing days of 1833, an event occurred which not only cast a gloom over the whole family circle but reacted afterwards in a way which rendered Cavour's position still more difficult. On the last day of the year his sister-in-law Adèle, his brother Gustave's wife, died three weeks after the birth of their third child. The inevitable result of this was that the family became almost entirely engrossed in his brother's three children. There was in fact no room for this

bachelor son, with no prospects, no profession, and opinions which differed from those of the rest of the family on nearly every conceivable subject. The following passage from the diary shows the position with sufficient plainness :

> With the family circle I have no longer any point of contact. A lover of independence above everything, I am the most utterly dependent of men, a son of the family—in the full meaning of the term. Endowed with a strong restless will, I have nothing to exercise it upon ; even my servant, this imbecile Tomalin, has means of living his own life and uses it freely. As to family affection, my aunts have all if not more than they can do to keep from wishing me harm. They are not so wrong ; in their place I believe I should detest a nephew who was so openly hostile to them as I am. My brother thinks of nothing but his son ; our former intimacy —the admiration of fools—which rested purely upon an intellectual basis, exists no more now that we differ so completely upon the one subject of his life, the education of his son. We love one another no more. At the most we speak to one another on indifferent matters. Mother loves me still, I think she even loves me dearly ; she is so good, so tender, that she has love even for me who scarcely deserve it, but at bottom I am not necessary to her happiness ; she has found in the children other objects of affection and tenderness more adapted to her natural disposition, and this is sufficient to absorb her completely. As to me, with my morose temper, I am rather an obstacle to her happiness than otherwise. Papa is very good, but his goodness is somewhat material. I am little inclined to second his views ; on the contrary, I continually cross them. He forgives me, but if I was not there he would easily transfer all his affection to the children and would still have many years to nurse his illusions about their future.[1]

With such a condition of things at home it was natural that Cavour should seek distraction elsewhere, and we are not perhaps surprised at the following entry :

> The Count Viale and M. de la Trinité have given a grand ball. The room, the service, the music, all first rate. So everyone was in good form. Madame de . . . was prettier and more charming than ever. She is a delightful flirt. In

[1] *Diary*, p. 96.

fact if I had not known her antecedents and if I had not the best reasons for distrusting the game she is playing, my head might have been turned. Fortune has made me pay dearly for the delicious smiles of Madame. Though I played with all the prudence in the world, I have none the less lost much money, nearly all my earnings for the year and even more. But what has given me real pleasure is that this extraordinary and consistent bad luck has not made me lose my head for a moment. I was as calm and careful after losing for the fifth time as I was the moment I sat down. Anyone else would have lost at least double. I cannot lose in the long run at goffo. What has also given me genuine satisfaction is that the excitement of playing and the amount of my losses have not in the least spoilt my sleep. I have seldom slept better after a ball. If I was of an amorous, sentimental or poetic disposition I should say that the bright eyes of Madame de . . . stopped me from feeling the hard blows of fortune.[1]

Cavour's analysis of the effect of play upon him is characteristic. Consciously or unconsciously he is testing himself for the rôle to come. He is pleased to find that neither excitement nor bad fortune disturb his self command. It is a good quality in parliamentary struggles. But his depression went deeper than mere disagreement with his family. His general uselessness begins to get on his mind.

Many of my friends esteem me and think kindly of me. In general all those who know me wish me well, but I am necessary to no one. At the most, I am necessary to one or two, and even then only in small matters. I could leave them without remorse. So then there is hardly a strong bond which holds me to life. And I have reasons enough to be disgusted with it. The future, far from smiling upon me, only offers me a continuous and progressive aggravation of my troubles. What shall I be at thirty ? Son of the family as I am at this moment, I would rather a thousand times be dead. Ah ! if it was not for these doubts about suicide I would soon deliver myself from this unprofitable existence. But even with Benthamistic reasoning I cannot resolve them. Suicide from the general point of view is wrong. All then that leads to it is an evil which is only excusable when it is compensated by immense advantages. For the moment then,

[1] *Diary*, p. 97.

> I shall be like Hamlet: I shall not kill myself, but at least I shall address earnest prayers to heaven to send me a heart attack which will take me to the other world. In this way my conscience will be clear, the love of existence will not be weakened for anybody. On the contrary my death, which will be called a sad event, will produce an excellent effect for good upon people; the moral result will be useful instead of harmful. I shall be remembered sometimes as a warning to my nephews upon the dangers of a too precocious development of intelligence, excessive love of independence and too great vanity. Oh! if I knew how to bring on a heart attack.[1]

These fits of despondency passed off, but nevertheless Cavour's life at this time is far from being altogether healthy and normal. The bitterness which underlies a passage like this is a bad symptom. It was unnatural and betrayed a degree of disappointment which might only too quickly lead to a moral breakdown. A little later we find another passage:

> What am I living for, for what object? I have found this object. It will be neither honour, nor glory, nor the good of my country, nor the esteem of my equals, nor domestic happiness—it will be none of these. It is to be a government farmer; to exploit a royal demesne and to make as much profit as possible. Admirable!

We see here another point where the yoke galled Cavour: want of money. He got little enough and what he had he spent. His gambling, if partly indulged in as a distraction and partly for his pleasure in it, was also to make money. Later with the same idea he gambled on the Bourse in Paris and lost heavily. His want of money tied him to his father's house and he resented it strongly. All of these various causes were driving Cavour to distraction. At the beginning of the hot weather in June things came to a head. As often happens under such circumstances, it was a trivial matter which caused the explosion. The two brothers quarrelled over the question of their sitting-rooms; appeal was made to the parents, and this brought about a stormy interview between Camillo and his father.

[1] *Diary*, p. 97.

On both sides hard words were exchanged, the Marquis bitterly reproaching his son with the uselessness of his life and Cavour replying with some home truths regarding the way he was treated and 'the miserable pittance' which he was expected to live upon and the need for work suitable to his energy and abilities. 'I wept with rage and anger,' he exclaims. The storm cleared the air and resulted in a promise from the Marquis that he would find his son an occupation 'lucrative and interesting,' and give him means to keep up his position.[1] But for another year and a half Cavour had to live at home before the promise was fulfilled. A few days after this the family left Turin for their country house at Santena.

It was just at this time when Cavour was feeling the need for affection and sympathy more keenly than ever, at a moment when he was more likely than ever before to respond to one who could truly understand the difficulties of his position and reciprocate the feelings of his heart, that there suddenly blossomed around him the one real romance of his life.[2] We have seen how when an officer in the garrison at Genoa he had formed a friendship and admiration for the Countess Nina Giustiniani. For some time after his departure from Genoa letters passed between them, but the correspondence gradually grew less, so that for the last year or two Cavour had scarcely heard of her at all. Suddenly, with an intensity as startling as it was unexpected, the smouldering embers of this almost buried passion leapt into life: Cavour tells us quite candidly what were his feelings at the moment.

> For nearly two years I had received no direct news of her, since her reply to my letter in January, 1833, expressing her

[1] *Ibid.* p. 108 ff.

[2] Berti is the one authority for this incident in Cavour's life. Excessive delicacy of feeling led him to suppress the name of the lady, to whom he always refers as L'Incognita. Later historians have been less scrupulous. In the diary there is scarcely any mention of the episode, which has possibly been cut out by Berti, who edited it, as having been embodied in his book *Cavour avanti il 1848*.

sympathy for all the misfortunes which had fallen upon me. From that time she had given me no sign of life. I knew that she had been living at Milan and that she had been in a continual state of suffering and illness; but I had heard nothing which gave me reason to believe that she still thought seriously about me. I preserved for her a painful and tender recollection. I often regretted that my stupidity and unfortunate circumstances had stopped me from forming with this sweet and lovable woman a liaison which would have thrown so much charm upon my sad and monotonous life; but truth to tell there no longer remained in my heart for her feelings of either love or passion. All my desires were limited to wishing to see her again, to be useful to her and to show her sincere and disinterested friendship. *Dis aliter visum.*

But Cavour's matter-of-fact attitude dropped from him like a mask at the first touch of reality.

I had been a few days at Grinzane (he goes on) in a state of utter depression and wretchedness natural enough after the painful scenes which had marked the last days of my stay at Turin, when I received a letter in her familiar handwriting which informed me that she had arrived in Turin and wanted to see me. I cannot describe the emotions which racked my heart at that moment. The uncertainty of the motives which had determined her to this action troubled me cruelly. Was it a simple desire to explain her past conduct and to re-establish a friendship in conformity with the sentiments expressed in her last letter? or was she still under the domination of the passion against which she had so long struggled in vain? I thought indeed that I detected in the phrases of her very short letter a tenderness which she had vainly attempted to conceal; but this might be only an illusion of my heart or my vanity, for there was not a single word which showed any change in my favour. I could bear it no longer. Tormented by the fear of not finding her in Turin, I resolved to go there instantly. Leaving fifty matters which demanded my attention and braving the intolerable heat of the sun, I started at one o'clock. Having changed horses at Bra without stopping I arrived at Turin just after eight. Reaching home I changed and without an instant's delay hurried to her hotel. I am told she has gone to the opera. Hastening there I dash into the parterre and scan the boxes, and in the sixth on the left of the first row I see her, in deep mourning, bearing

upon that most sweet of all faces the marks of long and cruel suffering. She saw me at once and her eyes follow me as I leave the parterre to go to her. God, what charm, what tenderness, what love there was in that look! Whatever I may do for her in the future, ah! never can I recompense her for all the joy she brought me at that moment. Her box is full; insufferable people are deluging my darling with their insipid and fatuous conversation. In vain our eyes try to express the feelings of our hearts; we burn with impatience; at last we are by ourselves for a moment. Alas, all the things we have to say to each other stick in our throats. After a long silence she says to me, 'What have you thought of me?' 'What have I thought,' I answer, 'can you ask?' 'You have suffered?' 'Suffered—oh yes, I have suffered!' These are the only words that I can remember.

Cavour returned that night to the palazzo in Turin in all the ecstasies of his first love. He had hardly entered when he received a message that his father is expecting to meet him next morning at Grinzane. To save the useless journey he determines to set off at once for Santena. No conveyance being available at such a late hour he starts on foot.

It was midnight; the moon shone bright and full: the waters of the Po, the hills around Turin, lit by its pale and wistful light, presented a sight truly in harmony with the feelings of my heart. What an entrancing walk it was! When shall I feel again emotions so pure and lofty as those I felt that night?

At three in the morning, having driven from Moncalieri, he arrived at Santena. Sleeping a few hours on a sofa he awaits his father, who is more than astonished to find him already arrived from Turin. With a naivété not a little surprising, Camille at once tells his father the whole story. His father understood: and making no remark, leaves his son to manage the matter himself. His action in so doing was wise, for it is easy to see how with a wilful, impetuous nature like Cavour's, opposition at such a moment might have led to rash and thoughtless action resulting in disaster. After dinner that evening he sets out once more for Turin. The Countess is alone, and in the interview that followed

she opened her heart to Camille, telling him of all she had suffered for his sake and how she had lived upon the memory of her love. 'Every day I left my father's house, and followed by a faithful servant climbed the mountains. I walked, walked without fear or fatigue, always upward to the summit, to turn my gaze upon the horizon and breathe the air which seemed to me to blow unhindered from the plains where lived my loved one.'

But even while she poured out the treasures of her love, she realised to the full its utter hopelessness. Not only was she already married, but she suffered from an illness which gave her but a few years to live. Though her whole soul was given to Camille, she was far too noble to prejudice the great career she saw before him, far too unselfish to ruin the man she loved in order to win the happiness she sought. The ties that bound her to others could not be broken. She had fought her battle before she allowed herself to see Camille, and even as she welcomed him she was preparing to say good-bye to him for ever. He left her that evening with vows of eternal fidelity upon his lips: 'Ah, I swear it, never, never will I forget, never will I leave, this heavenly woman. To her shall my life be consecrated. She alone shall be the purpose of my existence, the only object of my love and of my efforts. May the curse of heaven fall upon my head if ever I cause her, knowingly, the least sorrow or wound the tenderest feeling of this perfect and adorable soul.'

Four days later, without the opportunity of another meeting, she left Turin for the baths at Valdieri. Half distraught by passion and anxiety Cavour sends a friend to Valdieri for news of her. Then, unable to keep away, he follows himself and remained there until the eve of her return. Hardly has he left for Turin than she writes again:

> I know that I shall see you to-day and shall be able to tell you all that is in my heart, but that matters little—it is of the present moment that I want to speak. I think of that hour

when we shall once more be together ; you are waiting for me, perchance you are uneasy, oh that I could hasten the moment when folded in your arms I can reassure you ! A sweet moment, Camille, which one well may purchase by long sufferings. I do not know why happiness leaves in me such far deeper traces than grief. These three days have wiped out the memory of several cruel years, I can assure you ; I keep them as an ineffaceable treasure of consolation for the days of sorrow which lie before me. Then I shall think that time passes and love remains for ever ! for ever, Camille ! Well we know it, we who, not content with loving here, with loving for a few passing years, dare to bear forward our thoughts of love and happiness to a future without end. I have told you, Camille, that my soul is but a reflection of yours, without you I am nothing ; intercept the light, I cease to exist ; I shall follow you everywhere. No one can keep me from you. Relations, friends, I renounce them all rather than cease to write to you and see you. Perchance I shall have hard struggles to face. I foresee them without fear. I know my strength. I know that nothing can crush me so long as I am sure of your love, and I am, for your heart beats with mine and between us it is as your motto says : ' à la vie, à la mort.' If I delude myself, may I be dust before I am undeceived ! But no, Camille knows how to love, Camille would not deceive me, he is too great, too generous not to return the love of his . . . . He would have refused it if he had not well been sure that he could equal it, is it not so, Camille, dear and tender friend ? But do not answer—I can read your looks, I can see there your thoughts ; you love me, yes, you love me as I would be loved. You have given me a new existence ; it is through you that I am anything at all, you have reattached me to this life that I should have quitted with indifference, sometimes with joy ; the hope of once more being with you will sustain me in your absence, the joy of embracing you will make me believe for some moments that I am more than mortal. Camille, this happiness is very near me now. Soon I shall have crossed the space that separates us, soon I shall be in your arms !

Some days later, without an opportunity of being alone together, she left Turin.

Happily at this critical moment of his life, Cavour found in his mother a tender and sympathetic friend. To her he poured out his sorrow and received in return

that love and comfort which alone could soften the bitterness of his grief. Gradually the first excess of passion gave way to steadiness of thought, and their correspondence began to embrace subjects of more general interest than the fervours of disappointed and hopeless love. His letters she destroyed, but hers, carefully preserved and numbered, were found among his papers after his death. In the first moments of separation he would have her free herself from all her surroundings, from all the duties that bind her, and come to him and together they will seek foreign shores and unknown lands. But becoming calmer he adds, 'I have been wrong; there are duties that keep you where you are, duties you cannot escape!' A little later she writes to him:

> I have been very sad to-day, dear, I am sorry for it; you have seen how fearful, how weak I am; my fears have gone now; do not think me an angel, do not believe I am worthy of the devotion you feel for me. Our positions are very different. Just think—I was suffering, discouraged, incapable of taking any real part in the pleasures of life. I have before me some useless days which death will inevitably end before long. To find one willing to accept this poor fragment of life, to share my sufferings, to love me, this was a happiness for which I dared not hope. It is you that fate had marked as my last support, you, full of strength, of life, of talents, you, called, perhaps to fulfil the most brilliant career, to contribute to the happiness of mankind. My life is finished, yours begins. I accept your help; it comes to me from heaven. But it is my duty to tell you that what on my part would seem a sacrifice would be on the contrary an act of pure selfishness, while the same action coming from you would have its source in a devotion I do not deserve. I have said enough, you will understand . . . my whole heart is full of you. I can await the future in peace. My gloomy forebodings have given place to hope. I am so sure of you! What have I done, Camille, to meet a soul like yours? I seem to have changed my whole nature, to be uplifted to heaven itself. Shall I be thought mad? I would rather die than recover my reason. Adieu, Camille, the one light that shines amid the darkness that envelopes me, for me thou art everything in time and in eternity.

But though the correspondence continues, it gradually becomes more normal. They discuss politics. The Countess was an ardent Republican, gradually converted to a Monarchist by the arguments of Cavour. Shakespeare, Romeo and Juliet, and King John are another subject of interest. The Roman question, religion, the future of Italy, all find a place in their letters. It was fortunate this was so, for there was a moment when the situation was full of peril. At the height of his passion Cavour would gladly have given up his hopes of a political career for the woman he loved, but she would not let him. He saw her again, but not alone, as she passed through Turin; it is doubtful if they met again. Though the correspondence continued intermittently until 1839, the world soon claimed Cavour once more, but while the memory of his passion became but 'the gleam of irrecoverable gold,' her love remained in all its noble sadness steady to the end. Two years before her death in 1841 she wrote to Camillo her last letter, bringing to a close the supreme joy and tragedy of her life:

> The woman who loved you is dead—she was not beautiful, she had suffered too much; how much she lacked she knew better than you. She is dead, and in this realm of death she has met ancient rivals. If she has yielded them the palm of beauty in the world where the senses would fain prevail, here she surpasses them all. None has ever loved you as she did, Camille, no one, for you have never known the range of all her love. How could she reveal it to you? No human word could express it. No action, however supreme its devotion might seem to you, but was a pale shadow of what her heart sought to conceive for you. You have often seen me silent and self-centred, refusing to give inadequate expression to my thought and hoping within myself that the truth would one day be revealed. What! does this tremendous passion exist to be sealed up for ever? Will this flaming germ[1] never reach its full development? Is such great love created but to devour the breast that shelters it? Camille, farewell. At the moment that I write these lines

[1] 'Ce germe brûlant.'

I have made an unalterable resolution never to see you again. You will read them—I hope —but when an insurmountable barrier will have been raised between us —when I shall have received the grand initiation into the secrets of the grave—when perhaps (I groan to think of it) I shall have forgotten you.

This episode is rightly considered to be the one romance of Cavour's life, but the candid biographer is bound to confess that if his passion was genuine his apparent recovery was rapid, and that his affection in no way prevented him from enjoying the charms of certain other ladies who just at this time appear with some frequency in the pages of his diary. Notably a certain 'Mme. de G.,' described by Cavour's latest biographer[1] as a 'consummate and sensual coquette of the Piedmontese aristocracy,' who, urged by jealousy of the Incognita, sought by her arts to make a conquest of the innocent Camille. The carriage dust of the brokenhearted Countess has scarcely settled on the hedgerows beyond Turin when we meet this entry in the diary:

I have at last spoken to Mme. de G.; my silence commenced to be impolite. I find she has more intelligence than I thought, at least in conversation which is not too solid. But like all the Turin ladies she thinks only of gallantry and scandal. She has heard of the object of my visit to Valdieri. It does not matter; it was a thing one could hardly conceal. I accompanied her to the *baracon* where they dance, and with an excess of gallantry danced with her.

A week later follows another entry which we may safely connect with the same lady:

I have announced to the Marquise that this winter I shall be obliged to go to Paris. She appeared to be grieved, without however being too much upset over it. Can her passion be already growing cold? Good heavens, if I knew how to increase it. This must be my business. She wishes me to give her my crest and motto to make me a 'sac de voyage.' This is the ordinary style of the Turin ladies.

Mixed up with a good deal more about 'Mme. de G.,' for whose favours, however, Cavour has a rival in a

[1] Ruffini.

"MADAME DE G."

FROM A MINIATURE IN THE COLLECTION OF
SIGNOR R. PITTALUGA

certain 'M.' who promenades with her and writes her poetry until dispossessed by the all-conquering Camille, we find the following :

> I ought to be more indulgent towards P., for she has an extraordinary weakness for me, and what gives me far more pleasure she has a great respect for my brains and ability. Every day she pays me some new compliment. This evening she said to mother, 'Camille conducts himself with such tact, excellent.'

Nor does this end the list of his lady admirers, for towards the end of August we find the following :

> At last it has happened, what ought to have taken place infinitely sooner if I had not been so prodigiously stupid. The Marquise is determined at all costs that I shall go out shopping with her. Far from fearing that she would compromise herself, she appears desirous to advertise her new liaison. She has given me great proofs of her passion and exposed herself to great dangers in receiving me at home.

There is, however, one passage which has been supposed to refer to the Incognita,[1] but which from its tone appears to refer rather to her rival, in which we see clearly enough that Cavour's philanderings are scarcely serious enough to blind him even temporarily to the growing bitterness and disappointments of his life, and which reveal at the same time how little real influence over him his women friends exerted.

> After grand preliminaries, Mme. de G. has asked me to promise that I will never mix myself up in Piedmontese politics. I have absolutely refused. Besides, I should have done wrong to yield to her wishes ; sooner or later she would have blushed for a man who would submit to such unworthy conditions. It was scarcely worth her effort, however, to obtain such a promise from me, for ere long I shall be no longer good for anything. Politically speaking, everything is over for me. In the last few years I have grown older without acquiring a single talent or any greater knowledge, so that it would be ridiculous to keep any longer the illusions of greatness which I nursed in my youth. One must make

[1] Roscoe Thayer's *Cavour*, vol. i. p. 39.

a virtue of necessity and resign oneself to be an honest, peaceful *bourgeois* of Turin for the rest of one's life. Ah! if I was an Englishman, at this very moment I would be already of some importance and my name would be no longer unknown. But alas, I am a Piedmontese, and as I cannot change myself I must at least avoid rendering myself ridiculous by foolish pretensions. Mme. has taken it very well; she appeared to submit to my reasons, and ended by assuring me that nothing would ever quench her affection; that on the contrary adversity would only augment it. Can it be possible?

But in spite of this apparent evidence to the contrary, the Incognita remained an unforgettable memory. Writing in 1839 to Mélanie Waldor, there is this passage:

The family want me to marry, but I am not ready for it. There is still at the bottom of my heart an image which is an insurmountable obstacle for any new affection which would seek to take possession of it. In spite of my youthful appearance and 'sourire enfantin' I have a weariness of heart which would scarcely give me a chance of rendering happy any woman who should join her life to mine and demand of me love and tenderness. I have spent too quickly the youthful treasure of love, and no intellectual resources can replace it. The woman who married me would be unhappy, so it is probable that I shall remain a bachelor.

He treasured her letters, and on the back of the last one she wrote to him he inscribed these words: 'This is perchance the last remembrance of one whom I have caused to suffer so much without ever a word of complaint against me.'

It is exceedingly difficult, from such information as has been published, to disentangle the intricacies of this 'double intrigue,' as Cavour called it. He was perfectly aware and thoroughly ashamed of his own conduct. He had lowered himself irrevocably in the eyes of the woman he loved, if ever news of his conduct should reach her ears. He had betrayed the trust of her love and he could see no way to right himself. He poured out in his diary a sequence of the most

atrocious reproaches that a man ever uttered against himself. But just at the moment when he was most bitterly conscious of the unworthiness of his conduct a letter from the Countess restored his equilibrium. It was a strange letter to effect such a result, for it was a confession of her own frailty which the voice of conscience would no longer permit her to conceal from the man she loved. It seems that in the years between Cavour's departure from Genoa and the rekindling of their love in the recent months she had lived at Milan, where an unknown Englishman fell in love with her. Believing herself unloved and forgotten by Cavour, she yielded to his importunities in one of those revulsions of feeling which such a condition as hers is only too apt to engender. This she now confessed to Cavour. The effect was surely one of the strangest revelations of human psychology ever recorded. Instead of any sense of bitterness or disgust at the defilement of that ideal purity and nobleness of which she was the image in his eyes, he saw in it just the opposite. Conscious as he was that his own conduct had dragged him below the level of the woman he loved, now, by her own confession, they were once more on an equality. A lower level truly, but still the same level for both. His self-reproach vanished, he was again happy. Once more on a level of moral equality he could offer himself to the woman he loved. The sin of the Countess was his own absolution, and in the diary he records his joy with the same candour and exuberance of expression as he had previously recorded his self-abasement.[1]

It was at this point that Cavour's father interfered, and by making arrangements to send his son abroad prevented further complications arising. Madame de G. died early in 1836, and at the request of her

[1] The passages in the diary here mentioned are not to be found in the printed edition. I owe them to the kindness of Senator Ruffini, who forwarded to me an article of his which appeared in the September (1922) number of *La Lettura*, in which they are described though not quoted *verbatim*.

sister the letters which passed between them were destroyed.

But neither the most absorbing of love affairs nor the most fascinating of Piedmontese ladies could keep Cavour for long from politics nor quench his natural high spirits and sense of humour. On July 21st he accompanied his aunt Henriette as far as Bourg, and he records his return journey in these words: 'I was joined on my way home by a joyous *marchand de pâtes*. En route I amused myself by making him talk, questioning him upon the state of the market at Coni, to which he replied: 'Trade this month has been bad, but last Tuesday it was splendid, for they hanged two people and everyone came to see the sight, so we had an excellent day.' I must keep this story for my uncle; it will help to put an edge on his weapons, which are getting a bit rusty.'[1] Having recorded this little story he adds: 'Good heavens! I have forgotten politics completely. Lord Grey has resigned, the ministry is in course of dissolution, and the Tories are making unheard of efforts to get a new lease of power. A great crisis might easily follow, and I have not even thought about it. It is truly astonishing. I hardly know myself.'

Cavour got away from Turin at the end of August, and left the dangerous neighbourhood of Mme. de G. without apparently any regret. He went to Grinzane and later to Genoa, returning in the autumn to Santena. His diary breaks off on October 20th, and begins again in January, 1835, when he is starting on his first visit to London and Paris. In the meantime events were taking place which threatened to make a break in the family affairs. The Marquis, who for two years had been Syndic of Turin, was offered the post of Governor of Sardinia.[2] After a good deal of consideration, for the post was an important one and likely to lead to

[1] *i.e.* The Count de Sellon, one of whose favourite themes was the abolition of the death penalty.

[2] *Diary*, p. 127, August 15th, 1834.

further promotion, he refused it, as it appeared that the Viceroy was not permitted to take his wife with him. He was then offered and accepted the position of Vicario, a thankless and most unpopular post, which however brought him into close and immediate contact with the King, to whom he acted as a kind of special adviser in all matters pertaining to the city of Turin, especially in regard to political faith and morals. This position he occupied for many years, and the difficulty which Cavour afterwards experienced in persuading public opinion of the genuineness of his liberalism was largely due to the popular belief that no son of the hated Vicario could by any possibility be anything but a reactionary. This new post speedily became so engrossing that the Marquis had no time to manage his private estates, and it was this fact which led to Cavour's emancipation, for on his return from his tour in France and England he took the entire management of his father's property and started on that career of agriculturist which he afterwards put to good use as a minister, and in which he displayed such skill as to restore the family fortunes.

For the last half of this year there is a gap in Cavour's correspondence which is due in part to the presence of the family in Turin, and in part also to the fact that he was occupied with his first literary venture, a *précis* of the English Poor Law which had been presented to Parliament in February, 1834. There is, however, one letter dated May 10th, to his uncle at Geneva, which deserves quotation :

My dear Uncle,

I am sorry not to be able to answer your last letter as I should have wished, in which you ask me if it would be possible to obtain hitherto unpublished matter from Silvio Pellico, Manzoni and M. de Barante. I believe it to be extremely difficult if not impossible. Here are the reasons.

In the first place I have no means of getting in touch with Manzoni ; M. d'Azeglio, the only person who might have relations with him, is a complete stranger to me, and I will have nothing to do with him—his conduct is too contemp-

tible. From the extreme liberal and avowed Carbonaro that he was he has become the most commonplace and disgusting of courtiers. He has exchanged without shame the insignia of chief of a Lodge for the keys of a Court Chamberlain, and this transformation has been carried through without the least compunction for no plausible reason save his personal interest pure and simple. You would certainly not expect me to ask a favour of such a person.

As to M. de Barante it is another matter ; he is so good to me that I should not mind asking anything from him, but there is another difficulty. His opinions as to the inviolability of human life are not the same as yours ; he does not refuse to society the right of life and death in certain cases and under certain conditions ; nor does he consider all war as illegitimate even when offensive. This being so, how can I ask him for an article which would further the end which you propose ? You mention also the question of the influence of women upon the future of civilisation : a splendid subject and worthy of M. de Barante's fine talent. But are there not considerable difficulties for the husband of a very handsome wife and the father of several young daughters ? Arguments, just enough in theory, if misinterpreted, would be the source of considerable difficulty to him. The fear of this, though perhaps exaggerated, has up to this stopped me from asking him.

There remains Pellico. And this raises a very delicate question. Pellico is so badly off that he needs the money for his writings in order to live. His family has no means except what the father earns from his place in the Public Debt Office. He lives as cheaply as possible, for in addition he has only the fruit of his literary work, to which he consecrates what little health is left to him. In these circumstances to ask him to give an article without any remuneration seems hardly fair. He wrote a story, it is true, for the lottery on behalf of the lunatic asylum, but this was a purely national affair to which nearly all the writers and artists contributed something, and it would have been unworthy on his part not to do as the others did. Besides, I must tell you frankly that I think a question of philosophy, either national or moral, beyond the power of Pellico. His gentle, delicate soul has never reached these great problems of which you wish that he would hasten the mysterious solution.[1]

The statements made in this letter regarding Massimo

[1] Ruffini, vol. i. p. 211.

d'Azeglio are utterly inaccurate. We can only suppose that Cavour was merely repeating hearsay gossip without having taken the trouble to verify his facts. d'Azeglio was no more a Carbonaro than Cavour himself, and he was not made a Chamberlain, indeed he had no connection with the court until 1836. The fact seems to have been that Cavour at this time was becoming politely bored with his uncle's enthusiasm for his hobby, and not wishing to offend him, made use of the best reasons he could find as an excuse for not acceding to his request. Why M. de Barante should not write on the influence of women upon civilisation because he had a wife and three daughters of his own would need a sophist to explain.

But, as already mentioned, Cavour was occupied during the last months of this year with his *précis* of the English Poor Law Bill. In 1833 the British Government had appointed a commission to report on the poor law administration and to lay down the lines for fresh legislation on this important question. The report, together with a mass of documents and statistics, had been presented to Parliament in February, 1834, resulting in the Poor Law passed three months later. Cavour, who had already studied the subject, was keenly interested, and obtained from England everything that was printed on the question. While thus engaged it was suggested to him by the Piedmontese Minister for Internal Affairs that he should write a summary of it for the benefit of the government. This he did, and before the close of the year printed a small number of unsigned copies for distribution among his friends. His report was made the subject of a special laudatory article in the official Gazette by Count Cesare Balbo, in which, after regretting that it was written in French and not in Italian and that it was not more widely distributed, the author of the article proceeded in these terms :

> A very excellent work has been achieved by a young man of our country in reducing these volumes into a summary of

eighty small pages, so clear, so precise and so complete that in reading it one learns as much if not more than in wading through the original documents. A *précis* of this kind becomes an original work and shows in its author, especially in one so young, a true and distinct faculty for thinking and writing ; it announces to the country one writer more, and a writer serious and solid ; not concerned with light and trivial subjects but with those useful matters of which the country has need.

The official reception of his work was no less gratifying, for he writes to his brother Gustave, ' The minister seems very satisfied with my report and has asked father for two hundred copies of it ; the letter is kind and flattering.'[1] In December, 1834, Cavour left Turin to realise his long deferred visit to France and England.

Quite recently information has come to light regarding the destination of the two hundred copies asked for by the Minister of the Interior. They were duly distributed amongst those officially concerned with the question of charity, including the Council of State, the Intendants of the Provinces, the Archbishops, the Bishops and Governors of certain towns, and the secretaries of departments. Criticisms seem to have been invited, and one reply, from the Marquess Gerolamo Serra, is extant. To his criticism we have the reply of the Minister of the Interior, which reveals the true motive for its distribution. ' I have only circulated this brochure,' he writes, ' because I believed that it would prove useful to make more generally known the drawbacks inherent in a poor rate and the badness of a system which gives *a right* to the poor to be provided for by their communes. I thought that by reading it our system would be better appreciated and the value of not changing the principle upon which it is based would be more fully recognised—a moral and religious principle, which, if it does not recognise the

[1] The report is published *in extenso* by Chiala in his Introduction to Vol. V. of the Letters.

right so imprudently established in England, imposes on the rich the express and precise obligation of helping those in need.' [1]

[1] Reale Accademia delle Scienze di Torino, *Memoria del socio Alessandro Luzio*, 1923. 'Gli inizi del Regno di Carlo Alberto.'

V. PARIS AND LONDON

1835

Geneva—Santarosa—Paris—Letter from Santarosa—Cavour to Baron Maurice—To Count de Sellon—To Auguste de la Rive—To his Brother—To Cousin Adèle Maurice—The Monstre Procés and the Duc de Clermont-Tonnerre—Departs for London—Dinner with Mr. Murray—Nassau Senior and de Tocqueville—Bishop of London's Sermon—Poor Law—London University—Law Courts—Horse Guards and Drawing Room—Almacks'—Anti-Slavery Meeting—Faraday—Railways—House of Commons—On the Political Situation—Free Trade and Spitalfields' Weavers—Hidden Treasure at the Admiralty—Letter to M. de Barante—Leaves for Turin.

Cavour left Turin for Geneva towards the end of December, 1834, the immediate cause of his departure being the illness of his aunt Victoire, as we gather from a letter dated January 7th to his friend William Brokedon.[1] After her recovery Cavour stayed on, filling in his time by attending lectures at the University. The course which specially interested him was that on political economy by Professor Cherbuliez, but he went to others as well, including a course on phrenology by M. Dumontier. As usual he dined out frequently, meeting many old friends. Cavour's insatiable avidity for politics and political economy is a mystery to his worthy aunts, and the diary records a conversation between them which is not without its humour :

> ' Have you noticed,' said my aunt Victoire to her sister, ' how entirely uninterested Camille is when I talk about the Paris theatres ? I am sure I do not know what will interest him during his stay there ; the poor child is entirely absorbed in revolutions.' ' It is true,' replied my aunt Henriette,

[1] Chiala, vol. v. No. 1207.

'Camille is not curious about things; politics alone interest him, and though he has much improved, the idea of being a younger son always dominates him; he cannot bear it, it is the torment of his life.' My aunt Victoire enlarged freely upon this excellent explanation of my liberalism, and then added, 'He is wildly enthusiastic about political economy, this erroneous science which warps the mind and is of no use.'

'This,' Cavour comments, 'is a slight specimen of how two persons, otherwise very intelligent, but blinded by a narrow party spirit, judge men and things.' [1]

But if his aunts failed to appreciate the intellectual power of their nephew they were all the same very fond of him, as we can see by the following charming extract from a letter which, after his departure for Paris, his aunt Victoire wrote to his mother at Turin:

Adieu, my dear and beloved Adèle, we have given the maternal kiss and blessing to dear Camille. I shall be delighted to find him in Paris: it costs me less to go there. Rest assured that I will be both a father and mother to him there, as far as he will allow it and perhaps even a little more . . .' [2]

In February Cavour was joined at Geneva by his friend Pietro di Santarosa,[3] and together they proceeded to Paris. On their arrival they found France in the midst of a ministerial crisis. The ministry presided over by Marshal Mortier resigned on February 20th, and it was three weeks before the new government under the Duc de Broglie came into power. During the interval Cavour had a unique opportunity of studying the various tendencies of French politics and the different movements which were then current in the political world, and of this he availed himself to the utmost, as we can see in the letters which follow. By way of introduction to the interesting series of letters which Cavour wrote at this time we give an extract

[1] *Diary*, p. 153, date January 12th.

[2] Ruffini, vol. i. p. 250.

[3] A cousin of Santorre di Santarosa, the leader of the 1821 rebellion, afterwards killed at Sfacteria. Pietro afterwards became Minister of Agriculture, and on his death Cavour became a minister for the first time as his successor.

from an enclosure in one of them, written by Santarosa to Cavour's brother Gustave :

> I expect that Camille will have taken good care to keep you *au courant* with what we have done up till now. You will have seen that we are eclectic in our tastes, for we want to see everything, know everything, and master everything. Our days are full : we usually spend the first part of our mornings in study and meditation about what we have seen the day before, then at midday we go out and commence our excursions. Hospitals, asylums, prisons, schools, monuments, public establishments of all kinds are visited, analysed, anatomised. In the evening, society, theatres, balls, political and scientific clubs of all colours are honoured by our presence, and our high intelligences exercise themselves up to midnight. There is, however, one hour of the day when our minds repose and our material side comes uppermost and we make the tour of all the best restaurants in Paris, varying them every day in our love of eclecticism. But our lofty minds have agreed that the palm of superiority in the culinary art must be awarded to the Honourable Verry of the Palais Royal, where every day that we do not dine out we dispose of our five francs a head. In a word, my dear Gustave, we lead a very pleasant life in Paris. . . .[1]

The first of Cavour's letters is dated March 10th, and is written to Paul Émile Maurice :

> My dear Friend,
>
> I am sorry to hear that you have almost given up the idea of a visit to Paris this spring. But however great my regret that I shall not see you, I am too fond of you not to tell you that Paris, Tonnerre, and the Faubourg St. Germain are not very suitable for Adèle. She has already sufficient taste for society ; it is a taste for practical and useful things that she needs, and certainly it will not be in the midst of the Carlists—eminently futile people—that she will acquire it. However, as it is possible that other circumstances will lead you to adopt your previous programme, I will give you the information you asked me for. The Hôtel Castellano at the corner of the Rue du Bac and the Rue Grenelle, and consequently not far from my aunt's house, is a small hotel but very comfortable. It is frequented almost entirely by the provincial aristocracy who wish to be near their relatives in the

[1] Ruffini, vol. i. p. 275.

Faubourg St. Germain when making a stay in Paris. In no hotel in Paris is there such good company as here. Santarosa likes it very much. Prices are not exorbitant: two bedrooms and a small sitting-room cost 250 francs. There is a restaurant attached to the hotel where one can dine quite well for five francs a head. If you intend to come to Paris and stay at the Hôtel Castellano it would be necessary to engage rooms beforehand, for all are occupied and some already booked in advance.

Santarosa and I have already seen a good deal since our arrival; but the continual bad weather has stopped us from seeing some things. The beauty of certain quarters of Paris has surpassed all my expectations, but I must confess that others are very far from realising the ideas which I had formed of them. Paris from the Tuileries to the Arc de Triomphe is the finest city in the world. The Madeleine is worthy of ancient Greece, and it is not that the view presented by the Place Louis XV. lacks grandeur, if the Deputies who cross it on their way to the Chambers are not animated by more noble and loftier sentiments.

We have already been to several theatres. But that which has given us most pleasure is undoubtedly the Italian opera. Tell your father from me that there has never been an opera comparable to *The Puritans* as sung by the cast at present in Paris.[1] It is better than Mozart, better than Rossini, and better than anything Bellini has written up to the present. He should hasten his departure to come and hear it; there is still time. If he lets this opportunity slip he will never hear such artistes as those singing this year in an opera in which the music is so perfectly adapted to their voices and ability. We have not yet seen the Grand Opera. There is such a rush to see the new opera that in order to get a decent seat it is necessary to book a long time in advance, and this we do not care about doing.

But certainly of all the pieces being played in the theatres of Paris, the most interesting is the birth of the new ministry, which has not yet arrived at its *dénouement*. As on the day of a *Grande Représentation*, all the principal political actors have passed before the public: M. Sebastiani, Marshal Soult, MM. Molé, Dupin, etc., have all come for a moment before the curtain, to disappear an instant later without settling anything. The truth of the matter is that the King wants to govern without either the doctrinaires or the chiefs

[1] The singers alluded to were Lablache, Tamburini, Rubini, and Grisi.

of the *tiers parti*, and that this is impossible. A ministry without Thiers, Guizot, or Dupin has no chance of lasting; Louis Philippe wants these ministers, but without the indispensable conditions of their political existence! The simplest way of arranging everything would have been to keep the actual ministry and give it the leader it wanted, that is to say the Duc de Broglie. But the King is set against him, and for three weeks now they have been trying to find a possible combination from which Messrs Broglie and Dupin should be excluded. But he has not succeeded up to this, and I doubt if he will succeed any better in the days to come. At the moment M. Molé thinks that he can form a ministry acceptable to the King, but he has too much common sense not to perceive soon the impossibility of the task he has undertaken. It is impossible to tell you how it will finish. To-morrow there are to be questions put to the ministers, and I think that the sitting will be amusing.

It is true that in spite of this ministerial interregnum the country has never enjoyed greater tranquillity or a more general prosperity. There is not the faintest breath of unrest, all is heedlessness and apathy. My aunt may be completely reassured on this point. I pray you to tell my uncle that I have sent all the copies of his book which he entrusted to me to their destinations, and that the Duchesse d'Abrantés has shown us the greatest kindness. Her *salon* is very curious; one meets people of all kinds and of all countries. It has only one inconvenience for us, that is, that it is a league away from our hotel; for the Duchesse has left the Abbaye and now lives in the Rue Larochefoucauld on the outskirts of Paris. I hope that my letter will find my aunts no longer at Geneva, so I send no messages for them, but in revenge I pray you to deliver my best wishes to my aunt Cécile and my cousins, the elder ones in particular. Will you be kind enough to see if there are any letters waiting for me, and if so to forward them to me here. Good-bye, *cher ami*, my respects to Adelaide. You can tell her that however grand Paris may be, one sees neither eyes nor teeth that approach the beauty of hers.[1]

Cavour had not when writing this letter been present at any of the debates in the Chamber, but a week later writing to his uncle de Sellon he gives us his first impressions of the leaders of French political life.

[1] Ruffini, vol. i. p. 250 ff.

My dear Uncle,

I owe you much gratitude for the kind reception which your numerous letters of recommendation have procured for Santarosa and myself. For wherever we have presented ourselves under your auspices we have received a warm welcome and great kindness.

The Duchesse d'Abrantés has invited us to her Monday reunions, where one meets a peculiar and interesting mixture of celebrities of all kinds and the débris of all the ministries. Mr. Livingston [1] has sent us his admission card for the reserved tribune of the Chamber ; and Mr. Lucas has personally shown us over some of the establishments which he inspects and has promised to conduct us over several others of interest. I am sorry that I have not been able to make the acquaintance of M. Guigues,[2] who in a very kind letter has informed us that he has left for England. I have not yet been able to see the Duc de Bassano, at whose house I have called twice, but he lives so far off that it is not possible to multiply one's attempts to find him at home. I have also to thank you for your kind letter. I have fulfilled the commission as to your goddaughter, whom I have met on various occasions at balls or the theatre. She is just now much upset over the sad death of her cousin, Mlle. Rigaud, who is regretted by all who have admired her freshness and beauty.

Since your letters the plans of my aunts have changed. By a letter from my aunt Victoire I learn that her departure is postponed and that my aunt Henriette remains indefinitely with you. But I hope that my uncle and my aunt de Tonnerre will find means to make a start and at last arrive in Paris, where they have been expected for so long. One would say that there is a fate against their returning to France. If bad weather follows the cholera, and the fear of this last, together with my aunt's illness, prevents them once more from coming to Paris, one may well believe it is a decree of Providence and it will be wise to submit to it.

I have been at several sittings of the Chamber of Deputies. That of Saturday was very stormy. The ministers found themselves in an embarrassing position, and their adversaries profited by it to attack them with great vigour, and in spite of the eloquence of Guizot and the infinite resource which Thiers showed it was M. Sauzet [3] who took the honours of

[1] The American Ambassador in Paris.

[2] If this is Jean Chrysogene Guigues, he was secretary to Marshal Soult.

[3] A leading member of the *tiers parti*.

the debate. What struck me most on this occasion was the bitterness towards persons and the tolerance towards opinions. Evidently neither exaggerated language nor excited passions carry weight any longer either with the masses or in public opinion, and moderation is the order of the day. If this state of things continues and this spirit of calmness and tranquillity is maintained, I think that before long an amnesty will be possible and profitable. I have not much frequented the political *salons*; this is why I have not yet met M. Beranger,[1] one of the leaders of the *tiers parti*. He enjoys great respect both in the Chamber and with the public; only he is accused, and perhaps with reason, of trying to overturn all the ministries without being able to propose one which would satisfy him. He has the old habit of opposition which it is difficult to drop even when the circumstances which justified it have completely changed.

My fellow traveller is very well, his health is better. I think that the damp climate on the banks of the Seine agrees with him. He charges me to thank you for all your kindness towards him, and to assure you of his appreciation and gratitude.[2]

Your devoted nephew,

CAMILLE.

But Cavour did not open out his real thoughts about the state of things in France to his uncle, whose interest in politics was confined to the advancement of his own pet ideas. It was to Auguste de la Rive, in a letter written a fortnight later, that Cavour for the first time spoke his mind.[3] We omit a passage which refers only to Swiss problems.

I am very much obliged to you, my dear friend, for the faithful fulfilment of your promise to send me letters of introduction to your English friends, and more still for having enclosed your pleasant letter to me. You flatter me when you say that you have missed me, but at least it is a proof that you have not found me, during the long visits I paid you last winter, either tiresome or indiscreet. For my part I assure you that I have found nothing either in the amusements or the *salons* of Paris which can take the place of those

[1] The poet, Pierre Jean Beranger (1780-1857).

[2] Ruffini, vol. i. p. 262.

[3] Chiala, vol. v. No. 1208.

evenings when seated in the chimney corner we discussed at our ease the affairs of Europe, correcting wrong systems, reconstructing bad ministries, in fact arranging everything for the best. However little effort our lucubrations caused us, I verily believe that if put in practice they would have been as advantageous to humanity as all this which is done without our permission . . .

If you had not been in Paris last year, and if all that I see and hear did not bring home to me the fact that your estimate of the situation was perfectly correct, I would give you my opinion upon the leaders and the men who follow one another upon the political stage. But in truth I should only repeat the conversations which we have had together. One fact, however, which appears new to me, or to put it better, which, though as yet scarcely indicated, shows a distinct tendency to materialise, is the change which is taking place in the heart of the extreme parties. All the able men and all those who have any aptitude for practical politics are working to rid the body of opinion which they represent of all those elements which are essentially exclusive and absolute. They are working, in short, at a policy of *rapprochement*. They hope in this way to win over that large but inert mass of opinion which having no distinct political leanings—being attached purely to its own material interests—cares as little for Louis Philippe as for Henri V., provided that it is not worried. If they cannot win it over they hope at least to render it neutral and detach it from the actual system which at present it supports as the only guarantee of public order. This change is especially noticeable among the more pronounced Carlists. These, no longer putting faith in Europe, which cares nothing for them, and having at last recognised that they are in so small a minority in the country that they can gain nothing by violence, think that they will achieve their object by making large concessions to the new ideas. This is quite a different thing from the Carlo-Republican alliance. This latter had only violence in view, and the two parties had no bond between them except their common hate. Now the wise supporters of Carlism would like to have it believed that they neither hate anyone nor have any absolute antipathy towards any party. They strongly profess moderation and the necessity for a union of parties. They make all the advances possible towards the great mass of the *juste milieu* ; to please it, they declare themselves ready to sacrifice all their aristocratic prejudices and to constitute themselves the upholders of order against

Republican excesses. In a word they believe that if they can lead things to a simple question of persons, France will always prefer Henri V. to Louis Philippe. Of all the plans which the Carlists have ever put forward, this is the most reasonable, for it tends to bring them back little by little to more moderate views ; only it has the defect of being impracticable ; because, this party being entirely without discipline, as soon as the rank and file perceive what their leaders are aiming at, they will abandon them or very likely disband altogether, one section passing over openly to the enemy and the other enrolling themselves under a more extreme flag. Similarly those among the Republicans who have kept their common sense, recognising their numerical weakness, are busy spreading their views by underground propaganda, availing themselves of the irresistible democratic instincts of society to circulate amongst the masses their doctrines of absolute equality and social transformation. In the distant future these men will become dangerous, for they have the general tendency of the age on their side and the movement towards material and intellectual levelling which is working in all classes of society. We cannot hide it from ourselves. Society is marching with giant strides towards democracy. It is perhaps impossible to foresee the forms with which it will clothe itself, but as to the fact it is indubitable ; at least to my mind. And are you not of my opinion ? Do you believe in the possibility of the reconstruction of any aristocratic power whatever ? Aristocracy is falling to pieces everywhere, princes and people tend equally to destroy it. The power and influence of the nobility, local and restricted, has no longer a place in the actual social organisation. What then remains to stem the tide of democracy ? Nothing solid, nothing powerful, nothing lasting. Is it a good, is it an evil ? I know not ; but it is, to my way of thinking, the inevitable future of humanity. Let us prepare ourselves for it, or at least let us prepare our descendants for it, whom it concerns more than us.

I do not know what foolish state of mind has led me to give you such a tiresome discourse upon a threadbare subject, instead of giving you all the political and literary tittle-tattle of Paris, a hundred times more interesting than my obscure metaphysics ; if I had time I would repair the mistake by burning my letter and writing you another. But that would be impossible to-day, and I do not wish to delay any longer reminding you of my existence and expressing my sincere friendship.

I have forgotten to tell you that I delivered the packet which you sent me for M. Guizot, on whom I called, thanks to M. de Barante. I have not been again for to fix even for a moment the attention of these great people one must have some title to celebrity. And alas! an obscure citizen of Piedmont, I have done nothing to make my name known beyond the limits of the commune of which I am Syndic, and I cannot in reason aspire to the society of the shining lights of the political world. So, to my great regret, I have nothing to say to you as to the results of your request to M. Guizot.

The acute analysis of French political tendencies in this letter is sufficiently remarkable in a young man not yet five-and-twenty, but the passage relating to the coming democracy is still more striking. At least one of his biographers [1] has given him credit for anticipating in this passage the verdict of de Tocqueville in his *Democracy in America*, but in this he is incorrect, for de Tocqueville's book appeared in January of this year, and we know from the following letter, dated March 20th, and written to his brother, that Cavour had already read it, whereas the letter to Auguste de la Rive is dated March 30th:

The first letter which I wrote from here has in part answered your questions. I told you about Santarosa's disappointment and how he took it. Far from being discouraged he seems to me to preserve an attitude of absolute assurance as to his future celebrity. He intends to forward his manuscript [2] to Milan at the first opportunity. You know there is nothing more elastic amongst men in general and amongst authors in particular than vanity and *amour propre*. It is necessary to have great elevation of soul or great force of mind to resign oneself to the realisation that all our brilliant dreams of imagination, all our hopes of glory are only chimæras. Santarosa is not capable of such an effort; his faith in his destiny and his abilities has been dashed, but none the less it continues to influence him powerfully in all his actions. I have proofs of it daily: so much the better for

[1] Mazade, p. 21: 'Un jour, *avant* le livre de Tocqueville, au courant d'une lettre à un de ses amis, il décrivait la marche des sociétés nouvelles vers une démocratie aux formes encore indistinctes!'

[2] This was his *Scene storiche del medio evo in Italia*, published this year by Pirotta at Milan.

him ; may he preserve for long enough these sweet illusions, may he keep as long as he can his brilliant hopes which give such a charm to life ; I know too well what it costs to give them up ever to wish him such misery, even though his good sense would profit prodigiously by it.

As to our relations, we have got on together pretty well. We have only had one dispute, the day after our arrival in Paris ; since then there have been no serious differences between us. To tell the truth, I find him sometimes rather dull company ; he has many prejudices, his mind is narrow and he cannot rise to general considerations. Further, he has taken it into his head to occupy himself, like me, with economic studies, and he follows me into all the hospitals and schools, which annoys me and very often inconveniences me. But these are only small worries, because really there is no true matter of contention between us. At bottom I am delighted to have him for a companion. I could not wish for a better. He is good-natured and easy to live with, and on the whole I think I have much more reason to be satisfied with him than he with me.

Papa is at Leri. It was time. I don't think that his private affairs interest him much now. Father only does well what appeals to him ; as soon as a thing vexes him he neglects and abandons it. We have had several examples : Grinzane is a striking one. It is necessary that he should either realise his property or hand over the management to someone who is willing and able to look after it. I am always ready to undertake this if he wishes it. At Leri and Grinzane I certainly work much better than at Santena and Turin. If papa assures me a small income, I will give myself up to study and the administration of his estates ; I will give up society and devote myself to serious occupations. Besides, this will be an excellent position to take before the world. Publicist, philanthropist, and independent, I can make an honourable place for myself in the future. But if I pledge myself to the men who are ruling the country, to Cimella, Pacca, Debuté and company [1] I lose my reputation and become useless. My plans then would be to collaborate with you upon my return in philosophic-economic researches upon the conditions of the working classes and how to better them ; and at the same time by the administration of the family estates

[1] Well-known reactionary ministers at Turin. Cimella as President of the Special Criminal Court was responsible for the brutal severity meted out to the insurgents of 1833. (See above, p. 59 note). Count Pacca was head of the police attached to the Ministry of the Interior.

and of Leri in particular to procure for myself an independent position. Victoire has appeared very anxious that I should replace papa at Leri. The results of these last three years have frightened her, and with reason. For the rest, all is in the dim future, and events may so alter the condition of the question that it is perhaps idle to discuss it now.

The closer I examine the state of things and parties in France the more I am convinced of the truth of what I wrote papa in my last letter. Revolutionary passions are dead at this moment. The extreme parties are at their lowest. There are no longer any who respond to the passionate exaggerations of the Press. The most general sentiment is indifference ; next comes disgust. The need of the moment is for order and stability. It is not a very pleasant thing to see. This absence of large and generous ideas does harm in more than one direction ; but it is a condition of things calculated to reassure the most timid. Further revolutions are put off for several years. Though the Carlists and Republicans talk about the discredit into which the government has fallen, there is no doubt that men of weight and substance and of all parties are drawing towards it. If this ministry holds, if it continues to go forward with a broad policy of conciliation, I believe that all the politicians of the Restoration from M. Hyde de Neuville to Mounier will attach themselves to the *juste milieu*. Louis Philippe shares the risks of all Kings, but certainly, after the Emperor of Austria, who has nothing to fear for his hereditary estates, he is the monarch of all Europe most securely seated on his throne. Among the Italians here I have only seen La Cisterna and Collegno,[1] the Princess Belgiojoso, and the celebrated Rossi ; all wise and reasonable people, enemies of the exaggeration and crazy excitement which are the general rule amongst the Italian emigrants here. It is a painful thing to say, but our refugees conduct themselves in a most unworthy manner ; they have neither dignity, moderation, nor wisdom. They are veritable riff-raff. As Rossi said to me, ' If these gentry were to govern Italy, not only would I not go there but I would not send a dog there '—and he was right. Charles Albert is a hundred times better than these fanatics, who possess neither elevation of mind nor clearness of intellect, who have neither means, courage, nor energy, but only bitter

[1] The Prince della Cisterna and the Marchese Collegno were proscribed for participation in the rising in 1821. Pellegrino Rossi was murdered when minister to Pope Pius IX., Nov. 15, 1848.

prejudice, foolish ideas, and unbridled passions. La Cisterna said to me that if he had not had means to prevent himself being confounded with these people he would have renounced his nationality. You see I write under the influence of indignation. You will know how to make allowance for it.

I have been to hear Jouffroy. He was explaining the moral system of Kant and he acquitted himself in this difficult task with great ability ; he made the obscure German philosopher clear and intelligible, and he knew how to explain a system bristling with metaphysical difficulties and intellectual subtleties so that an ignoramus like myself could understand it. He has promised to give us his own ideas in the next lecture. I shall not fail to go and hear them with that reverent attention with which one should listen to the most conscientious and reasonable of modern philosophers. Jouffroy is a fine figure of a man, one might say an Abelard worn by vigils and meditations, and upon whom is impressed something of the mystic.

I do not know if I have recommended to you de Tocqueville's book on America. Royer Collard calls it the continuation of Montesquieu. It is certainly the most remarkable work of modern times. To my thinking it throws more light than any other on the political questions of the future. Get it as soon as possible. de Tocqueville is a young man : he has a splendid future before him.[1]

The last paragraph of this letter effectually disposes of Mazade's assertion that Cavour's view of the future of democracy was independent of that of de Tocqueville, but it is nevertheless a tribute to the fact that Cavour was one of the few minds then able to appreciate and digest new ideas, having that flexibility of thought which knew how to assimilate a fresh point of view and adopt its outlook to the trend of public opinion. Very interesting also is his sketch of his future work, which happily he was able to realise, for it exactly describes his life for the next ten years. The collaboration with his brother did not materialise ; it was owing to the invitation of Auguste de la Rive to contribute to his publication, the *Bibliothèque Universelle*, that he commenced his brief and somewhat spasmodic career as a publicist. His visit to Paris was not to

[1] Ruffini, vol. i. p. 269.

pass without making new friends, and we may specially notice his introduction to Thiers and Guizot and his friendship with the Princess Belgiojoso and the Countess de Circourt. This last, who had already met his mother and aunt at Geneva, and also his brother, became one of his regular correspondents. In the introduction to his letters to her—'her treasure,' as she called them—which were published after her death, Count Nigra, to whom their publication was entrusted, says: "'In after times,' she often said to me, 'at the very first sight of him I recognised in Cavour the most high-minded man of his time.'" The letters are few, only thirty-seven in all, including six addressed to the Count, and all spread over the years 1835-1860. The first is dated from Turin after his return from England.[1]

Before Cavour left Paris his aunt and uncle de Tonnerre arrived from Geneva. Paris at the moment was excited over the trial of the 'accusés d'avril,' as they were called, that is the 164 Republican rioters who were to be arraigned before the Chamber of Peers for complicity in the rising at Lyons in the April of 1834. This *monstre procès*, in which four thousand witnesses were called and seventeen thousand documents brought into court, lasted nine months and ended in the entire discomfiture of the Republican party, which emerged from it, in the words of a contemporary Socialist writer, 'dissolved, dispersed, and discredited.' Of the 240 Peers, one hundred and sixty answered their names, and, not a little to Cavour's surprise, the name of his uncle appeared third on the list. Of the arrival and sojourn of his aunt and uncle in Paris we have a lively picture in the following letter written to his cousin Adèle in Geneva.[2]

> Commencing with the more important of the two, I may say that my aunt is very well. She arrived rather fatigued and

[1] See Introduction, *Count Cavour and Madame de Circourt*, by Count Nigra. Translated by A. J. Butler, London, 1894.

[2] Ruffini, vol. i. p. 280.

irritable, but a little blood-letting has put her right, and she is able up to now to bear without inconvenience the incessant torrent of activities—shopping and visiting—in the midst of which she lives from morning till night. It would, I assure you, be altogether beyond my strength. As to her moral condition she is much better than I could have believed. She has already seen an innumerable crowd of Carlists who reanimate her zeal and sustain her hopes. With the result that she takes comfort for the present unhappy state of things in the assurance of an approaching change which can only take place in favour of the principle of Legitimacy. Since this pleasant illusion keeps her happy, I am delighted that she nourishes it even though surrounded by the most obvious evidence which might well dissipate it. I should respect it even if I could undeceive her. However, my devotion is not put to this test, for my aunt is persuaded that I have only seen the surface of things, which has dazzled me so that I cannot judge, as she does, of the real opinion of parties which so strongly threaten the present government. What can one expect? For nearly fifty years she has nursed the same illusion, the same credulity, and now as ever she clings to the least reasonable and the most chimerical of hopes. She takes the grumbling of a few workmen as a certain sign of popular discontent, and empty expressions of regret for an assured symptom of a complete reaction in public opinion. It is fortunate perhaps, for the French aristocracy is so good-natured and so attractive that it would be too powerful if it possessed, what it entirely lacks—common sense.

My uncle has more difficulty in acclimatising himself to the Parisian atmosphere. He sees only Carlists, goes to the Chamber of Peers, meets old acquaintances, and walks about Paris, and whatever efforts he makes he cannot hide from himself that Parisian society at least could not be more brilliant or more calm. So he exhibits a certain sense of irritation which is apt to show itself upon the slightest occasion. Happily for him he finds a striking likeness between Paris now and as it was under the Directory, and this helps much to put his mind at ease by completely reassuring him as to the future. But the great question for him at the moment is the trial. How can he get out of it? The government, which neglects no means great or small for its success, will do everything possible to keep him in Paris. And he has not the slightest reason to leave it. After an absence of four years he must at least stay here some months. If he was to leave next month I do not think that his position

in the Chamber would be tenable; perhaps he would be forced to resign, and that he has no desire to do.

The last letter which Cavour wrote before leaving for England provides us with the solution of his uncle's perplexities and gives us moreover Cavour's opinion as to the political outcome of the *procès* which proved singularly correct. The letter is to Paul Émile Maurice.[1]

> You will have heard that after much hesitation my uncle Tonnerre decided to take part in the first sittings of the trial, which have been very strange. But faithful to his principle of neither breaking with, nor completely identifying himself with anything, he counts on leaving the Chamber after a few days, having done sufficient to escape a decided rupture with the government and without having engaged himself in such a manner as to forfeit the goodwill of his fanatical Carlist friends. The result will be that my uncle will leave Paris in exactly the same position as he was before he came to it. I avow that I believed that all my aunt's diplomatic talent would be insufficient to obtain so brilliant a result, but that she would have to choose between the two enemy parties. But she contrived with unexampled cleverness to manage things so well that she will take her husband from Paris without his knowing whether he is a Carlist or a *juste milieu*. I will not speak of politics except to say that I do not share the alarm of many people in regard to the trial. All this Republican violence only does harm to the cause it is meant to serve. And if the Chamber continues to show itself as patient and indulgent as is compatible with the accomplishment of its task, the trial will have the great advantage of putting in the open light of day all the aberrations and follies of which these hotheads of Republicans are capable. I leave you, *cher ami*, to go on board the steam packet which takes us to Havre. To-morrow we sail for England, and shall be in London by Thursday at the latest.

Cavour was right: while he slipped anchor for England his aunt and uncle returned to Geneva and France saw them no more. He was equally correct, as we have seen, as to the political result of the trial, which temporarily ruined the Republican cause.

On his journey from Paris to London, Cavour

[1] Ruffini, vol. i. p. 287 ff.

travelled with a Marseilles Socialist of the extreme type, and as usual encourages him to talk and notes his opinions in his diary. 'He regards a social and political revolution as good only in so far as it forwards a complete social reformation. He despises the American constitution as merely substituting a president for a king without destroying the corrupt power of money or the domination of the poor by the rich. His social theories are almost those of Baboeuf: to make the State by degrees the sole proprietor of all land and capital, with the obligation of hiring them to the best and most honest workers. The first step of the republic will be a dictatorship and universal war. Armand Carrel is the leader of the moderates and Voyer-d'Argenson of the extremists. The latter venerates Robespierre.[1]

Cavour visited England with the same twofold object as that with which he visited France, to study the social and economic conditions and the political outlook. He was especially anxious to judge for himself as to the working of the new Poor Law and the effect of the Reform Bill, and to estimate if possible the probability of Corn Law Reform. As to social conditions in general he continued his investigations on the same lines as before by an unceasing activity in visiting every public and private establishment to which he could obtain entry. On leaving Paris he restarted his diary, which had been silent since he left Geneva. In this he notes down during the first month which he spent in London his daily doings, but unfortunately we have no notices of his study of the Welsh industrial centres or of his visits to Oxford, Birmingham, and the North. His friend Brokedon met him on his arrival and carried him off to the dinner of the Geographical Society, where he sat next Lord Ripon and quite unexpectedly was called upon to make what he termed his 'maiden speech.' One of the first persons to extend hospitality to Cavour was

[1] *Diary*, p. 163, May 9th, 1835.

Mr. Murray, the publisher, and he gives the following account of a dinner party at his house :

> Mr. Murray's son travelling in Italy with Brokedon received great kindness at Pont from M. Duport,[1] thanks to my recommendation. His father to show his gratitude asked me to dine there yesterday *with a very select party*. Mr. Murray has a very fine large house ; the rooms are richly furnished ; the walls are covered with portraits of almost all the celebrated English writers whose works he has published. Several of them are distinguished works of art. His house, in fact, has much more the appearance of belonging to a member of the aristocracy than to a business man. At dinner I was placed between Mistress and Miss Murray, who, thank goodness, did not know a word of French, obliging me to stammer out my English all the time. Up to the second course I did well enough, but after that, whether my language became unintelligible or the fumes of digestion obscured my intelligence, it became impossible for me to take further part in the conversation. Dessert arrived, the wine began to circulate, the guests became animated and the conversation brightened. Soon after the ladies withdrew and we men remained another hour passing round the wine and listening to the pleasant sallies and witticisms of the company. At last we rose to join the ladies at half-past ten after more than three hours at dinner !

The next day he started on his round of investigation. Nothing will show better the energy he put into his task than the following sample of a week's visits jotted down in his diary :

> *Monday*. Admiralty with Brokedon. Prison of Cold Bath Fields. Haymarket Theatre. Ball at M. Hoste.
> *Tuesday*. Apothecaries Hall. Dined at Greenwich.
> *Wednesday*. Blue Coat School. Commissioners of Poor at Somerset House. S. Peter's School. Visited Richmond.
> *Thursday*. Epsom. Dinner at Political Economy Club. Walk with M. Baring, son of the former minister.
> *Friday*. Newgate. S. Katherine's Dock. Wax Statues. Dined with Brokedon.
> *Saturday*. Workhouses and Lunatic Asylums.

[1] M. Duport owned large cotton mills employing 5000 hands at Pont in the Val d'Aosta. He was a close friend of the Cavours. An account of a visit to him will be found in Sir Henry Layard's *Letters*, vol. i. p. 69.

Nor is he content with a cursory examination. He goes into management expenses and wages. The average London workman is said to draw 16 to 20 shillings a week, which will give them good meat and bread daily, always provided they do not frequent the ginshops. One of the first persons with whom he got into touch was Mr. Senior, the economist. At his house he met Mr. Chadwick, the Secretary of the Poor Law Commission, and discussed the subject with him at length. Its reception appeared favourable. 'The farmers and proprietors,' he writes, 'have shown themselves generally favourable to the new measure; the only persons who have offered opposition are the small shopkeepers and the beer and spirit merchants, who profit by indiscriminate charity.'

He seems to have found some difficulty in meeting Mr. Senior, who was a busy person.

> I went early to Kensington, and at last I have found Mr. Senior at home. He was, however, at first so busy and afterwards had such a number of visitors that it was impossible for me to get anything out of him except an excellent lunch and a very kind invitation to dinner this evening.

At dinner that night he discussed the Poor Law Bill with Mr. Chadwick, to his obvious satisfaction. On the following day he returns to Kensington, and his diary has the following entry:

Sunday, 24th.

> I found Mr. Senior walking in the garden with M. Tocqueville and M. Beaumont, discussing the great subject of the division of property. An extraordinary thing was that the radical Englishman was in favour of large ownership and the legitimist Frenchman of small ownership. Mr. Senior thinks that the small proprietor has neither security nor comfort, and that it is much better for him to be in the employ of a large proprietor and have nothing to fear from bad luck or bad seasons. M. Tocqueville refuted his argument very well both on moral and material grounds.

Having finished their discussion they seem to have all gone to church and heard the Bishop of London:

We have been to church and assisted at an Anglican service. The ceremonies are simple and reverent, consisting almost entirely of prayers interspersed with singing. Several things remind one of the Mass, such as the Gospel and Epistle which the priest reads aloud while the faithful listen in silence. After the service the Bishop of London, Dr. Blomfield, preached a sermon upon the necessity of the intellectual and moral education of the people. He said many wise things, and strongly declared that education was a benefit for all classes of people, and he would not be afraid to see it given the widest possible extension always provided it is based upon religion and morals. He cited Scotland and America as examples, and ended by warning the upper classes that it was no longer simply a duty to provide good education for all but that it was much to their interest. 'For,' said he, 'it is no longer possible to stop people learning: it is a question of preventing them from following wrong paths.' I avow that there was not a word I could say against anything in the whole sermon. I would have signed all the opinions and all the teaching in it. I returned with Tocqueville and Beaumont. This latter has been very friendly; his companion begins to wrap himself in that dignified reserve which sits so well on the great men.

A little later he writes of another visit:

Mr. Chadwick goes so far as to say that a large increase in the number of working men will be an advantage because it will lower wages and leave them less to spend on drink. He denies absolutely that there is distress amongst farmers. The value of land has come down and the profits are less than in wartime, but they are relatively as high as in industry. What is very extraordinary and what up to a certain point proves how the poor rate has made the possession of land less desirable is that at the present moment land is cheaper than the funds. In spite of the positive assertion of Mr. C., I doubt the exactness and above all the generalness of the fact. The real cause of the sufferings of the farmers are the habits of luxury they have formed during the time of abnormal profits. In his visits Mr. C. has scarcely found a farmhouse which did not possess a piano or other such thing that fifty years ago would have been considered quite outside the means of small proprietors.

On another occasion when breakfasting with Mr.

Murray, the publisher, Cavour discussed agriculture with a clergyman present.

> He represents the farmers (he writes) as suffering excessively from the low price of corn. He is sure that those whose rent is based upon the price of corn during the war must be suffering cruelly. But as to that neither the state nor the law can bring forward any remedy. The clergyman felt assured that the agricultural interest would benefit immensely by the abolition of the malt tax and that it would contribute to the diminution of drinking and of public houses, but this seems to me to be doubtful.

Amongst other places which Cavour inspected were Stow's Printing Works, then the largest in London, Mordant's Bramah lock factory, and Barclay's Brewery.[1]

In the company of Mr. Lumley, Professor of Jurisprudence, Cavour went over London University, which at this time was purely a teaching body, granting certificates of proficiency in a series of subjects, but without any general curriculum or the faculty of granting degrees like Oxford and Cambridge. The system did not appeal to Cavour; it seemed to him that the certificates were of no value from an educational point of view. He also criticised adversely the practice of having courses in such subjects as mathematics and law spreading over several sessions, so that only the students who entered when the course commenced enjoyed the full benefit of the lectures. He pointed out also the enormous opportunities for a University in London, and expressed the hope that it would soon be placed on an adequate footing.[2] Another excursion was to the Inns of Court, the system of which left him gasping with astonishment The idea of eating

[1] It was at this latter place that the workmen mobbed the brutal Austrian Marshal, Haynau, in 1850, a proceeding which led to diplomatic protests from Austria. Palmerston's opinion on the subject, expressed privately in a letter to Sir George Grey, then Home Secretary, is characteristic: 'The draymen were wrong in the course they adopted. Instead of striking him, which, according to Koller's account, they did not do much, they ought to have tossed him in a blanket, rolled him in the kennel, and then sent him home in a cab, paying his fare to the hotel.'

[2] *Diary*, p. 186 ff.

dinners and paying fees as an equipment for the profession of law amazed him. The more practical custom of 'devilling' seemed to him an expensive and laborious method of training, though he did not hesitate to admit the efficacy of the results. He visited the Law Courts, where he saw Lord Denman and three other judges 'in scarlet robes in honour of the festival for the restoration of Charles II.!'; in the Court of Exchequer he saw Sir J. Scarlett, and visited also the Court of Common Pleas and the Vice-Chancellor's Court of Equity. He sums up the English judicial system in his diary in these words:[1]

> A stranger is struck by seeing a single man judging without control and almost without appeal the most weighty and complicated cases. This system, however, works admirably, thanks to the excellent choice of those who fill the important posts. It is necessary to add that the enormous salaries they are paid puts them into a position of independence above the temptation of illicit gains which could not be very large. And when one takes into account the eminent social position which the judges in England enjoy, one is easily convinced that millions would not induce them to forfeit their position.
>
> We finished our judiciary visitation by going to see two committees of the House of Commons occupied in passing judgment on the validity of the election of young O'Connell and another member. The casual attitude of the members, their want of gravity, and their free-and-easy manners contrast strangely with the solemnity of the other courts of justice.

On the Queen's birthday (May 28th) he witnessed the Horse Guards parade, and afterwards saw the carriages of the aristocracy going to the Drawing Room. He notes in his diary:[2]

> Breakfasted with M'Grath and afterwards to Lord Elphinstone's house at the Horse Guards, who being on duty to-day has invited me to see the parade with him. The Duke of Cambridge and the Duke of Wellington presided at the parade. There were not many soldiers: four hundred infantry and fifty cavalry at most. But they were indi-

[1] *Ibid.* p. 188 ff. [2] *Ibid.* p. 185 ff.

vidually and collectively admirable. There is nothing finer in the world than these squadrons of the Guards mounted on their superb black horses, who manœuvred with the most perfect precision. Both the bands on foot and on horseback played magnificently. All the bandsmen are in scarlet and gold. I am no longer astonished, after the little I have seen, at the immense reputation of the English army and its many victories. Lord Elphinstone left us at eleven o'clock to go and fulfil his duty at Court as Chamberlain. He showed himself simple and polite. So has passed the only politeness which I have received or probably will receive from the magnificent and illustrious English aristocracy. Lord Clement has done me the honour of leaving a card on me. To-day is the Queen's birthday. Grand Drawing Room at the Court. The streets leading to St. James's Palace and Hyde Park were blocked with carriages containing the élite of the aristocracy. The sight was magnificent. If it had not been for the rain, if the sun had only shone and animated this scene of luxury and magnificence, certainly one would have enjoyed one of the finest sights that England can show to a stranger. We have seen the aristocracy in all its pomp, richer and more dazzling than ever. But perhaps this is the last of its brilliance. This is a question I leave to cleverer people to solve.

To complete his social education Cavour went to a ball at Almacks'.[1] But the entry regarding it needs a little explanation. When dining with Mr. Murray, he met a certain Captain de Roos, whose name scarcely suggests an English origin; this gentleman was profuse in his offers of introducing Cavour into aristocratic circles and of taking him to Almacks'.

'I thanked him,' says Cavour, 'with gratitude and astonishment, for it is singular that whilst not one of the people to whom I have brought introductions has shown me the least politeness an unknown stranger should show himself so obliging to me.' Cavour heard no more of the gallant captain, and eventually arrived at Almacks' with other friends. After watching the dancing for a time and admiring the beauty of the young English 'Miss' and the rich attires of the 'old Dowagers,' Cavour adds: 'On several occasions I met Captain de Roos, who had made such advances to me at

[1] *Diary*, p. 184.

Mr. Murray's and a heap of promises and suggestions which came to nothing. He appeared not to recognise me, and I have had the pleasure of acquiring for myself a feeble idea of the way in which the English practise their celebrated 'cut.'

Amongst other experiences Cavour attended an anti-slavery meeting promoted by the Quakers, at which 2000 people were present.[1] One of the speakers drew a painful picture of the condition of the slaves in the Southern States of America owing to the reflex action of the English Abolition Act. He instanced the increased severity with which they were treated for fear of their agitating for an American Abolition Act. Cavour was deeply impressed, and with that foresight which more than once he displayed as to coming events he wrote :

These excesses of barbarism and violence are symptoms of an abnormal state of things which cannot last. They make me really fear for the permanence of the union. In Kentucky a senator, one of the most popular men in the State, has started an Abolition Society, and already many people have joined him. God bless his efforts, for the actual state of things becomes more perilous every day. The example of the English colonies will give the slaves throughout America an irresistible desire for liberty ; it will have to be satisfied, either by the gentle means of philanthropy or, if their efforts are unsuccessful, by war and violence.

His friend Brokedon took him one day to see Faraday. He found him without a waistcoat, in a ragged old coat, looking for all the world like a sixteenth-century savant. But he notes, 'One can see that he has great rapidity of perception and quickness of decision—two qualities which lead almost instinctively to these great discoveries. There is not a scrap of scientific conceit about him.' Another day he dined with Babbage and met Hallam and de Tocqueville, Ada Byron, and the three famous daughters of Sheridan ; all he mentions, however, is that Hallam has turned an 'ultra' and is going to Staffordshire on the morrow to vote for the Conservative candidate. But perhaps of all that Cavour

[1] *Diary*, p. 195.

saw in England nothing impressed him more than the railways. He travelled back from Greenwich to London on the line then in course of construction. 'It is marvellous,' he writes; 'more than a thousand arches suspend this unique line in the air, and when one traverses it in a steam-carriage with the rapidity of lightning it is impossible not to believe one is being carried through the air as one looks down on the river and fields beneath.' He visited the construction works of the Birmingham line and goes into details of cost and the difficulties in parliament, and the management and methods of building the line—all of which knowledge he was before long to put to practical use in his own country. The method of management by directors interested him, for there is a passage in the diary where he has these remarks on it: 'The English possess in a very high degree the ability of working together. They discuss without disputing: they have great respect for every individual opinion, and however small the minority it is always sure of an attentive and patient hearing. Often the opposition of a single member suffices to cause the adjournment of a decision until another meeting, while in the meantime they try to clear it up by discussion so that the decision shall be unanimous. It is the widespread habit of this desire for unanimity which renders the execution of the law in jury cases much easier than one would think.'[1]

We must now turn to the political side of his investigations. He had not been long in England before he visited the House of Commons with his friend Edward Romilly, the librarian of Trinity College, Cambridge, whose acquaintance he had made at Geneva. Unfortunately the debate in progress was uninteresting, being about a petition from a Mr. Childs imprisoned for the non-payment of church rates. He heard, however, a speech from Sir Robert Peel. The general appearance and attitude of the

[1] *Diary*, p. 205 ff.

House gave Cavour a shock. Expecting a dignity of behaviour worthy of his conception of the mother of parliaments, the free-and-easy manners of the members appeared to him almost indecorous. 'It is impossible,' he writes in his diary, 'to see anything more extraordinary than the general appearance of the House of Commons. The members, all with their hats on and carelessly dressed, are seated indiscriminately on the benches without troubling themselves to preserve any dignity of behaviour. Except when the chief orators speak there is a continued movement in the House of people coming in and going out, walking about talking and chatting as in a club. They pay little attention to what is going on, for there is always a noise about the door and it is only those at the opposite end of the room who listen to the member addressing the House. The strangers admitted to the Chamber are easily mistaken for the members themselves, and often add not a little to the general tumult.' [1]

Cavour made use of every opportunity to try and fathom the distribution of parties and the varying currents of political programmes. He sounded Lord Ripon at the Geographical Society's dinner, and a few days later discussed the question with Nassau Senior and de Tocqueville, who was, like himself, on a visit to England. The substance of the discussion Cavour wrote down in his diary in the following passage : [2]

> According to what I have seen up to now, the fact which dominates the actual position is the fear which has seized the upper classes and their desire to stop the too rapid progress of the movement which the era of reform has started. The Tories, transformed into a 'Conservative Party,' have had their numbers increased by a crowd of honest enlightened men whose intentions are liberal but who fear the violence of the Radicals. These members have been drawn into the party of resistance by the determination which the leaders have shown, Mr. Peel above all, to continue the reform of abuses

[1] The old Houses of Parliament were burnt down in 1834 and Cavour found them in temporary premises.

[2] *Diary*, p. 177.

so long as the constitution is not in danger. Now as this task will occupy the most active ministry with work for several years, the timid Liberals do not consider that they have abandoned the cause of reform in enlisting under the banner of Mr. Peel, who has besides an incontestable superiority in putting the new principles into practice. I avow, for myself, that with the exception of the energetic measures of reform which the Established Church in Ireland requires, and which can only be carried out by an ultra-Whig government, I consider Peel's inevitable accession to power as a great advantage to the cause of social progress. It is necessary now to have a pause for some years to co-ordinate the parties to the great principles which have been lately established. During this time society will steady itself, ideas will ripen, and the establishment of the new parties become possible and necessary. De Tocqueville observed acutely that at the present moment two contrary and up to a certain point incompatible movements were in action : a political-democratic movement and a social-aristocratic one ; that is to say, on the one side a general and equal redistribution of political rights amongst a continually increasing number of individuals, and on the other a proportionally increasing concentration of wealth in the hands of a few. This anomaly cannot last long without grave danger to the State. It will be necessary to bring the political and social forces into harmony. It is the only means of assuring stability. But the most ardent political reformers are opposed to the measures necessary to bring this about. Nassau Senior and his friends are as strong supporters of the large-ownership of land as Knatchbull and company. The ideas upon which thay base their arguments are false and belong to another order of things in which they have been reared. Little by little they will disappear, but until then it will be impossible to continue with safety the work of reform.

Everything which tends to give unlimited power to democracy is to me eminently dangerous. At this moment the aristocracy possesses just enough strength to defend itself, provided always that it allows itself to be despoiled by degrees of its most odious privileges. If it were disarmed suddenly, before the masses have acquired an interest in stability, the whole social order would be jeopardised. It is from this point of view that I should consider the adoption of the secret ballot in elections a dangerous measure which might become disastrous. Romilly and his friends, struck by certain inconvenient details from which they themselves would especially

suffer, envisage this question from an altogether different point of view. They regard those who support the secret ballot as the real reformers. As for me I am more than ever persuaded that the duty of every man truly interested in the cause of progress is to work unceasingly at social reform, postponing until later times the continuation of political reform.

In regard to the question of Free Trade, Cavour found a strong argument in its favour from the Spitalfields silk industry.

'Before 1824,' he writes, 'the inhabitants of Spitalfields had the sole right of manufacturing silk. Their industry was protected not only against foreign competition but also against home manufacture. The result was that their industry, exploited by a crowd of small manufacturers without capital or connections, made no progress and in consequence was in a chronic condition of State assistance. There is scarcely an example of a fortune made in Spitalfields. Then in 1824 Huskisson opened the trade to all home manufacture and replaced prohibition by the right of importation. The industry at once changed. Big factories grew up and all the latest machinery was introduced, and by degrees it has attained a state of prosperity which so far nothing has interrupted. The Spitalfields manufacturers have suffered, it is true, but they have by a temporary depression of trade got out of this state of continual unhealthiness and stagnation.

The hand weavers alone have suffered irremediably by the introduction of machines. Their industry is dead, and whatever sacrifices they make they cannot compete with machinery. Unfortunately it has been found impossible for most of them to find other occupations. Their specialised skill has prevented them from adapting themselves to other work. So the sufferings of the weavers have been dreadful and without the Poor Laws many would have died of hunger. The silk industry elsewhere has brought some alleviation to their misery. Not only has free trade brought occupation for a greater number of hands but it has secured to them better wages. It would be hard to find a better example of the happy results of liberty of commerce.'

After a month in London, Cavour and his companion departed for a tour in the provinces. For our know-

ledge of this we are indebted to the diary of Santarosa,[1] for no mention of it is to be found in that of Cavour. Leaving London on June 10th, they visited Windsor on their way to Oxford, where they stayed two nights. Then after inspecting Blenheim and Stratford-on-Avon they proceeded to Birmingham. Here, after visiting various factories, they took coach through Shrewsbury and Bangor to Holyhead. They then went on to Liverpool, and later took the train to Manchester. Both these cities were studied from an economic point of view, workhouses, penitentiaries and factories being commented on. From Manchester they turned south again and returned to London through Nottingham, Cambridge, and Luton. After a Sunday spent at Brighton they finally left their hotel in Duke Street for Dover on July 3rd.

Before leaving England Cavour made inquiries in regard to a private matter from which the family seems at one time to have had great hopes of substantial profit. In the diary there is a note dated February 1st, 1835, which runs as follows :

> M. Gay, P. E. and myself have been to Versoix to find M. Cugnet, who assured us that he saw in 1829 upon a register in one of the English Admiralty offices, entries of the payment of interest on a debt due to M. Gaspard Sellon, our great-uncle. Cugnet beneath a sham air of geniality hides much craftiness. He has no interest in deceiving us, for he has asked for nothing in advance. This is a matter to be looked into. My aunts have heard the information which we have received from M. Cugnet with joy ; they appear to be keener to recover this hidden treasure than I am, poor son of the family ! *Avidité, avidité, toujours de l'avidité !*

This entry probably explains Cavour's visit to the Admiralty, which unfortunately failed to produce the necessary data, for he writes to his cousin, Paul Emile Maurice (P. E.), on June 2nd, the following :

> I have done everything possible to discover some traces of the debt owing to our great-uncle, without success. First

[1] Santarosa's diary was published by Teresa Buttini in the *Rassegna Storica del Risorgimento*, May 1915.

of all I had a search made in all the offices through an order I obtained from Lord Auckland, who is now First Lord of the Admiralty—which led to no result ; then I went myself to the Admiralty office at Somerset House and I had the advantage of finding at the head the man mentioned by Cugnet, a person who, thanks to a strong recommendation from a mutual friend, has taken every possible trouble over it. After several days' search he sent me the following reply, which I transcribe literally : ' The name of Sellon does not appear on any record in this office either as a contractor or a pensioner for civil service since 1763. Before further researches can be made with any hope of success it will be requisite to ascertain some particulars which may afford a clue.' I have not the least doubt of the veracity of the person who writes this. He is one of the most honest men in England and also did it to oblige one of his best friends. It is now necessary for you to try and find out more information about the register where the name of Sellon appears ; an indication of the corridor is quite insufficient, for in this corridor may be twenty offices and thirty thousand registrations. If Cugnet can add nothing more to what he has already given us, it is useless to think any more about the matter. If you let me know the result of your interview with Cugnet without delay, I can recommence my researches on my return to London if you send me anything of importance.[1]

But, alas, the short-cut to the longed-for independence did not materialise, and Cavour did not have the satisfaction of drawing a few thousands from the wealthy English exchequer. His final impressions of England are summed up for us in the long and important letter, dated June 9th, which he wrote to the French Ambassador at Turin, his friend Baron Prosper de Barante.[2]

I will not speak to you at length regarding the material condition of the country. Never has it enjoyed so great prosperity. In spite of what foolish or ignorant people may say or the prejudiced spite of foreigners, it is none the less absolutely true that the wealth of England during these last ten years has increased enormously ; everything proves it : the superabundance of capital ; the constant increase in all branches of the public revenue ; the gigantic undertakings

[1] Ruffini, vol. i. p. 311.

[2] Chiala, vol. i. p. 289.

of the companies; the prodigious profits of nearly all the manufacturers; the taxes levied on salaries; and lastly, the improvement of all kinds undertaken in every direction and pursued with unexampled activity. Only one class of people, numerous and respectable, has any cause for complaint, that is the farmers, who suffer severely from the low price of corn, altogether out of proportion to the charges on the farms, and though to my way of thinking the cause of their distress is far from being an evil to the country, it has none the less reduced them to a condition of distress and deserves the attention of Parliament.

The only cause likely to stop the development of the national wealth is the Poor Laws. These laws, which appear to have been dictated by a spirit of ignorance and folly, have caused incalculable evil to this country, even less from a financial than a moral standpoint. It has required all the spirit of industry and enterprise which distinguishes the English nation, all the advantages of its position, and all the resources of which it can dispose and of which it makes such admirable use, to save itself from collapsing under the disastrous effects of a corrupt system of charity. And without the reforms passed last year in the Poor Law legislation, I have not the least doubt that this country, wealthy as it is, would have perished through a superabundant, depraved and turbulent population. Now, the increase in pauperism is arrested, and one may hope to see this hideous plague partly disappear, if the wise measures passed by Parliament continue to be administered with the same wisdom and vigour as has been shown up to the present. England is on the path of rapid progress; immense as her prosperity is, it tends to increase without ceasing, and I do not doubt that the more she advances the more the means at her disposal to oppose those who threaten her existence will become great and powerful. The alliance of England is daily of more importance and the weight of her decisions more preponderant in the balance. After the above expression of opinion you will see that I am not amongst those who think that England is not in a condition to fight but wants peace at any price. I believe, on the contrary, that if she found her real interests and national honour engaged she would fight with more vigour and power than she has ever shown before. The nation certainly does not want war, but is far from fearing it, and if Russia encroaches much further upon Turkey, it will only have the result of stirring up the government to contain this ambitious power within reasonable limits by force of arms.

The political state of the country is very difficult to grasp for a stranger who comes here with the old ideas regarding the parties, which no longer signify anything. The Reform Bill has completely changed the terrain upon which they fought before; their ranks are broken and they have rallied under different names and banners. All the national element in the Tory party realises perfectly that its old positions which it defended with such bitterness are no longer tenable, that the change which has taken place in the method of election has of necessity made analogous changes in the other parties of the constitution, and that in order not to expose the State to grave dangers they must cease to offer opposition to the reforms of incontestable abuses. I believe that from the day the Reform Bill became law, Peel and Wellington decided to follow this new political line and to raise the new banner of Conservative Reform. Under this flag have rallied a considerable number of people professing liberal principles, but who, timid by character, have become frightened by the rapidity of the reform movement and by the exaggerated and exorbitant claims of the Radical party. Wellington and Peel soon found themselves at the head of a party composed of the great majority of the rich and influential classes throughout the country. This party has considerably increased since Peel has given such pledges to the cause of political reform that even though (what I do not believe) he proved false, he could not escape from carrying them out. A great number of Whigs have left their friends to join Peel; and one might almost say that in this party there are only the great aristocratic families who have remained faithful to the popular standard.

To give you an idea of the reaction which has set in, I need only cite the case of the celebrated Hallam, the Whig publicist *par excellence* and the intimate friend of the Marquis of Lansdowne, whom I met the other day getting into his carriage to go to the far end of Staffordshire to vote for the anti-ministerial candidate. The leading Whigs, abandoned by the majority of their friends, have found themselves supported only by the Radicals, and one can truly say that the ministerial party is an army of Radicals commanded by the leading Whigs.

It follows that the ministers differ less from their opponents than they do from their supporters, for it is evident that as to the reforms which they have in view and of which the principles are agreed upon and which it will require perhaps ten parliamentary sessions to carry through, there is scarcely

any appreciable difference between them and Mr. Peel; whilst between them and the Radicals there are profound, almost insurmountable, differences. This strange state of things cannot last, so that the fall of the government appears to me certain. Happily for it, it has put forward a very important question and handled it so cleverly that it has fully satisfied the Radicals without giving to the Tory reformers —the only party the government have to fear—any serious cause of complaint. The Corporation Bill will see the ministry through the session. By making a compromise with the House of Lords the bill will pass and the government will leave over to the next session the crucial question of the Irish Church. It is then that they will fall, for the Church has decided only to be reformed by its friends; it will consent to measures brought forward by Sir Robert Peel which it would have rejected if anyone else had been the author of them. There is no doubt that Sir Robert had prepared a bill for the reform of the English Church which would have startled the boldest reformers. The only question which makes Sir Robert Peel's position really difficult is that of the Irish Church; he has pronounced too decidedly against appropriation to go back on his words. Besides, his party is still too fanatical to permit him to abandon what they consider as the inviolable domain of the Church. And at the same time this is the one means of conciliating Ireland. The appropriation of the surplus revenue of the Anglican Church in Ireland is the measure of the emancipation of the Catholics; and this will bring about the disappearance of the last trace of that disastrous supremacy from which it has so much suffered. The material good they will draw from it is not large—some thousands of pounds—but it will be for them a great practical step towards the end at which they aim and which must come sooner or later: the recognition of Ireland as a Catholic province of Great Britain. It is difficult to foresee how this question of such great importance will be solved either by the present ministers or by their successors. But I am certain that this is the only reason which keeps Mr. Peel out of power and which prevents the formation of a government which would unite all the moderate reforming elements and which would have a fine career before it.

I wish I had skill enough to give you an exact portrait of the moral condition of this country, for of all the subjects which I could treat of in this letter it is the most interesting. But in attempting a task beyond my powers I fear to weary

you unprofitably. So in order not to abuse your patience and not to put your indulgence to too rude a test, I will limit myself to outlining the most striking features.

It is easy to see at a glance that the upper classes are frightened at the dangers of democracy and at the violence of the Radicals. They try to hide this ungenerous feeling, but it shows everywhere. It has brought about a close fusion between the different grades of the aristocracy, and at present they offer up to a certain point a compact front to the common enemy. However, I do not think that the state of things justifies this excessive fear. The Radicals, it is true, are violent, and their pretentions often are exceedingly foolish, but in reality I think that their words are more violent than their intentions. The great majority of the middle classes hold disorder in horror, and they will utterly abandon the Radical standard the day they unfurl the revolutionary flag. There are too many people interested in the maintenance of peace and stability to fear any attempts at revolution. The best of the working class even is anti-revolutionary; they do not desire an upheaval in a state of things in which they occupy an honourable place. The unemployed and the riff-raff are the only classes truly to be afraid of, and they are too demoralised to be dangerous. A few hundred policemen would soon settle these gentry. The general activity leaves little time for the working man to spend in political agitation, and there is no trace now of popular discontent. These famous Unions which frighten us so much on the Continent are dissolved, there is no sign of them. The attempt made last year by the great Union of London to take a political complexion has lost them the sympathy of the country. My positive opinion is, then, that England is far from being threatened by a revolutionary tempest, though she must undergo like other nations a long and painful social transformation.

It is interesting to compare with this accurate and optimistic forecast of Cavour's the opinion of de Tocqueville expressed in a letter to the Comte de Molé:

When I consider attentively the condition of this country I cannot stop myself from believing that the democratic revolution which is working in our country will sooner or later develop in England. . . . Here the revolution appears to me as much religious as political: following the probable

course of events the Dissenters will end by overturning it, and we shall see them as in 1640 overthrowing the State after destroying the Church.

Cavour returned home through Belgium and France. In Brussels he visited Vincenzo Gioberti, who, an unknown exile at this time, was, through the popularity of his book on the Civil Primacy of the Italians, to be one of Cavour's predecessors in the premiership of Constitutional Piedmont fourteen years later. Cavour arrived back in Italy early in August, 1835.

VI. ESTATE MANAGEMENT
1835 (Aug.) to 1837 (Sept.)

Cavour Assumes Management of Family Estates—Letter on his New Life to Baron Maurice—To De la Rive on Literary Work—To Baron Maurice on his Expected Heir—Pigs and Pelhamism—Trip to Trieste—Purchase of a New Farm—Sugar Beet Culture—A Professor of Latin Eloquence—Letter to Nassau Senior—Poor Law Reform in Piedmont—Winter in Turin—Death of Duc de Clermont-Tonnerre—Visit to Paris—Jockey Club—Letter to Count de Sellon on French Politics and Cheeses—Presents for the Family—Cryptic Love Affairs.

In March of this year (1835), Cavour had written a letter to his brother from Paris, in which he had expressed his willingness to take over the management of the family estates. His father had replied a month later in a letter which, after giving a somewhat gloomy account of his affairs, went on as follows: 'I am now practising strict economy and am disposed to associate you in the administration of Leri, leaving you a free hand to manage it, reserving the important questions only for myself. On your return a position awaits you which will make you spend much time in the country, but will leave you leisure to put in order the materials you have gathered on your journey. I keep your letters, which will be useful.' This arrangement seems to have been carried into effect almost immediately on his return, and we may date Cavour's entrance on his new employment from August 10th, his twenty-fifth birthday, when, according to Piedmontese law, he came of age and ceased to be under the tutelage of his father.

The farmstead of Leri, which now became the centre

of Cavour's activities, belonged partly to his father and partly to his aunt Victoire. Situated in the plain of Vercelli, it covered, with the adjacent farm of Montarucco, not less than 3000 acres, and offered a field of work extensive enough to appeal to Cavour's large ideas. Before very long he became engrossed in big plans for improvements ; canals and roads, drainage and farm buildings, the purchase of adjoining farms, all of these appear in his letters. His adoption of modern methods of agriculture, chemical manures and new machinery was carried out on the grand scale and resulted in a substantial increase of the family wealth. During the ten years of his personal stewardship he transformed the estate into one of the finest examples of agriculture in the north of Italy. Though during this time his political aspirations remained dormant, they underwent no change. His frequent journeys to France and England kept him in touch with foreign politics and his chronic thirst for political news remained as unquenchable as ever. But there is a certain change noticeable both in the diary and in the letters. Though they are still similar in many respects, there is an absence of that petulant and rebellious spirit which characterised his earlier writings. His relations with his family are much happier, and the old quarrels with his brother and his aunts disappear entirely. He has now other things to think about, and if from time to time he hankers after politics, he realises that the time is not yet, and pursues his new avocation with a contented resignation and growing interest. His general attitude is clearly summed up in the following letter, dated August 13th, and addressed to Paul Émile Maurice :

My dear Friend,

I do not know if my letter will give you much pleasure, for I have no news to send you. For the last two days I have been in the heart of the Vercellese, where one thinks of nothing but rice, corn and manure, and no more of

THE FARMSTEAD AT LERI

cholera[1] than of the Grand Turk. For a fortnight I deliberately waited for it, and seeing no sign of it departed for Leri, where I have to come very often if my aunt Victoire is to amuse herself with 'Chinese Pavilions' and other useful enterprises, that is, useful to people of this kind. On this occasion I am vexed to be separated from the family, but happily the distance is not great and I shall fly to them on the first alarm. I will not speak to you of what I do here, for the details of a farmer's life are not very interesting. Most of one's time is spent in the stables amid manure heaps and such like, of which the mere name would send shivers down the back of the aristocratic Adèle. But for myself I take to the life marvellously. It occupies me, and up to a certain point interests me and helps to pass the time. Besides, what else can I do? All the doors are closed to me; I have nothing to hope for, except in a distant and uncertain future which I should be a fool to wait for. I prefer the life of a farmer living quietly amongst the fields and cultivating them as best one may. It is not a brilliant rôle, nor would it have suited me in my years of youth and illusion, but now that I am weary of a world of which I have tasted all the pleasures and have awakened from all the dreams that obscured my mind, it suits me to perfection. Instead of a chamberlain's key and a court suit, I have an enormous straw hat and a stout cudgel with which I tramp the fields from morn till eve. You will tell me that I am materialising my existence—it is true enough; but what can one do? It is not my will to follow a higher path that has failed me, but every road that I have tried has only led to precipices. If I was alone I could follow without fear, but I am too closely bound to my family to drag them with me into mortal danger. If I had the least hope of usefully serving my country I would be willing to run the risks of an adventurous career. But it is not to be thought off; the follies of Republicans, their crimes and atrocities,[2] definitely retard the march of progress; one

[1] Just at this time Sir Henry Layard passed through Turin and dined daily with the Cavour family. He thus describes the city at the moment: 'The cholera at that time prevailed in Piedmont. . . . At Turin a Board of Health had been established, the President of which was the Syndic, the Marquis Benso di Cavour. The city was divided into districts; at the head of each was a member of some noble family who visited the houses and had them purified and whitewashed. One of these overseers was the Marquis di Cavour. This duty was performed with zeal and devotion . . . the places of public resort, the galleries and museums were closed, and the city had a deserted and desolate appearance.' *Autobiography*, vol. i. p. 69.

[2] A reference to the attempt of Fieschi on the life of Louis Philippe, July 23rd, 1835.

must resign oneself to the *status quo*. And in the *status quo* I can only be an honest farmer. However, in order not to give up completely my hopes of fame and glory, I will try to write from time to time studies in the style of those of Martin Crepa upon the pigs and cattle of Piedmont—a wide subject if one wished to treat it fully. With this execrable joke I end this foolish discussion on the choice of a career, a question relegated at home to the sphere of the confessional.

I wrote a short time ago a letter to my uncle de Sellon to urge him to redouble his zeal on behalf of the Liberal cause, for we are entering on a period of reaction which may become disastrous.[1] God knows I do not love the Republicans—I would gladly fatten my beetroots with them—but I would not be willing to attain this end to run the risk of being put under guardians again.[2] Up to now the ministry has been moderate. If they do not allow themselves to be dragged by the violence of the centres into violent measures, they can do much good. I pray to heaven to inspire them, for, I don't know why, these wretched politics always hold a place in my heart—I would dare to say almost as important as my calves and cheeses.

I beg you to give all my best wishes to my cousins. I do not know whether Adèle will still desire to recognise me as a relation, for I am becoming terribly inelegant. Try to settle that with her as you can. Amélie will perhaps be more indulgent towards me. Give her my kindest greetings. Tell Cécile that I am at the very antipodes of Babylon, and consequently that she ought to give me back her good opinion which she has unfairly withdrawn. My best wishes to Le Bocage, and specially to my aunt, to whom you may say in secret that I can promise her many sacks for next year.[3]

After this letter we have no word for some months; the diary is silent after his return until the new year, and his next letter is dated November. The occasion of it was an invitation to contribute to the *Revue Universelle*, edited by Auguste de la Rive and published at Geneva. As we see by the letter which he wrote to his brother from Paris in May,[4] literary work was part of Cavour's plan for his new life at Leri. He

[1] Count Solaro della Margherita, the reactionary statesman *par excellence*, was about this time appointed Secretary of Foreign Affairs by Charles Albert.

[2] Refers to his coming of age on his twenty-fifth birthday.

[3] Ruffini, vol. i. p. 348.

[4] See p. 114.

was, however, unusually diffident of his capacity in this matter, as the following letters attest:

Nov. 1835.

My dear Auguste,

The request which you address to me in your last letter is too flattering for you to doubt but that I should accept it readily and with gratitude. I only fear that your partiality as a relative and a friend will have blinded you in making it. For however much vanity and self-esteem there may be in my composition, I understand very well that my place is not among the illustrious group of contributors that you have gathered round you, the Rossi, Navilles, etc.; and that for a man who has never ventured on the career of a writer there is some temerity in embarking upon an enterprise which, after what you have said to me and from what I know of your ability, will demand a very high standard. Nevertheless, as it certainly will be of very great advantage to me to work under your direction, and as I am assured, if not of public favour, at least of your moral support, I promise you to put all my energy and ability at your disposal. If I accept your suggestion with such hardihood, it is because I am assured of the assistance of my brother, who will associate himself with all the work that I may undertake and will help me to make my work more presentable than it would be if executed solely by my own resources. After this protestation of my loyal assistance it is necessary to trace for you the limits within which it can be employed—it would be quite useless to ask me to do more—for I will tell you in all sincerity what I can do and what I do not know even how to attempt.

To begin with, do not expect from me anything that requires the exercise of imagination. For, do what I will, I cannot rise to the most modest flight of fancy. So I can give you nothing bearing on my visit abroad, for it would be necessary to lighten whatever remarks and observations I might make with some display of imagination, and that would be quite beyond me. I have never been able even to compose the simplest story to amuse my small nephew, though I have tried lots of times. I must restrict myself, therefore, to matters of pure fact and reason, and even as to this I ought to tell you that there are an infinity of subjects with which I am not competent to deal, for in certain respects my literary education has been singularly neglected. Of all the moral sciences there is only one which I have thoroughly studied, and that

is political economy, and I fear that on this subject you are already inundated with articles. If you open your columns to the two schools of thought which have illustrious representatives at Geneva, your fifteen monthly sheets will certainly be insufficient to contain the arguments on such inexhaustible subjects. There is, however, one subject which has been especially the object of my study, particularly on my recent journey, that is the great subject of pauperism, which I have studied deeply in England. Before leaving Turin last year I published at the request of the government a summary of the report of the commission appointed by the English government to examine the question of pauperism and make suggestions for fresh legislation. Since then I have never lost sight of the subject. In London I got into touch with everyone who was specially occupied with this question, and I still keep in touch with them. If a series of articles upon this problem should seem to you suitable for your review you have only to let me know, and I will at once set to work to put the materials which I have collected into order and commence a work which I have had in my mind for a long time. My only fear is that this question has already been dealt with in your journal by the learned M. Naville, whom I know to be engaged upon a big work bearing upon it. Tell me frankly your opinion, I shall not be offended. I ought also to warn you that I have less time at my disposal than you would believe. My father, who is entirely engrossed in public business, has entrusted to me the administration of all his property, and as this consists almost entirely of farms which, with a few exceptions, are capable of much improvement, I have upon my hands very large agricultural undertakings which take much of my time and give me considerable anxiety. Besides, as is natural with one who is not content simply to do what he is obliged to, when he is engaged in congenial work, I have become little by little interested in agriculture, and now I am thinking of making large speculations ; and as it is not a question, as at Geneva, of increasing the superfluous, but of preserving the necessary, I am obliged to exercise great care in what I have undertaken and to give up to it time which perhaps I should have preferred to consecrate to purely intellectual pursuits. . . .[1]

Further correspondence upon this subject was interrupted by Cavour's trip to Venice and Trieste,

[1] Chiala, vol. i. No. 16.

but upon his return he reopened the matter in a further letter dated May 21st, 1836.

My dear Auguste,

On my return from my journey in the north of Italy I found the three first numbers of the new series of the *Revue Universelle* which you had the kindness to send me. I have read them with much pleasure and interest. The plan you have adopted seems to me infinitely superior to that of the former series. You are attempting with much reason to introduce upon the Continent the English style of review, which is entirely unknown here. I hope that with energy and perseverance you will succeed in this difficult enterprise, and that you will build up at Geneva a literary tribune from which one will be permitted to put forth opinions different from the Areopagus of the Press established on the boulevards of Paris. Your review will one day become the rival of the famous *Edinburgh Review* and you, dear friend, will be the Swiss Jeffrey. I would much wish to co-operate with you in this useful work, but in truth every day I doubt more and more my ability. How dare I venture to deal with the great questions of political economy when the logician Cherbuliez and the eloquent Sismondi are already upon the ground? I must tell you that I have been stopped in my work on English Pauperism by the article in the February number on Legal Charity. My views on this question differ in several essentials from M. Naville's book and still more from those of his panegyrist. If I finished my article I should be obliged to dispute one side of the opinions expressed in your journal, and it appears to me unbecoming to start a controversy which might offend some of your contributors far more useful than I can be to the success of your undertaking. Now being no longer able to treat of the question of pauperism, which was familiar to me, I rack my brains to find another subject upon which I can exercise my pen on your behalf. . . .[1]

The modesty and diffidence which characterise these two letters were not usual with Cavour, and it is evident that he did not feel himself on very safe ground when it came to literary composition. He was more at home, however, when he turned to criticism, and in the following letter we can see very clearly how his

[1] Chiala, vol. i. No. 17.

familiarity with English reviews colours his judgment and causes his preference for a journal which has a distinct policy of its own.

> I have received with much pleasure the later issues of the review. I found in them some excellent articles and in general a wise and elevated tone which does great honour to the distinguished editor. All the same I cannot help making some observations which I take the liberty of submitting to you. Firstly, I was shocked by an article headed 'Le Col d'Anterne,' in which the English are turned to ridicule after the manner of the boulevard writers and the *sel comique* is supplied entirely by the bad pronunciation of an imaginary Lord. This article contrasts disagreeably with the grave and measured tone of the other numbers of the review and does it much harm. But what appears to me more important than a merely unsuitable article is the double tendency, political and moral, which is clearly evident in your journal. Amongst your contributors, all able men, there are several of the frightened party, the reactionaries, who would like not only to make an anti-radical resistance, but who would wish to stop the slow but inevitable progress of the moral sciences. The spirit which animates these gentlemen, of whose names I am ignorant, is clearly apparent in a number of articles. On the other side you have writers who at least in theory would go quicker and further than wise men like yourself would desire. These last do not hide their doctrines, and the result is that alongside an article worthy of a Conservative one finds an article breathing the spirit of the old *Globe*. I think that this lack of unity in the views of the journal will do it much harm and prejudice the good it is calculated to do. I consider it of great value that your own views should become widely known and popular, but evidently you are associated with people who think very differently and who in some degree neutralise the effect of your arguments. It is not easy in your position to overcome the difficulty I have mentioned. All the *beaux esprits* of Geneva think they have a right to contribute and you cannot refuse them all. Nevertheless I believe you could remedy much of it by writing more yourself and by making those upon whom you can rely entirely do more.[1]

While Cavour was discussing with Auguste de la Rive the question of writing articles for his review,

[1] Chiala, vol. v. No. 1216.

he received news of an interesting family event. His cousin Adèle, the wife of Paul Émile Maurice, was expecting to present him with an heir. This information drew from Cavour the following letter, which, from a bachelor of twenty-five, would not be without a humour of its own if it were not for the savour of priggishness which is probably the strongest impression it conveys to an English reader.

I should have written to you long since, my dear friend, to rejoice with you over the happy event which you announce to me and which I knew some time ago, if I had known where to address my congratulations ; but you run about the world and have left me in such ignorance of your whereabouts that I did not know whether one should write to you in London or Pekin. But my congratulations, though they arrive later than the rest of your friends', are none the less lively and sincere, for without hyperbole I regard your wife's pregnancy as the very best thing that can happen to her. It will completely change her outlook ; she will have a motive for action and an object for her activities ; her powers and her feelings will have a constant source of nourishment. She will develop daily a more real interest which will take her out of that apathetic condition into which she has unfortunately sunk and which sooner or later would have been the plague of her existence. You know how often we have deplored together Adèle's want of a practical occupation which would fix her ideas and feelings. This want exists no longer. In a short time she will have all the elements of happiness at her command, and I know too well the justness of her mind and her goodness of heart to doubt but that she will know how to profit by it. The more decision and firmness she shows in undertaking the duties which her new dignity entails, the sooner will she experience the happy results in all their fulness. If she devotes herself to her infant from the moment of its birth, if she consecrates herself to its education and charges herself to supply its physical needs, she will at the same time direct the first development of its moral faculties ; she will soon find ample compensation for the slight sacrifices she makes in the sweetness of maternal love, which can never be completely satisfied except when a mother possesses the entire affection of her child without sharing it with a stranger —with a nurse—who for the moment has a claim upon its heart equal to her own. You see that in this matter I fully

share the opinion of my aunt Cécile, and that I think it absolutely necessary for a mother to nurse her own child. I believe that she would have no objection to do it; she has too deep a sense of duty to recoil before one of the most obvious duties which nature attaches to motherhood. As to the undoubtedly painful sacrifice it would entail upon you, I think that you will submit to it patiently, for in it lies your own happiness and you should not weigh against it the question of your own pleasure.

I have preached you a fine sermon and I beg you to forgive me for the sentiments which have moved me to do it. I would not wish to grieve you, but I would rather cause you a few moments' annoyance than leave you in ignorance of how I feel upon a question which I consider of the utmost importance for you.[1]

One would like to have seen the reply to this letter, or better still to have heard the comments of the aristocratic Adèle upon her cousin's letter. But whatever the nature of the answer it did not stop Cavour from returning to the subject in a second letter full of sage advice and admirable sentiments, in which, after expressing his hope for the safe arrival of a 'charmant petit poupon,' he declares boldly that 'this son, which I desire even more for your wife's sake than for yours' —a remark not exactly complimentary to the prospective father—'is destined to work a happy transformation, to awake faculties, etc., etc.' When the baby was born in the following May, Cavour at once wrote a letter of congratulation in which he again discussed the question of the infant's source of nourishment; it is therefore not surprising to read the following passage in a letter from his aunt Victoire to his mother, *à propos* of Camille's letter. 'Camille has written to Paul Émile. Adèle finds that as usual he has been impertinent.' Cavour at twenty-five with his mantle of infallibility must have been heartily disliked in some quarters.

A more pleasing aspect of Cavour is seen in the bright bantering letter which in February of this year he addressed to his aunt Victoire at Geneva:

[1] Ruffini, vol. ii. p. 19.

Is it really true, my dearest aunt, that a litter of pigs is established at Le Bocage ? In this Bocage, the quintessence of wealth, elegance and luxury ? But where have you found room to put them ? Would it be perchance in your new Chinese Pavilion ? They would for certain flourish there famously, for they say that the race is imported from the East, and probably they have Chinese blood in their veins. In truth I cannot think where a place has been found at Le Bocage in the midst of that profusion of kiosks, groves and parterres for the unfortunate, dirty, smelly little pigs. Oh ! triumph of the practical spirit ! Pigs at Le Bocage ! And the most elegant and most amiable of Duchesses occupying herself writing a dissertation upon these excessively unromantic animals ; but, aunt, do you know that to me this extraordinary fact is a *capital* index of the progress of the human mind—at least as remarkable as the Reform Bill or the discoveries on the moon ? I am overjoyed at thinking that hereafter I shall be able to talk agriculture with you without appearing either trivial or vulgar. You will have no right to accuse me of inelegance since you yourself will be occupied with that most difficult art of country life, the rearing of pigs. Since changing my object in life I have renounced the foolish idea of becoming a statesman or at least a great 'homme des salons' to devote myself to the more practical life of a gentleman farmer. I have at all times been tormented by the fear of having suffered a prodigious fall in your estimation. Knowing your taste for 'Pelhamism'[1] I scarcely imagined that you could countenance a carrot-planting, pig-fattening nephew. But happily the news which mother has given me has completely reassured me, and now behold me irrevocably engaged without the smallest regret in the least brilliant and most peaceable of careers ! It was this ill-founded apprehension which up to now has kept me from continuing to write to you ; I feared that you would find my letters reeking of barn and byre, and I dared not write to you for this reason ; but from the moment that even pigs themselves no longer repel you I have nothing to fear, and I can entertain myself by writing long and often to you. On this occasion I will not write about my agricultural labours or give you an account of my work as a farmer and as your man of business ; I will limit myself to giving you the news of the town, which is, I think, much more interesting to country folk like us.

[1] An allusion to Bulwer Lytton's novel, *Pelham, or the Adventures of a Gentleman*, portraying a dandy of the time.

You know perhaps that your great friend Boyl has been sick ; he has been bled twice, which has caused several attacks of nerves to that tender chicken Lady Albinia ; now he is better, almost convalescent and ready to resume his languorous and nonchalant airs in the *salon* of his amiable better half. Every time I meet him he asks news of you in a way which proves to me that his passion for you has lost none of its force. For the rest Boyl is not the only one who sighs for you. All those who have seen you want you back again and share with us their grief that circumstances have not allowed the hopes we cherished in regard to you to materialise. Alas, we are already sufficiently punished and certainly do not deserve reproaches. For never has snow been more hateful than that which stopped you coming to rejoin us. If human efforts would have sufficed it would have already disappeared even if it had been necessary to carry it away on our backs ; but the weather delights in spiting us ; as soon as eight or ten days of sunshine begin to lay bare the mountains there comes a deluge of snow which makes the roads more impracticable than ever. Though you are not to blame for the cruel disappointment we have suffered this winter, you have none the less contracted a big debt towards us which in justice you must pay with heavy interest. You will pay it, I hope, at Santena this year. And once you are in the midst of us I trust that by a just compensation the snow will stop your departure as it now does your arrival. You will have heard, I am sure with much sorrow, the unhappy history of N,[1] which has been a trouble to all of us. Papa did everything possible to make him confess his fault but with no result. He begged him and threatened him in vain ; and now he has had to let justice take its course, which has already sufficient evidence to convict him. Now the poor wretch is overwhelmed with despair, and repents bitterly when it is too late. Father has carefully suppressed all the aggravating circumstances, and he hopes that his sentence will be confined to two or three years' imprisonment. It is very sad to see a man who has been one of the household for more than fifteen years end like this ; the women folk, Marina especially, have been very much affected by it. Papa, to avoid running the risk of bringing another bad character into the house, has thought of turning a young Tosco into a domestic. Mamma has accepted him without wishing to mix herself up in the choice of a successor to N. Auguste has been affected by the

[1] An old family servant.

catastrophe also, but less than I thought. Several *traits piramidaux* of his on the affair are going round. Mme. d'Auzers will probably tell them to you, so I won't give you a second edition of stories which have various versions. *À propos* of Auguste, I may say that he has improved both in health and character. He is amiable and has only rare fits of temper. Besides, what to me is an invaluable quality, he can also give you a reason for his opinions which gives me a higher estimation of his judgment. Aynard is the sweetest child I have ever known. Josephine is a bit spoilt, but there is so much sweetness in her character that in spite of her little failings she is always charming.[1]

As usual Cavour had spent the winter with the family at Turin, and, as we gather from his diary, which begins again in February, 1836, he was still unable to resist the fascination of gambling :

'In spite of my promises and resolutions,' he writes, 'I have returned to the Café Florio, where I have lost 1200 francs. I am so ashamed of my weakness that to punish myself I herewith formally make an engagement not to play goffo[2] anywhere before I am in possession of an independent fortune. If I yield again may I be punished for my unpardonable folly.'

On the first of April he left Turin for Villach to take over and put on board ship the flock of sheep which his father had undertaken to supply to the Viceroy of Egypt. Allusion has already been made in a previous chapter to this journey, in the course of which he renewed his acquaintance with the Austrian police.[3] He was glad to get away from Turin, for he writes in his diary :

I have left Turin with pleasure, less because of the pleasant prospect my journey offers to me than to see the close, at least for a time, of this life of fatiguing idleness, of endless excitements diversified solely by the humiliating and degrading emotions of gambling. Evidently I find myself upon a bad terrain at Turin ; a thousand circumstances, a thousand diverse causes, have pushed me along a road

[1] Ruffini, ii. 26.

[2] A card game similar to poker, very popular in Turin and Genoa.

[3] Chapter III.

> essentially bad. I neglect my studies, I let my intellectual faculties rust, my moral faculties deteriorate, and all this for what object? To satisfy the miserable passion for play which vitiates whoever is ruled by it, not only in the eyes of the world but above all in his own. What happiness to find myself for eight months beyond the temptation of gambling. What an excellent opportunity to reaffirm the resolution I have taken, when conscience, reason, self-esteem and my own best interests all combine to urge me to fight effectively this vicious passion and destroy it utterly. May Heaven bless my determination and maintain it always.

From Turin Cavour went to Villach, and from there to Trieste, and came back through Venice, Padua, Vicenza and Verona to Milan. From this point he had intended to make an excursion through the Papal States to Bologna, but the fear of cholera had alarmed the authorities and a *cordon sanitaire* with a twelve days' quarantine being in force on the frontier, Cavour gave up his projected visit and turned north to the Italian lakes before he returned home. He records practically nothing of his journey in his diary, and what information we have comes from two letters, one from his aunt Victoire to his mother, and the other from his grandmother Marina to his aunt. From these letters we gather that he enjoyed himself at Trieste and went to a ball given by the Governor, who kindly provided him with clothes, silk socks, buckled shoes, etc. At Venice he met old friends of the family, the Marquis de Sambuy and his wife. His impressions of the Austrian government were very favourable. 'He was delighted,' his grandmother writes, 'with the roads both big and little in all the province, with the care which the government takes to protect commerce; he says it is very great in Lombardy, and that they are building roads over the mountains from Trieste into Italy. There are public vehicles run by the government in all directions, which he says are excellent, and the conductors look after the passengers both as to food and luggage, so that they are not overcharged. He adds that no one but

the Pope thinks of cholera, and that there has never been any question of it at Milan.' In the middle of May he returned to Turin, and for the rest of the year appears to have been entirely occupied with his work at Leri. Soon after getting back he writes to de la Rive :

> I am almost entirely absorbed in agriculture ; I have undertaken large speculations which demand great care and constant supervision. In agriculture there are no successful results except when personally supervised. When one decides to do a thing, one is immediately enveloped in a mass of details which take up a great deal of time. I do not regret the career I have undertaken ; there are others more brilliant but none that suits me better.

The family were not altogether easy about Camille's ' large speculations,' as we see by a somewhat caustic note from his aunt Victoire to his mother :

> So Camille is speculating ; it is rather disquieting, but youth will have its fling. He has a mental activity which devours him, and as it is with my father's money that he speculates, he takes less care of it. But at least it is less expensive than goffo. . . .

The nature of the speculations above referred to is nowhere definitely mentioned, but from the letters we gather that they were of two kinds. The first was the purchase of a farm adjoining the family estates at Leri, called ' Il Torrone,' and the second was the question of sugar-beet culture. Our information in regard to the former of these consists, apart from mere allusions, in a letter to Camille from his father which is worth recording for the light it throws both upon father and son, though somewhat cryptic and difficult to understand without fuller knowledge of the transaction :

> My dear Camille,
>
> You once expressed to me the desire to make a speculation in the purchase of rice fields ; now is the time to do it ; an opportunity has presented itself which would be advantageous—about which Rous is tormenting me—and which I do not wish to take on my own account but which I will help you to take upon your own if you really desire it, if

you wish truly to give yourself up in earnest to agriculture and take up the life of a landowner. The good side of the business is that in ' Il Torrone ' adjoining Leri you will have no expense as to a house, you will establish yourself at my house and from there supervise your own property, for I repeat that I shall not enter into it on my own account, I shall leave the purchase in your name. The second advantage is that half the capital is in a life interest at nine per cent. . . . The risky side of the business is being in the society of very slim gentry who will end by playing you tricks, especially in the year when the farm will be held in common. It is necessary to calculate that these depredations will not exceed five or six thousand francs, so that your share will cost you a couple of thousand francs more than the others.

This need not stop your going to Paris this year provided that you return in May. If you think it necessary to depart soon from Grinzane, come and talk to me ; to-morrow, Sunday, I shall be at Santena, and I shall leave on Monday at ten punctually. Rous goes to-morrow to the fair at Gussolin ; Tuesday he will be at Turin. If you are anxious to go into the matter thoroughly, you will leave at midday. Tuesday evening you will go with Rous to Leri, on Wednesday you will examine everything, and on your return we will discuss how to bring it to a finish. I will say no more ; for the moment 120 thousand is necessary for the purchase, 12,000 expenses, 12,000 to the lawyer, Mattirolo, and the advances, that is 55,000 francs, for the third.

But if you carry this through don't think that it will make you *a lord* ; you will have much work and little actual profit, but you will prepare for yourself a property of 260 acres.[1] In my will I shall be able to leave you the sum paid ; you will find it charged only with a debt of 20,000 francs. But, as you will see, there will be no actual annual income except upon the extinction of the life interest, that is upon the death of Mattirolo, a sum of six thousand francs net. I would like the division to date a year from 11th November next.

You will only need one farm hand, for your third,[2] you

[1] The word used here is 'journées,' which with its Italian equivalent ' giornata ' is a land measure based on the amount of a day's work, *i.e.* ploughing. An average English day's work with a pair of horses is an acre ; the Piedmontese oxen would probably be slower but their working hours longer, which would make the area covered about the same.

[2] *i.e.* Cavour, his father, and Mattirolo, who provided half the purchase money and drew a life interest of nine per cent. from the estate. On his death the property would come to Cavour, for it was drawn up in his name.

will be your own agent. But I repeat that it will not give you financial benefit at once, and it might even be a loss, though not very considerable, nor will it enable you to keep a *valet de chambre*. General Sambuy, who is fifty, has not got one. Finally, if you wish to make money it is necessary to spend little ; you would have no need of a horse. One good horse at Leri to serve in turn Leri, Grinzane, and Santena, and a cabriolet to be bought in a year's time.

This, my dear son, is what my affection for you suggests to me ; your mother does not altogether approve ; she thinks that being an owner of land in your own name will give you facility for incurring debts. I reply to that, that if you are not a man at five-and-twenty you never will be one. This increases your future prospects without encumbering your present. You can if you wish write to Davidi.[1]

The purchase was duly effected and Il Torrone added to the family estates. Cavour's opinion of the transaction is revealed in a letter to de la Rive :

. . . I have bought a large tract of rice land. I believe I have made an excellent bargain ; all I need is the money to pay for it ; it ought to pay me a big profit. I cannot do things by half ; once in a business I give myself up to it completely. Besides, I am forced to it by my position. I am a younger son, which says much in an aristocratically constituted country. I must create a position for myself by the sweat of my brow. It is all very well for you millionaires to occupy yourselves with theories and science ; we poor devils of cadets must sweat blood and water before we can acquire a position of independence.

On the other commercial speculation which interested Cavour at this time, the introduction of the sugar-beet industry and the possible erection of a sugar factory, there are a series of letters written to his two friends Edouard Naville de Chateauvieux, a well-known agriculturist at Geneva, and Émile de la Rue, the Genoese banker. To the former of these he writes in March, 1836 :

As the result of the ideas which you have put before him, my father is determined to try sugar-beet. I have been thinking

[1] *Cavour Agricoltore*, by Ezio Visconti, p. 12.

of this for a long time, several people having advised me to invest in an enterprise which, considering the nature of our soil and the circumstances of the country, ought to be very profitable. But however seductive the scheme appeared to my imagination, I have always been kept back by the complaints of the French growers, who recently assured the government that it was impossible for the industry to bear any tax whatever or to bear any lessening of the import duty on foreign sugar. If their complaints were sound, if in fact sugar-beet cannot be produced except as a kind of monoply or by preferential treatment harmful to general interests, then it would not be suitable to introduce the industry here. It would be a disservice to our country and would embark us on an enterprise which could only succeed as long as the power was in interested or unsuitable hands. But after what you say as to the results of the progress of chemistry upon this industry, all my objections are removed. If one can produce sugar-beet at the rate of six sous to the pound of sixteen ounces, there is nothing to fear from colonial competition, for the American planter cannot import his products at this price, and one ought not to hesitate to introduce a culture which must create new resources for industry and for agriculture.

It is then decided that we are to make sugar. As you aptly say, our wide lands in the Vercellese are eminently suited for this undertaking. We have ample means to introduce a new culture. The peasant being only a hired labourer is not disposed as in the rest of Piedmont—where he tills on the half-and-half system—to resist innovations which shock his inveterate habits. He obeys without reasoning, and it is only necessary in new enterprises to direct him through intelligent and reliable men. There is nothing here for the working hand to do in the winter; the large numbers employed in the rice fields remain unemployed once the harvest is gathered, with the result that from November one can have workers at eight sous per day. Finally, as the residue of the sugar-beet will serve to fatten the cattle, no position could be better than the Vercellese, which lies at the gates of Milan and whose butcher's meat it almost exclusively provides. In view of these considerations I must hasten to put your ideas in practice, and I await with impatience the pamphlets which you have promised my father. I hope that they will contain all the necessary information on the making of sugar and the cultivation of the beet root. This last point is essential, for well as I know already how to grow

the common kind which I have sown on the hills of Langues, I have no idea of how to treat the sugar-beet.[1]

The project of the factory did not materialise. Cavour found on examination that the manufacture being as yet in its infancy, the process was liable at any time to be revolutionised by the invention of new machinery, and he judged it wiser to wait until the industrial aspect became more standardised. He continued to grow the sugar-beet, but solely for the purpose of cattle feeding.

At this time we find a group of letters concerned with a very different question, namely, the appointment of a Professor of Latin Eloquence for the University of Geneva. His friend Professor de la Rive had written to Cavour asking him if Italy could provide the man they required, who must lecture in French and be distinguished enough to attain a European reputation. The answer was as follows :

My dear Friend,

A Professor of Latin Eloquence is not an easy thing to find in these days even in Italy. Men's minds being so enamoured of the positive, and the arts being in their nature romantic, the study of the great Roman classics has degenerated to such a point that it would be easier to find a dozen distinguished analysts than a single Latinist of the first rank. To overcome the difficulties of the commission you have entrusted to me, I could think of no better method than to consult Professor Boucheron, the oracle of Latinity in Italy, who is without a rival here and probably also in Europe. A notice in the *Gazette* would have been of no use, for the man you are looking for is not of the kind who appears in answer to an advertisement or who is likely to be discovered by a public announcement. I have fully explained to M. Boucheron the requirements of the University of Geneva ; that it is not a question of a provincial lecturer but of a *savant* worthy of a European audience. He replied to me that there is only one man in Italy who answers to your requirements : this is M. Ferrucci, Professor at Bologna. He alone of all the younger men is capable of speaking the

[1] Chiala, vol. v. No. 1212.

language of Cicero in a manner worthy of recognition by that great master. And more than any other he has the gift of imparting the beauty and finer points of the language. M. Ferrucci is thirty-two and has been a professor for a long time, and has made himself known by several works which enjoy a deserved reputation ; no one in Europe would suit you better ; but M. Ferrucci has never been out of Italy, and though he knows French well enough, he speaks it with a Bolognese accent. Consider, my dear friend, if this fault is sufficient to cause the rejection by the University of a man who is, without gainsaying, superior to all the Latinists of France and England and probably of Germany and Holland as well.

In order to interest you still more in my Bolognese, I may tell you that he has a wife as learned as himself who in imagination, knowledge of the arts and literature is even more gifted than he is. Her southern quickness and verve might perhaps animate the grave and prudent society of Geneva, which, as a reasonable man, you must admit would be no great misfortune. Finally, I must tell you that you may make up your mind from the start that you cannot hope to find either an Italian who speaks French perfectly or a foreigner who speaks Latin ; and as it is necessary to resign oneself to hear one of the two languages mutilated by the professor, it is better that it should not be that one which he is paid to teach. Besides, M. Ferrucci is young and possesses the genius for languages, and it would indeed be a misfortune if in a year or two he cannot mould his rough Bolognese tongue to pronounce French as well as several of the other professors.

Cavour pushed the claims of his protégé with such skill and persistence that he received the appointment. The clever way in which he circumvented the difficulty of Ferrucci's bad French by insisting on the fact that it was a choice between a Latin scholar who could not speak French and a French scholar who could not speak Latin carried the day. As a matter of fact, Ferrucci was by no means the brilliant scholar Cavour made him out to be, being described as ' very mediocre ' by his latest biographer. On the question of his appointment there are several letters, but they contain little worth recording.

The last two letters of interest written during this year (1836) have their source in Cavour's promise to write for the *Revue Universelle*. To collect additional material he approached Nassau Senior through the Count de Pollon, Sardinian Ambassador in London, for certain documents referring to the working of the English Poor Law. These were duly forwarded to him by Mr. Senior, to whom he wrote the following letter in reply :

My dear Sir,

I thank you infinitely for the books which you have had the goodness to send me at the request of our friend, the Count Pollon, also for the kind letter which you have enclosed with them. I had already received last year through the medium of the Foreign Office[1] your *Outlines of the Science of Political Economy*, a work in which you have shed the light of common sense upon the obscure depths of the Riccardo school, and have solved, in the most exact and satisfying manner, questions which, through want of precision in the use of terms and insufficient analysis, had remained in the domain of controversy. These repeated proofs of your kindly recollection of me are very precious and have added to the debt which I already owe you for all the kindness which you showed me during my visit to England. I have followed with as much interest as satisfaction the progress which, since the publication of your famous report, the reform in the administration of legal charity has never ceased to make . . . towards more healthy ideas upon this interesting point which have penetrated into society and the weighty legislative measures which have so powerfully modified the working of the old system. The success which the measure has attained, to which you have so powerfully contributed, has exceeded the hopes of the most optimistic of its defenders. The good it has achieved is immense. To this measure is perhaps reserved the definite solution of the great problem of legal charity which still divides the philanthropists and statesmen of Europe. It is of the highest interest to all nations to follow in its successive developments the modifications which your system of public charity undergoes and to profit by the lessons of the biggest experiment which has ever been attempted in history.

[1] The censorship was in Piedmont under the Foreign Office, not the Ministry of the Interior.

> I believe that the measure is sufficiently advanced and its effects already sufficiently definite for one to begin to make it known upon the Continent. This is what I shall try to do; and the kind things which you have said upon the first work of my pen,[1] is the very best encouragement to me to undertake a task which is perhaps beyond my powers. I am very sorry that the bad weather has stopped you upon the frontiers of my country; I hope that another time you will be able to enter it and give me the pleasure of extending to you my hospitality and of being your companion in visiting a country which, though much less advanced in civilisation than others, contains none the less many features which well deserve the attention of publicists and philanthropists.[2]

This letter, which is given from a draft or copy found among Cavour's papers, is interesting not only for its matter but as an example of the literary difficulties Cavour experienced in composition He evidently took considerable pains over this letter, for on the next page of the notebook is an alternative passage, so involved and tautological that it was well he did not send his letter in its first form.

The second letter, addressed to the Count de Pollon, gives us Cavour's judgment upon an attempt then being made to introduce reforms in the charitable organisations in Piedmont. The situation differed from that of England in the fact that the principal channels of relief were through the religious Orders; and the exceedingly strong political influence of the Church of Rome, especially upon the King himself, made the task of a minister, without the backing of any body of public opinion which in England could find expression through the Houses of Parliament, almost hopeless in the face of strong clerical opposition. The firmness of the minister won Cavour's hearty admiration, though he doubted his ultimate success. But the letter is also interesting as showing us that in spite of official silence Cavour's brochure, written two years previously for the government, had not fallen on

[1] *i.e.* his synopsis of the Poor Law, prepared in 1834 for the Piedmontese Government.

[2] Ruffini, vol. ii. p. 51.

barren soil but had led to an honest attempt on the part of the Sardinian Minister of the Interior to regulate and co-ordinate the system of charity in Piedmont, though with doubtful success.

My dear Pollon,

I have just received, by means of a traveller coming from London, the two reports upon the administration of the English Poor Law which you mentioned in your kind letter of January 12th. Our good friend Mr. Senior has enclosed a note which has given me great pleasure, for he is one of the men whose knowledge and ability inspire the greatest respect, especially upon economic questions. The details upon the progress of the reform which has already greatly improved the administration of public charity in England have arrived just at the right time, for here also they are busy remedying the endless abuses in the administration of our system of charity. The Count di Pralormo has obtained from the King, in spite of the most violent opposition from all the partisans of the old abuses and worn-out methods, an edict which creates provincial commissions under the general supervision and direction of the Minister of the Interior to audit the accounts of all charitable associations, whatever they may be, and to control the conduct of all responsible officials.

This edict, which certainly does not remedy all the faults in our system of charity, will be at least a great step in the matter of regularity and uniformity, which alone can assure effective working upon a big scale, if its application is carried out in the spirit in which the measure has been conceived. Unfortunately it means endless difficulties in the offended *amour-propre* of all the administrators (good and bad) of all the charitable organisations, who take personally what is simply a general order to which every honourable man ought willingly to submit. The superior clergy who up to now have had, or pretended to have, the principal part in administration of poor relief are furious at seeing the supervising power transferred in part to a commission of the laity.

The Count di Pralormo is struggling with courage and perseverance. He has even, a thing unknown with us, offered his resignation rather than give in. In spite of this I doubt if he can succeed in overcoming the obstacles put in his way by a powerful party and an enormous mass of persons more dangerous through their ignorance than their bad

feeling. A minister with us is very helpless. He has little power individually, for he represents nothing and he is not the mouthpiece of a party. However clever he may be he is but an isolated individual who transmits and directs a will of which the driving force is elsewhere. And with us this latter, in which all the strength of the government is concentrated, is vacillating and unreliable. You know it, my dear Pollon, better than I do. Pralormo by his tenacity has contrived to fix it for the moment; will he succeed in doing it for long? I desire it more than I expect it.[1]

As his custom was, Cavour spent the winter of 1836-7 with the family at Turin, and as usual the absence of sufficient healthy outlet for his restless activities led to love affairs which threatened to get him into fresh trouble. It was truly unfortunate that the eligible ladies of Turin seem to have made no appeal to Cavour's susceptibilities and that he was always attracted, in his father's phrase,' on to someone else's preserves.' This receives a curious illustration from the two following entries which comprise all that we have recorded in the diary for the first half of 1837.

January 16th.

At Mme. de Baudisse's ball I talked a long while with the Marquise de R., wishing to make myself pleasant to her, and I complimented her upon her niece, Mlle. de Pr . . . , who is indeed very nice in every respect. Mme. de R. received my complimentary phrases with pleasure, and replied with several remarks whose ' double entente ' means much when spoken by a mother or by one who thinks it is a young man's duty to marry. When the dancing was finished, Mlle. de Pr . . . rejoined her aunt, leaning on the arm of Mlle. de P. Mme. de R. seeing them coming, turned to me and said, ' Would not one take them for two sisters : they are alike both in style and figure ? ' To this remark, of which the meaning was obvious, I could only reply by a polite bow.

The second entry, which is undated but may possibly refer to the same evening's entertainment, is as follows :

I got home at five o'clock and have not been able to shut an eye. It is absolutely impossible to see what will happen. How

[1] Ruffini, vol. ii. p. 54.

will it end ? I am in cruel uncertainty ; I feel that my mind and my usual resolution forsake me. I truly do not know what to decide. I have been cruelly disappointed at the ball. It is a wretched life. Plenty of adventures have happened to me these last three months. I am in a very difficult position, and unfortunately I am not alone. Another person dearer to me than myself is in great danger. I want to go away to calm the suspicions of her husband. She does not wish it. Women understand love better than men.

We have no means of knowing to whom this second entry refers or what was the outcome of it, but the good fortune which seems always to have followed Cavour in his amorous escapades evidently did not desert him on this occasion, for there is no further allusion to the episode.

The winter was scarcely over when the family circle was again broken by death. Early in April, after a few days' illness, the Duc de Clermont-Tonnerre died at the Palazzo Cavour in Turin, where with his wife he had joined the family from Geneva. His death, sudden and unexpected, threw the whole family into the deepest grief, and Cavour's correspondence naturally reflects their state of mind. Among the letters of condolence was one from their old friend Baron Prosper de Barante, formerly French Minister at Turin, and now filling a similar post at St. Petersburg. Cavour's reply is dated July and written from Paris :

I do not doubt, Monsieur, that you have shared with us the grievous loss which my family has suffered, but it has been very sweet to receive so touching a proof of it as that which you have given me in your letter of last May. The kindness and friendship with which you honoured me during your stay at Turin are among the most treasured memories of my life. I am glad to think that the kind things you say permit me to believe that you still hold the same sentiments towards me ; if I had dared I should more than once have taken the liberty of writing to you, but the fear of troubling you in the midst of so much business and matters of such great importance has always stopped me from doing so. I have thus been reduced during the two years that have passed to obtain news of you and your family indirectly, to whom I pray you

to believe that I hold and shall always hold myself attached by the bonds of affection and gratitude.

The death of M. de Tonnerre has been a terrible blow to all of us ; you have seen the place he held in the family, how good he was and how fond of us. He has been taken in the most sudden and unexpected manner, without our having the least warning of such a terrible calamity. Death struck him in the midst of the most complete security. The grief of my aunt has been overwhelming. M. de Tonnerre was the one aim of her life and the fulcrum of all her actions. Since the day of their marriage they had never been parted, and they had shared together all their joys and sorrows. Her health has suffered grievously and it is only quite recently that she has begun to be herself again. My mother and my aunt d'Auzers have taken her with them to the baths at Valdieri. We hope that the keen mountain air will restore her health and enable her to sleep, which since her husband's death she has not been able to do. M. de Tonnerre has left his wife all his fortune. Not being able to look after her affairs in person she has entrusted them to me, and that is the reason of my being in Paris at this moment.

I have only been in Paris a few days, though it is a long time since I left Turin, for on my way here I visited my aunt's estates in Dauphiné and Franche-Comté, and this has taken me several weeks. There are very few people in Paris just now ; all my friends are in the country, with the result that I see only lawyers and business people, neither a very instructive nor amusing society.

To judge by external appearance Paris was never more calm or peaceful. Even the Press appears half asleep, speaking only of internal matters ; it vents its spleen against the treaty made by General Bugeaud, which to my way of thinking is the wisest thing they have yet done in Africa. The approach of the anniversary of the revolution does not alarm anybody ; it will be confined, I fancy, to a few fireworks and popular fêtes in the Champs Elysées. If I had more time to spare I should go across to England and help in the electoral battle which is opening at the present moment, a battle of which the result may have an immense effect upon the British kingdom. If it was not for Ireland I confess that I should love to see Sir Robert Peel come into power. You must have known Lord Durham intimately and heard from him the secret of the Radical party. For my part I am not the least afraid of it, for I have entire faith in the good sense of the English people and the energy of the upper

classes. I will not say anything of my own country; nothing is changed since you left; it is always the same; a system of weakness and anger, of indecision and bad faith. We have not got worse, that is the best that one can say for those who rule us. If we have the *enragé* La Margherita instead of the inoffensive de la Tour, we have got rid of the impetuous La Scarena and we have in his place an honest man who does not use the police for his odious purposes. I see that the charm of writing to you has made me forget that I am at the end of my paper; forgive my indiscretion and accept the assurance of my profound respect and entire devotion.[1]

We see from this letter that his uncle's death gave a new direction to Cavour's activity, for the task of settling up his aunt's affairs took a long time and necessitated during the next two years several visits to France, so that for a time his work at Leri dropped into the background. His first visit to France took place in the early days of July. He left Turin and travelling over the little St. Bernard made his way to Lyons; from here he visited his aunt's property in Dauphiné and Franche-Comté, after which he proceeded to Paris, arriving there on July 21st. Looking through the entries in the diary during the month or five weeks which he spent in Paris, in conjunction with certain indications in the family correspondence, we become aware of a new aspect of his character. The man of affairs and the political student are still prominent, but the Piedmontese farmer with an immense straw hat and a stout cudgel tramping his rice fields has disappeared and in his place is the young aristocrat of twenty-seven, patronising the most expensive tailor in Paris, gambling at the Jockey Club and mixing with the fastest set in Parisian society, appearing at smart dinner parties and lavish suppers, and incidentally spending more money than he could afford, though the possibility of doing it at all was due to his claim on his aunt's estate for personal expenses during his visits. His dissipation, however, was tem-

[1] Chiala, vol. i. No. 22.

pered by more serious amusements, thanks to the hospitality extended to him by the Marquis de Brignole, the Sardinian Minister in Paris, whose invitations enabled him to meet many people important in the political life of France. Between these two centres, the Embassy and the Jockey Club, Cavour contrived to see a good deal of Parisian life. The following extracts from the diary speak for themselves. Cavour arrived on July 21st.

July 21. Called on M. le Roux, the Marquis Brignole, and M. Oudot. Dined with the Marquis Brignole.

July 22. Dined at the Café de Paris and finished my evening at the Français, where they played the *Mariage de Figaro.*

July 23. Saw Nasi, the Marquis Brignole, Edmond Blanc. Dined at eight at the Grand Vatel.

A temporary fit of economy ends in failure, for the next day we read :

I dined at a restaurant at two francs a head. I had *l'estomac dérangé.* My aunt must have patience and resign herself to pay more for my dinners.

July 26. Dined at the Marquis Brignoles' and afterwards went to the opera with the Marquise.

July 29. Public Fêtes, water carnival, and illuminations.

July 30. At the Chevalier Portula's I met Cigala. He was greatly taken with me and never left me. We dined together at the Café de Paris. He introduced me to Boigne, Belgiojoso, etc. These gentlemen want at all hazards to put me up for the Jockey Club. So here I am enrolled among the ' plus mauvais sujets ' of Paris.

August 1. Dined at the Embassy with the following persons: Molé, Barthe, Bernard Montalivet, Sale Dandy, Pasquier, Decaze, Portalés, Rothschild, Flahaut, etc.

August 2. I went to the Club for the first time. I found there pretty well the same people. My play was full of mistakes. I have lost the habit of playing.

August 3. Had *déjeuné* with Cigala at Boigne's. Boigne is one of the heroes of the Jockey Club, the Café de Paris, and the fashionable world. He pays, it is said, 100,000 francs for a mistress. . . . He is very pleased with himself, and like all the very superior people

despises profoundly the poor devils who have not the knack of ruining themselves for the same noble end as he proposes for himself. I went to the Club and played until three in the morning. Lost 250 francs.

August 4. *Humeur de chien.*

August 5, 6, 7. Dined at the Club.

August 11. Supped with MM. de la Grange, Belgiojoso, Cigala, etc. Complete orgy. These gentlemen took no more notice of me than if they were in an inn.

We should not perhaps have gathered from the above extracts that Cavour found Paris dull or that he was particularly anxious to get away from it; yet from the two letters which we possess written from Paris at this time it appears that he was thoroughly bored. In the first of these, to his friend and former companion in Paris, Pietro di Santarosa, to whom he writes a letter of congratulation upon his marriage, we have the following passage:

There is nothing new or interesting in Paris. There is neither society nor Parliament, court, theatres, or riots; nothing but the boulevards, where one sees as ever the old Babylon displaying her painted charms to excite the senses of her adorers. The moral physiognomy of Paris has changed considerably in the last two years; men's minds are singularly calm, and there is much less bitterness of party feeling. I had supper with a long-bearded Legitimist, a double-dyed Republican, and an editor of a strong Ministerial journal. These gentry, representing the three most pronounced political parties, live together in perfect harmony and see each other daily without the least dispute arising.[1]

The second letter, to his uncle de Sellon, which begins with cheeses and ends with politics, we give in full.

My dearest Uncle,

I have always to be making excuses to you for not executing your commissions. It is not, however, that I have forgotten—far from it—for at Lyons I made the most minute researches to discover for you a real Roquefort cheese, but in vain. Finally I addressed myself to the *maîtresse*, not of my heart but of my hotel, to bring her superior knowledge to

[1] Chiala, vol. v. No. 1218.

bear on this delicate matter, and she assured me that nothing in the world is more difficult than to find a Roquefort cheese in a Lyons shop, and that what is sold under that title is a disguised Gex, and that the cleverest buyers run a risk of being deceived by the astuteness of the sellers. For my part, well as I know how to make sheep's milk cheeses, I cannot boast of being an expert in foreign ones. I profited by the wise advice given to me and stopped my fruitless researches. My task was easier in Paris ; in this great mart of all the intellectual and gastronomic perfections I had only to present myself before the immortal Chevet and *tout de suite* I found myself surrounded by the most seductive cheeses which could tempt the gourmet or excite the envy of a producer of those of second-class quality. In spite of the emotion aroused in me under both these aspects I have tried to make a choice worthy of the trust which you have reposed in me.

Instead of packing off a cheese to you by diligence, I wish I could pack myself off and pass with you the time which I must spend away from home. Life in Paris has at this moment nothing attractive to me. I know scarcely anyone here ; there is nothing of political interest, not the least excitement or discussion, and not a sign of disorder—it is deadly dull. I hoped that upon the anniversary of the glorious revolution I should see some lively manifestations of the more advanced opinions or at least hear some party cries. But not at all ; the fêtes of the great week passed in perfect tranquillity, just as if it was in honour of a saint or a patronal festival. The good people danced in the Champs Elysées without letting one see that they danced in honour of liberty. In the evening I was present at a great water carnival on the Seine, at which the only symbol of July was three balloons which were set ablaze over the Tuileries. The fête over, everyone went home, and on my way back I found the Sardinian Embassy and that of the Papal Nuncio pompously illuminated—they also fête July ! Truly, looking back seven years ago and thinking of all the elements of war and trouble which then developed and which since have so often threatened Europe with a universal conflagration, and contrasting it with the apparent harmony which reigns at present, one is forced to believe that we have entered upon an era of peace and that humanity has an invincible reluctance to enter again upon the . . . the process which rejuvenates old ideas.

I have been ten days in Paris. I cannot yet foresee the exact date of my departure. I hope not to prolong my stay

beyond the 20th, as I must go back through Franche-Comté. I shall scarcely be with you at Geneva before the end of August. So I shall not see you for a month. Would that I could hasten this wretched month so as to be amongst you all sooner.[1]

Cavour left Paris a little later than he anticipated, and did not arrive in Geneva until towards the middle of September. He brought with him a large quantity of presents for the family, or more probably commissions, a list of which with their respective prices has been preserved among his papers. For his brother Gustave he brought a large supply of books, including Michelet's *Memories of Luther* and *Les Affaires de Rome* of Lamennais; for his widowed aunt d'Auzers, inconsolable and delicate, he brought a portrait of her late husband and a supply of ipecacuanha lozenges; for his practical-minded father he brought warm stockings, very strong braces, and sixty dozens of large and sixty dozens of small bottles of champagne, which was probably an order from the municipality. No mention is made of a present for his aunt Victoire beyond a bill for personal expenses for 1580 francs. This last item seemed excessive to his father, who wrote the following somewhat cryptic passage about it:

It seems to me that you have been furiously 'Vermichel'[2] in Paris to run up an account of 1500 francs in fifty days. I can only hope that the poor Demichelis[3] will feel the effects of it and that you will limit your account with him, for there are two dress suits since May. I hope that the Café de Paris has not given you a distaste for the Madeleine. Truly thirty-two francs a day, excluding lodging and dining out, appears to me to include suppers to Emma and Mirya. *Aimez-vous la blonde, aimez-vous la brune?* However, your aunt Victoire has not made the least comment on the subject. It is your father who sees in the account expenses for 'personal enjoyment.'

For the remainder of 1837 we have little information. Cavour returned to Turin, and from there made a short

[1] Ruffini, vol. ii. p. 72. [2] Vermichel was the fashionable tailor in Paris.
[3] The family tailor in Turin.

excursion on business in very bad weather into Savoy. About the middle of December he left Turin for Geneva, where he spent Christmas with his cousins, and early in the new year set out again for Paris. Before closing this chapter, however, we must refer to a very curious letter which dates from July, written to Camille by his father, to which was added, after the economical habits of these times, a page by the old Abbé Frézét, and a further note by Renaldi, the Marquis' secretary. It would appear that the question of Camille's marrying and settling down was about this time a matter of genuine interest to the family. He seems to have shown indications of affection for a lady whose name is unknown, but who was evidently a blonde, and considered very desirable by the family. The matter was, however, complicated by an attachment of a different kind which was viewed with great trepidation by his relatives. Anxiety as to what would happen is evident in this letter, which, for the rest, is obscure and difficult and does scarcely more than make confusion worse confounded.

> I enclose you a little letter. The faithful dog who seals it tells me that he found upon it golden hairs the colour of ripe corn. I prefer it to the nocturnal excursions, where my men [1] in disguise were not far one evening from a young gentleman furnished with a lantern. Fortunately I had given orders to protect all properties except that of the misanthrope. Some time or other there will be a scandal which would make the Grand Master of the Ceremonies laugh, though it would not be so well received by the rest of the world. This morning they are hanging a woman who poisoned her husband. They would perhaps do as much for a husband who returned the compliment, but then there would be two victims instead of one. It is not necessary to be romantic in this century; the noumenal ideal is better.[2]

[1] The Marquis as Vicario was head of the urban police. 'The faithful dog' of the previous line seems to refer to the lady's crest.

[2] Cavour's brother was a philosopher, and philosophic terms occasionally occur in the letters. His father seems to mean that he prefers the abstract idealism of the philosopher in his attitude towards women to the romantic methods of Cavour parading about at night under ladies' windows with a lantern!

That is my opinion ; but it is that of a gouty old man of fifty-four.

On the third page of the paper the Abbé added the following equally obscure remarks :

Natura abhorret a vacuo : and I, child of nature as I am, abhor equally a blank sheet, so I scribble you some nothings to read in your idle moments or at best between *la poire et le fromage*. Travelling abroad your heart turns to Turin, to your dear parents and your young friends . . . . and some other objects whose memory follows you . . . . and you think of the philosopher who so often repeats to you that in this world *pleasure is not worth the pain*. Your inner sense tells you as much in despite of the other senses which have their illusions, which are claims as long as the superabundance of life lasts. Your dear father feels and speaks sadly . . . . your aunts are in the last state of anxiety . . . . Marina forces herself to forget her grief . . . . nephew and niece return with toys from the house of the misanthrope, and I yawn idly preparing for my midday siesta, which will only be my second sleep to-day. These ladies wish that I would tell them whether Christofaline or Christofalasse has taken flight like iron to the magnet—but is it I that know the news, the gossip, the anomalies, the aberrations of all ages and all colours ? Scarcely do I know that one sighs for the blonde and the other is sighed for by the brunette . . . . what can I say ? The age of sighs must pass . . . . Happy he who is not drowned in them. Happy the one that Minerva covers with her ægis. Happy the rare young man who is almost a Cato, a Pericles, at an age at which others begin their follies. . . .

VALEAS.

Finally the secretary, Renaldi, has added the following pregnant comment on the good Abbé's addendum : ' That black scarabæus has filled the sheet and there is no room left to write.' [1]

Cavour's comment on the receipt of the above is recorded briefly in his diary : ' I have received a letter from papa which contains a word about E. M. ; it has given me great pleasure.' It is curious that in the letter of the Marquis about his son's expenses in Paris he makes allusion to two ladies, ' Emma ' and ' Mirya,'

[1] Ruffini, vol. ii. pp. 90-1.

who have the identical initials used by Cavour, but whether they referred to one lady or two, whether these were two eligibles as suggested by his father's phrase 'Aimez-vous la blonde, aimez-vous la brune?' or whether they refer to one, and that one undesirable, remains a mystery. It is plain that the family feared a catastrophe and hoped for a marriage. Neither took place. Cavour, sailing between the Scylla of matrimony and the Charybdis of a scandal, went on his way in safety.

VII. CAVOUR AND MÉLANIE WALDOR

1838 (JAN.-JUNE)

Cavour's Gay Life in Paris—Letters to Baron Maurice—Makes Money on the Bourse—Mélanie Waldor—Her History—Cavour's Famous Letter —History and Date—Cavour's Departure—Mélanie's Letters—Alphonse and Juliette—Cavour's Reply.

THE initiation which Cavour had received into the pleasures of the smart set in Paris during his short visit of the previous summer enabled him to resume his activities in this direction with all the *sang-froid* of an old hand. Setting out for Paris the first week of the new year with his friend Édouard Naville, he took up his residence on his arrival at his aunt's house, but in a few days he had to leave, and engaged a suite of rooms at the Hôtel Mirabeau in the Rue de la Paix. His mornings seem to have been devoted to business and his evenings to pleasure. He quickly returned to the Jockey Club, provided himself with a smart carriage and a groom, frequented the racecourse at Chantilly, and altogether proceeded to sow his wild oats with considerable effectiveness. In spite of the complicated love affairs he had left behind him in Turin, the comment of Ruffini that his life at this time was 'passionale' seems justified by the expressive monosyllabic entries in the diary. On the very day of his arrival in Paris we have the entry 'First disillusion,' and a few days later 'Second disillusion,' which can hardly refer either to business or to gambling.[1] He had

[1] These entries may, however, refer to the non-arrival of expected letters from Turin.

only been three weeks in Paris when he found his funds exhausted, and on the 4th of February he puts in his diary: 'Complete despair. Slept twelve hours.' He wrote at once to his brother Gustave, who promptly sent him 2200 francs, which we may suppose saved the situation.[1] A fit of remorse occasioned by the tragic losses of the 4th induced him to make fresh resolutions which, however, did not last long, for we read on the 5th, 'In spite of my resolutions I have returned to the Club.' But Cavour did not spend all his time in gaiety of this kind, for in addition to the real reason of his visit—the completion of his aunt's business affairs—he had other commissions as well. Before leaving Geneva his father had written to him in regard to a statue of Emanuel Philibert, then being executed in Paris by the Italian sculptor Marocchetti.

> His Majesty charges me to write to you to go and see as soon as you get to Paris how near the Marocchetti statue is to completion and exactly when it will arrive in Turin. He desires on this matter something positive. I beg you to send me a detailed letter which I can show to him. This will be one of the first things you must do in Paris.

No mention is made of his fulfilment of this commission, which probably did not please him as much as another given to him by his father in regard to the lighting of Turin with gas. Upon which subject he wrote to his son:

> The municipality of Turin has done nothing about the lighting of the city with gas. They will do nothing until your return. You have already sent me some interesting ideas on this subject. Try and get to know thoroughly the opinion of the Paris municipal police.

From the diary we gather that Cavour went to Belleville on this question and came back much interested in a new 'steam engine without pistons.'

The only letters of this time extant are two or three

[1] *Diary*, Appendix, *n.* xi. Letter of Gustave to Camille, February 8th: 'Your letter reached me yesterday morning, and to-day I forward an order backed by a safe signature for 2200 francs.'

to his cousin Maurice, who with his wife Adèle was meditating a visit to Paris and had written to Cavour about rooms at the Hôtel Mirabeau. The following were the replies :

> Many thanks, dear friend, for your pleasant letter ; it arrived in time to distract me in the most agreeable manner from the worries of changing my abode. Whilst you were thinking of the Hôtel Mirabeau I was being forced to go to it, having to give up my rooms at my aunt's house to a tenant who scarcely gave me time to get into it before chasing me out again. I regret my forced removal less as it enables me to fulfil to the letter all the instructions you have given me in regard to the rooms that you desire to occupy with Adèle. You speak to me of an entresol on the left of the entrance . . .
>
> I wish that I could send you a collection of *bons mots* and interesting Parisian gossip to amuse the fair Adèle ; but up to now I have not heard anything the least remarkable. I have spent my time in dull business matters and have not mixed in the excitement of the *grand monde*. I keep myself in touch with things, thanks to Naville, who whenever I see him gives me a résumé of French affairs generally. He it is that has all the news ; he sees a crowd of people, of the kind that he calls the ' Pantayons of state.'
>
> It is bitterly cold, one freezes in the streets ; and it is only near the fire that one is comfortable. In this respect my little suite is excellent. Though I only have a fire in the salon, the temperature is always satisfactory. You will be better off in this respect on this side of the house than on the other, for it is the warmth of Mlle. Cousin's room to which I am indebted for the high temperature of my own.
>
> I had so many parcels to bring to Paris that I am afraid I forgot at Geneva a round box addressed to the Chevalier Nasi, attached to the Sardinian Embassy. I beg you to ask Vallery for it ; perhaps I left it in my calèche or in the drawers in my room. If you find it will you send it on by diligence ?[1]

In his second letter Cavour returns to the question of the rooms in the hotel and also to the question of the missing parcel, after which he alludes for the first time to the forthcoming marriage of the Count de Sellon's second daughter, Amélie, with M. Revilliod :

[1] Ruffini, vol. ii. p. 80.

Someone has mentioned to me the marriage of Amélie with M. Revilliod. He is a fine young man who looks very well in uniform. I know nothing about the moral and pecuniary side of the question, but if it is as attractive as the physical side I should consider it a good match. If it is so, I blame you for not having told me anything about it. It is too bad of you, knowing my affection for dear sweet Amélie.

I have seen Mme. de Circourt, who has spoken to me of Adèle with an admiration which approaches enthusiasm. She is delighted at the thought of seeing her in Paris. I met at her house the long d'Haussez, who is always in spasms of delight when he speaks of Geneva and its incomparable inhabitants.

I have nothing of interest to tell you. I see a crowd of business men who bewilder me with their discoveries. I have seen in particular a new steam engine without pistons, which interested me prodigiously.[1]

Though the gaiety of his life in Paris is scarcely to be detected in these two letters, in the next one we find clearer indications both of his amusements and what they cost him. The date is February 18th. It is noticeable that he makes no allusion to his presentation at Court, which does not appear to have elated him unduly.

My dear Friend,

I rejoice to see this month draw to an end, for it is at the beginning of the next that you will arrive here with your charming wife. You will find a room all prepared, lighted and warmed ready to receive you. I do not know if the entresol on the right will be vacant at the time of your arrival, but you can count on the one on the left which will be free the day that you require it. I will go and lodge in the garret in order to allow my dear cousin to have so delightful a view of the Place de la Paix, the great artery of Parisian elegance. We have already made a thousand projects with your cousins, the amiable odalisques, for you after your arrival. We want to take you to the theatre and even to go to a restaurant together. Will Adèle object to the idea of dining at the Véry or the Rocher de Cancale? Her aristocratic nerves may be reassured; the places that we wish to take her to have more than once entertained the most brilliant names in all France

[1] Ruffini, vol. ii. p. 83.

and Europe. I can give you all possible information about the question of a carriage from Rue Jacquelet No. 7, having frequently employed them. It is a delightful establishment, which furnishes the means of doing the Grand Seigneur on any given day to the most modest purse. For 13.50 francs one can have an elegant carriage for six hours and a groom in a laced hat and long gaiters. It is 20 francs for the day. Thanks to the groom, one is never embarrassed and one has the satisfaction at the close of each entertainment of hearing 'Les gens de M. de Cavour, les gens de M. Maurice' shouted out—which tickles the aristocratic senses very pleasantly. As to carriages by the month, you could not hire them cheaper than at the Rue Jacquelet; it is 500 francs for a carriage entirely at your disposal and 550 with the groom. I thank you for the details you have given me about Amélie's fiancé. They appear to make it a very suitable match. I do not see that there is anything to be vexed about. Amélie, however, writes to her cousins as if she were furious. Young ladies are queer persons: they are annoyed if no one pays court to them, and they have the air of being angry when someone pays them serious addresses.

The famous box has arrived. It has taken fifteen days to come from Geneva to Paris. It is a misfortune, and Mlle. de Brignole is destined to eat stale bon-bons.[1]

The strain on Cavour's resources which the style of life he was living must of necessity entail directed his attention to the attractive possibilities of gambling on the Bourse. Apparently he wrote to his father suggesting something of this kind, but the cautious old Marquis was far from being convinced and begged him to be content with small certainties rather than indulge in the risk of speculation:

In regard to what you have done about the bonds, it cannot give you a large profit. They are at 1075 and they may rise to 1080. When you have paid the commission, etc., you might lose or gain a matter of four or five hundred francs. This is not much either way. But I beg you not to gamble in the funds. You have an assured future, a reputation already well assured also; do not fling it away in the desire to make money quickly. It is a very expensive kind of goffo. You can now play a safe game. You know that some time

[1] Ruffini, vol. ii. p. 84.

you cannot fail to have at least 1500 l. a year, on the death of Mattirolo nearly 2000 l. Be content with that while awaiting better things. I gather that after having amused yourself thoroughly you will finish your aunt's business . . .

But Cavour was not to be deterred. Spurred on either by immediate requirements or by visions of at last ridding himself of that financial dependence on his father which his position of cadet had hitherto necessitated, he started gambling on the stock exchange. This time he was in luck, for as we see by later letters of his father, he made 20,000 francs. Some of this he sent home to be invested in the family estates, which act of generosity drew from his father a letter of genuine pleasure.

Your letter containing the draft for 4000 francs upon Barbaroux and Tron has touched me deeply. It is not merely the 20,000 francs you have gained, which you might have lost, since it is impossible to be absolutely safe, though I am very glad that you have got compensation for all your trouble and for the losses which your absence must have caused you. But your anxiety that I shall be able to finish a work which I did not think I could reasonably do in the next few years or perhaps not during my lifetime, your keenness to improve a property which will go to your brother, justify all the pleasure I experience in improving Trofarel, which in its turn will become as agreeable a residence as Santena; and as there is 4000 francs over to pay Vagnon for the house bought and demolished, which I anticipated leaving you to pay at my death, you find yourself by this payment in advance, 4000 francs to the good . . .[1]

In his handling of his aunt's affairs he was equally successful, and having brought them to an end he forwarded a statement of accounts to his father, who replied:

Mathematically speaking I may tell you that your calculations are as accurate as they are clear; it is a pleasure to read an account rendered by you of a business transaction.

Cavour's success on the Bourse was by no means the best thing that could happen to him; it increased his

[1] Ruffini, vol. ii. p. 88.

self-confidence to a dangerous degree and, as we shall see later, he had to pay pretty severely for his high opinion of his own cleverness.

A number of familiar names occur at this time in the diary. We find him dining with M. de Barante, home from St. Petersburg, and also with his old friend Count d'Haussonville, in earlier days Secretary of the French Legation at Turin. He goes to see Mme. de Circourt and dines several times with the Marquis de Brignole at the Embassy. He also attends on one occasion a soirée at Princess Belgiojoso's, but it was not a success ; no notice was taken of him, and he writes in the diary, ' I shall not go there any more.' On the 6th of February he was presented by the Marquis Brignole to Louis Philippe, who spoke to him of his father, and the next day he attended a Court concert. He visited a glass factory, attended debates of the Chambers, went to a Court ball, and altogether spent a busy and pleasant time if somewhat expensive.

The diary, which has almost daily entries down to February 27th, stops abruptly at this point. Now we know that Cavour did not return until close upon the middle of June, because on the 4th of that month we have an impatient letter from his father urging him to come home, and, in anticipation of his son's Parisian trousseau, arranging for the successful and inexpensive return of the prodigal by squaring the Customs :

> I have written this very morning to Mr. Danesi to stop them from examining your carriage. It is possible all the same that for formality's sake they may open your portmanteaux. Try to put something old upon the top—if anything old remains. For a gentleman of the Jockey Club and of the racecourse at Chantilly and a gambler on the Bourse would scarcely have anything not bran new.

How are we to account for the complete silence of the diary for more than three months ? The answer is that Cavour had found something so absorbing that

the ordinary affairs of life were forgotten, and the clue is provided in the last entry :

> 26th February. Bal du Casino. Adventure with a mask. I have received a billet-doux from my mask giving me a rendezvous at the Mi-Carême ball.

The outcome of this adventure has been made the subject of a special volume, for in its results and ramifications it provides a most curious and interesting page in Cavour's life.[1] All that will be necessary for us, however, will be to set out as clearly and succinctly as possible the main facts with a summary of the evidence by which the results have been reached.

Living at Paris at this time was a certain Mélanie Waldor. Her father, Mathieu Villenave, migrated from Nantes to Paris in the year 1827, where from 1824-1831 he held the Professorship of French Literature at the Athenæum. M. Villenave was perhaps the greatest book-collector at that time in France. In his house, No. 84 Rue de Vaugirard, he had a library of 40,000 volumes, besides a still more valuable collection of autographs. His daughter, brought up in an atmosphere of books and surrounded by literary people, soon developed a taste for literature. Her marriage to M. Waldor, a captain in the army, took place under the Restoration, but after a short period of married life together, Captain Waldor was ordered to a distant station and husband and wife parted, Mélanie remaining with her family in Paris. They had not been long in Paris when Mélanie entered upon the first and greatest passion of her life, her love for Alexandre Dumas the elder. It was Dumas' love for Mélanie Waldor and his ungovernable jealousy of her absent husband which inspired the greatest of his dramas—*Antony*. In his memoirs he tells the story without, however, mentioning the lady's name :

> When I wrote *Antony* I was in love with a woman, far from beautiful, of whom I was horribly jealous ; jealous because

[1] Ruffini, *Cavour e Mélanie Waldor.*

she was in the same position as Adèle : she had a husband, an officer in the army ; and the most ferocious jealousy which can be felt is that which a husband inspires, for however jealous one may be of that husband there is no cause for a quarrel over the power which he exercises over his own wife. One day she received a letter announcing her husband's return. I nearly went mad. I went and found one of my friends employed at the Ministry of War. Three times his leave, ready to be sent off, was burnt or destroyed by him. The husband did not return. What I suffered during this period of waiting, I shall not try to express, now that twenty-four years have passed, now that this love has gone where the old moons of the poet Villon go. But read *Antony* ; that will show you what I suffered.

To this stormy and unscrupulous lover Mélanie yielded. Some time later, in expectation of a child, she went to La Jarrie, the family house near Nantes, but her hopes were disappointed, and she returned to Paris only to find herself replaced by another in the affections of her fickle lover. After this unfortunate episode Mélanie turned to literature, and from this time onwards produced a series of romances and dramas which obtained some success. She became a member of the coterie which frequented the *salon* of the Duchesse d'Abrantés, where indeed she might have met Cavour on his first visit in 1835, but does not seem to have done so. They met for the first time at the Bal Masqué mentioned in the diary at the end of February, 1838. For three months the charms of Mélanie Waldor kept Cavour in Paris, until at the end of May he could delay no longer and made up his mind to go. When the final decision was made known to Mélanie, she wrote to him entreating him to stay and suggesting that he should leave Italy for good and seek a career in France. Though this letter failed miserably in its object, it had from the historical standpoint a most interesting and valuable result, for it drew from Cavour perhaps the most famous letter we possess amongst all the thousands of his voluminous correspondence. What he wrote was as follows :

No, Madam, I cannot leave my family or my country. Sacred duties are opposed to it and keep me with my mother and father, who have never given me the least cause for complaint. No, Madam, I will not plunge a dagger in the breasts of my parents ; never will I be guilty of ingratitude towards them ; I will leave them only when the grave shall separate us. And why, Madam, abandon my country ? To come to France to make a reputation in letters ? To run after a little renown, a little glory, without ever being able to reach the goal of my ambition ? What good could I achieve for my native land outside my own country ? What influence could I exercise on behalf of my unhappy brothers, strangers and exiles in a land where egoism fills all the chief social positions ? What does all this crowd of strangers whom choice or misfortune have thrown far from their homeland do in Paris ? Who amongst them has rendered himself truly useful to his fellows ; which of them has carved out a great career for himself or won an influence over society ? Not one. Those that would have been great upon the soil that bore them vegetate obscure in the whirl of Parisian life.

The political troubles which devastate Italy have forced the noblest of her sons to fly far from her. The most distinguished men in Italy have fled abroad. The majority of these noble exiles have come to Paris. But the genius which would have soared beneath its native sky droops in a foreign land. Not a single one has fulfilled the brilliant promise of his earlier years. All those that I have known personally have saddened me to the very depths of my heart by the spectacle of great powers rendered sterile and useless.

One Italian alone has made a name in Paris, has gained a position there, that is the criminalist Rossi. But what a place ! What a position ! The biggest intellect in Italy, the most flexible genius of the age, the most practical mind in the universe, has won a chair at the Sorbonne and a seat in the Academy, the highest point to which his ambition can reach in France. This man who has abjured his country, who will never now be anything more to us, might have played, in a more or less distant future, an immense rôle in the destinies of his country and might have aspired to guide his fellow-countrymen along the new paths which civilisation is daily marking out, instead of having to keep in order a class of intractable pupils. No, no, it is not in flying from one's country because it is unfortunate that one can attain a glorious end. Unhappy is he who abandons with scorn the land that gave him birth, who disowns his brothers as unworthy of

him! As for me, I am decided: never will I separate my lot from that of Piedmont. Happy or unhappy, my country shall have all my life. Never will I be faithless to her even though assured elsewhere of brilliant destinies.

But leaving aside the question of duty, forgetting my obligations as citizen and son, let us see what my future would gain by quitting Italy for France. What should I do in this France; how should I make a reputation there or win glory? The only means within my reach would be literature. I confess to you frankly that I have no genius for literature—my mind is practical and not inventive. I have tried in vain to develop gifts of imagination. I do not possess even the germ of it. All my life through I have never been able to invent the simplest story, the most trivial tale to amuse a child. Whatever efforts I might make I could never be anything more than a mediocre man of letters, a third-class writer. Now, Madam, that is a prospect which scarcely tempts me. In matters of art I recognise but one possible position—the front rank.

But if literature affords me no refuge, have I not all the vast realms of science? It is true. I might become a savant, a profound mathematician, a great doctor, nay, even a distinguished chemist. I might be able to make a name in all the academies of Europe and create a reputation in the republic of savants. It is one way amongst others of winning fame—only it has little attraction for 'L'Italien au teint rose et au sourire d'enfant.'[1] I forgot the moral sciences, a vast field where one might well find furrows to plough. I love the moral sciences, I love them passionately; but do you think that one could cultivate them in Paris? I do not think so; on the contrary it seems to me that this artificial society is an atmosphere little suitable to one who wishes to study the laws of humanity. The great philosophers, the great moralists, the celebrated economists, have not lived in the great capitals; they have worked in the silence of their obscure retreats. It is from there that they have lit up the world with the rays of their genius. Look at these men who announce themselves as precocious geniuses, who astonish the Parisian world with the early development of their powers, what have they become? How have they fulfilled the brilliant hopes of their début in the world of science? What has become of the philosopher Cousin who was to make us forget Kant and the Scotch

[1] Evidently Mélanie's own pet description of Cavour. It occurs in both his letters to her and nowhere else.

school? For what is science indebted to Lerminier and his Parisian confrères? For nothing. Up to the present time these embryonic genuises have not been able to produce a single great man like the Germans or the old French thinkers. One only in my opinion has been truly great in science, if politics had not drawn him from the field of learning. That is Guizot, the great thinker of the age. But he also is lost to science; he has abandoned it to the inexpert hands of his pupils and science has gained nothing.

I have at this very moment received your letter of this morning. I hasten to reply. This evening I shall be out of Paris, but if you can spare me time on Thursday or Saturday I shall be happy to assure you for the last time of my sentiments of esteem, affection, and sincere and frank friendship.[1]

The history of this remarkable letter deserves a word of notice. It seems to have found its way into the celebrated collection of Mélanie Waldor's father; possibly it was discovered among her papers at her death in 1871 and added to the others together with another letter of Cavour's dated 1849, for upon the dispersal of the Villenave library in 1873 it passed into the hands of the well-known Parisian collector, Étienne Charavay. In this same year Charavay published these two letters in a French magazine with a notice saying that they were written 'to a romancière.' In this form the letter came under the notice of Chiala, the editor of the standard edition of Cavour's letters, and in his first and second editions it appeared with the title:

To the Countess Anastasia di Circourt, Paris.
(Paris, May 1835).

While preparing his fifth volume of the letters, however, Chiala had the opportunity of seeing the autograph itself, with the result that he added in a footnote, *à propos* of a reference made to the letter in his Introduction, the following:

We ought to mention here that this letter, dated May 1835, which we copied from a French journal, is wrongly marked

[1] *Cavour e M. Waldor*, p. 64; Chiala, vol. i. No. 12, but addressed to the Countess de Circourt.

as addressed to the Countess di Circourt. We have reason to believe that Cavour wrote this letter to Mme. Villenave de Waldor (b. 1795, d. 1871), who had then published her first literary effort, *Le livre des jeunes filles*.

We may add that the said letter, of which we have recently seen the autograph, was not published in its entirety. There were four pages missing at the beginning and ten lines of postscript.

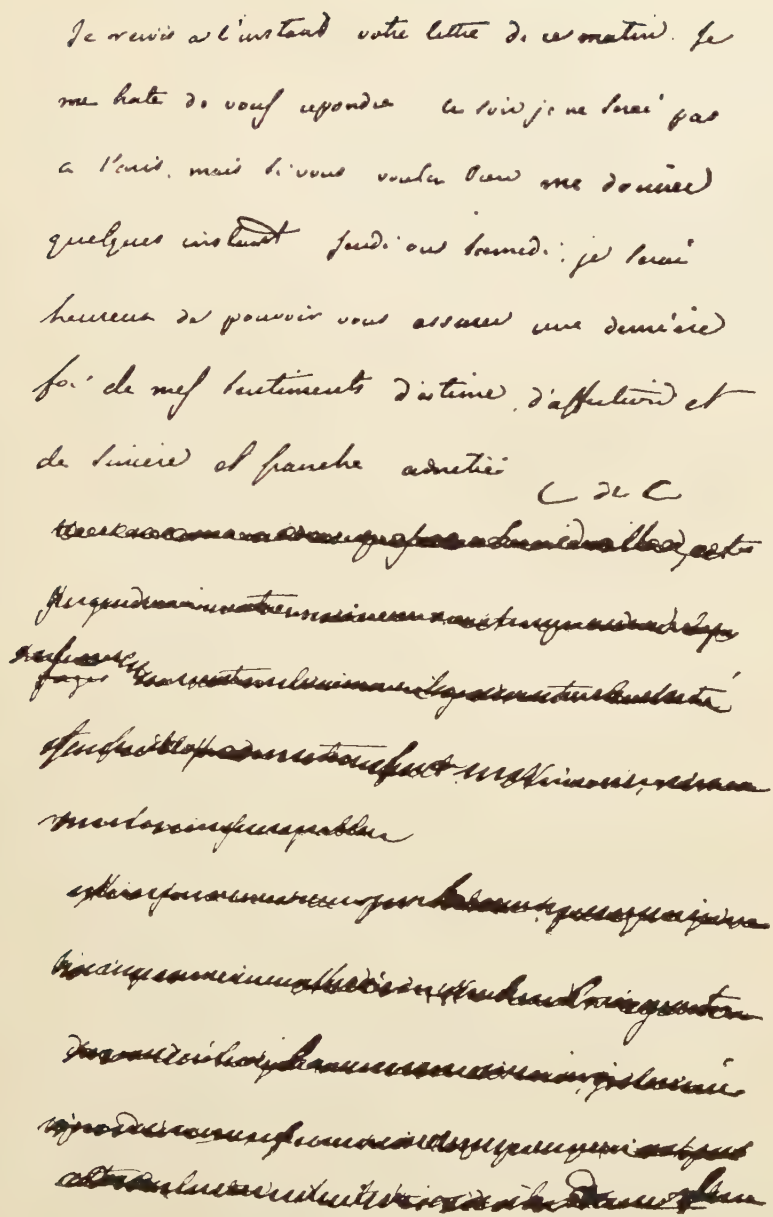
Now the first question which naturally suggests itself was what made Chiala change his mind as to the lady to whom this letter was addressed? It was not unlikely that when Chiala saw the letter he heard its story: that it came from the Villenave collection, written, as Charavay said, 'to a romancière,' and that this information directed his thoughts to Mélanie Waldor, Villenave's daughter. But something more would be necessary than a mere conjecture such as this. He would have in some way to establish the fact of Cavour's acquaintance with Mélanie, which he might have done through the family letters. There is, for instance, a letter dated May 17th, 1838, from his aunt Victoire to Cavour in which she writes as follows:

I reply at once to your letter of the . . . for as usual your letter is without date: but you will remember it as being the one in which you mention M. Bruyère's visit to Paris and the interesting and little known anecdote of Mélanie Waldor. I will not breathe a word of it, for it does not appear to me as clear as the day that you have been able to keep faithful to a certain blonde and that in consequence Henriette can hear quite all the story. As to me I simply enjoyed every word of it, and I beg you to fix the details well in your mind. I have read several books by this melancholy person. They are well written but rather mawkish. The best she has done is the *Scènes d'une vie intime*. If she had known you then they would have been more piquant and we should all have benefited thereby.[1]

If Chiala read this letter it would have certainly strengthened his conjecture, but it is clear that whatever

[1] *Cavour e M. Waldor*, p. 90.

evidence he found it was not to his mind quite convincing or he would not have used such a guarded phrase as ' we have reason to believe.' But though he changed the name of Cavour's correspondent he did not suspect the inaccuracy of the date, and yet the internal evidence of the letter itself proves that it cannot have been written in 1835, and gives the strongest presumptive evidence in favour of 1838. In the passage referring to Count Rossi, Cavour mentions his election as an Academician ; now, his nomination took place on December 17th, 1836, which disposes effectually of 1835 as the date of composition. Not only so, but in the lines that follow Cavour says : ' This man who has abjured his country, who will never more be anything to us . . . ,' a sentence which surely can only refer to Rossi's naturalisation as a French subject, which took place in May 1838, and which was followed the year after by his elevation to the peerage. Two further points in Chiala's footnote require notice. The first is his statement that four pages are missing at the commencement of the letter. This is a pure conjecture based on the fact that there is neither date nor address and that the singular abruptness of the opening sentence suggests undeniably a continuation rather than an opening phrase. The letter is written on two folded sheets giving eight sides, and Chiala presumed the loss of another folded sheet which would provide an additional four pages of writing. Whether his supposition is correct we do not know, nothing further has been found ; but it seems reasonable, taking into consideration that the letter was written hastily in immediate reply to Mélanie Waldor's letter, to suppose that the present beginning is the original form, however unusual it may appear. The second point is his allusion to the ten lines of postscript. Chiala does not mention that they are very carefully crossed out, which seems to suggest that he was able to read them, for had he found them illegible he would surely have mentioned it. It was probably a sense of



THE LAST PAGE OF CAVOUR'S LETTER TO MÉLANIE WALDOR

delicacy for the good name of Cavour which induced him to pass them over in silence, for they certainly suggest very intimate relations. The lines, which Ruffini has deciphered, ran as follows:

> You will not send me back my medallion and I will keep your ring. To return these souvenirs [*gages*, corrected into *souvenirs*][1] of our liaison would be foolishness or weakness on our part. Neither you nor I are capable of it.
>
> I did not greet you yesterday because I did not dare to. Mlle. de Ner . . . having asked me if I knew you, I said No; I don't quite know why. After this declaration it would have been ridiculous to acknowledge you.

Whatever we may think of these somewhat mysterious lines, which appear to show a guilty conscience, they are proof positive that the letter could not have been written to the Countess de Circourt, the character of whose relations with Cavour is too well established to admit of the possibility of such secret intimacy.[2] But Ruffini will not admit that they are a postscript at all, though the signature 'C. de C.' precedes them. He maintains that they are an integral part of the letter and that a continuation is missing. He goes further and declares the signature not to be Cavour's, declaring that it is written in different ink and in a trembling senile hand, and that it was probably inserted by someone, possibly Charavay, to establish the identity of the writer. This letter then, possibly with more added to it which is now lost, we believe to have been sent to Mme. Waldor about the 23rd of May, 1838. A day or two later Cavour had his last interview with her and then returned to make his preparations for his journey home. On Saturday the following letter was sent to him, but, as we see by the one she wrote the next day, he did not at the time receive it, and it was

[1] The significance of this alteration should not be missed. 'Mementoes? Yes. Pledges? No.'

[2] The introduction to Cavour's letters to Madame de Circourt written by Count Nigra as well as the letters themselves supply all the evidence necessary to establish the absolute purity of the friendship which existed between them.

returned to Mélanie, who enclosed it in her Sunday's letter posted to Geneva :

Saturday, 7 a.m.

When you read this letter you will be far away ; your poor head will then be a little rested, and in the loneliness of your journey you will be glad to hear once more a friendly voice. Camille, I shall be brave : I have no remorse ; say to yourself that if ever you are unhappy, and that through your own fault, there is upon the earth one heart that will excuse you, one voice that will pray for your happiness. You suffered yesterday, you are good, you are worth more than the French. Oh, I know well how noble and generous has been your conduct towards me. But the more I feel it, the more I love you. Ah, I have shut up a life of memories in my soul ; what matters it at present that you are far from me, since I love you with all the love that ever was ! You have left me pure in your own eyes. I bless you for that. I was yours had you desired it, there was nothing I could have denied you—I was mad. Alas, I am still so, I call you as if you could hear me. The most impossible ideas come into my head. I regret not having taken one of your suits. We are of the same build, I could have worn your clothes on the journey—what a joy that would have been : you will understand this thought, it grew up in me without my being able to explain it at that moment when I wanted to take your waistcoat or your cravat. I, who have never wanted to change my appearance, who have a horror of women who ape men ! Ah, you see how foolish I am ; treat me as a child until my mind is calmer and my heart ceases to suffer : write me caressing words, words that will lull to rest my sorrows and bring back to me some of those moments of yesterday, your voice, your glance, your kisses ! Let your letters bring all that back to me ; I am your sister, your friend, your lover in thought ; let me love you, Camille, let me dedicate my life to you : either it will not be for long or I shall cease to love you. You see that in any case you do not undertake anything so very dreadful.

You will have slept, you were tired out. As for me I am excited, I am strong, I seem to have held your head upon my knees all the night through. I was with you in one of those *demi-sommeil* which have no name upon this earth. Do you see, I write upon your own paper with your own pen. And I send you the saddest flower of my bouquet. Camille, I give it my last kiss of adieu, do not lose it, let it

speak to you of me. This scent of yours which clings about me, intoxicates me. If it was not yours I should detest it. I recognise it as sandalwood, of which I have a beautiful fan, which I never use because of this scent. You ask me if our characters suit one another—I love that which I used to detest because you, you love it ! I want to send you this fan, I have two others, Chinese ones. A flash of jealousy has crossed my heart. I want you to treasure all that I give you—here is a bit of the fan for you—I break it—keep this sandalwood. When I am dead the things I have given you will be dearer to you. I am older and less strong than you are, I shall die first. Do not break this glass, Camille, love it, use it often, but only in your own room. I am waiting for your rose tree. Oh, how I shall treasure it—will you remember it, I wonder, in all the excitement of your departure ?

9 a.m.

I am going to the painter to-day. I want to see you once more, I want to bring you back with me. You will write to me from Geneva, you will call me your Clotilde, your *amie*, and make me happy. O no, you are not really blasé, you have in you treasures of tenderness and goodness. I have felt it. It was that which has drawn me towards you as by an invisible power. Yes, you have a heart in which many of life's impressions are still fresh. You will come back again ? I will be your sister. O tell me that you will return if you wish me to live ! Time is passing : you are in the midst of all that luggage which I saw yesterday through my tears : your friends, your so-called friends have come, come to rob me of your last thoughts—of my rose tree perhaps. If I have not heard from you by 10 o'clock I shall send this letter and the glass. If I was more sure of myself I would take a carriage and drive to your door to await your departure. But to see you surrounded by people, to see you smile perhaps and not to be able to fling my arms about your neck and say good-bye, oh, I should choke—and you if you saw me might be grieved.

Go, *mon ami*, rejoin your mother and your father : unless your heart suffers at leaving Paris write to me, write to me often in these first days of anguish ! I want to live, your letters alone will give me strength to do so. You will receive one from me at Geneva, it will go to-morrow. Adieu, adieu, Camille. Everything you have given me, above all the comb, will from henceforth be for ever dear to me. Thy

CLOTILDE.

(In the margin.)

I have found your stud last night. I will send it to you. Love it a little more than the other in memory of your Clotilde.

(In margin of next page.)

It is after ten. I am going to close this letter. You have forgotten the rose tree, dear Camille. I forgive you, busy as you have been, but I regret it.

(Margin of the third page.)

Your rose tree has come! Oh, bless you, bless you a thousand times, you are good, Camille; what joy the sight of this flower gives me.

Sunday.

You have gone and have never had my letter. That letter which would have made you think of me, which would have made me travel with you. I had a presentiment about it. I went out at midday. I wanted to know what time you left. I wanted to see again the house where I have had so much happiness and so much pain. The hall-porter answered me: 'He went at 11.' Another man who was there said 'No, it was 10.30.' Then I realised that the child who brought me the rose tree at 10.15 must have got back too late. I cross-examined them. They gave me back the parcel and the letter which the child had brought half-an-hour after your departure. It has hurt me as much as a second good-bye. I went to the painter, I felt I must see you again—O, *mon Dieu*, how like it is to you: I could scarcely hide my emotion as I held it, without showing how much it was to me by the trembling of my hands! I could not tell the copy from the original. They are two *chefs-d'œuvre*.[1] Your aunt will be delighted, the aunt who loves you so much and whom you love so well in return.

My day yesterday was spent very miserably in the midst of thirty people who came and read a play to which I did not listen. When I was alone once more I went into my little *salon* to bid you good-night, and like a child I knelt upon the sofa beneath your picture and there on my knees forgot for a moment all that I suffer.

To-day I am not as well as yesterday: I shall be bled to-night: I have almost continual giddiness. O Camille,

[1] This was probably the pastel by F. Boilley, here reproduced, which Cavour had painted for his Aunt Victoire and a copy made for Mélanie W.

CAVOUR IN 1838

"L'Italien au teint rose et au sourire d'enfant"

dear child, though you are far from me now, I still feel myself folded in your arms. O that was a precious moment whose memory will never fade. I closed my eyes, I was in another world. Oh Camille, may you be blessed for the moments of happiness you have given me! Love me, Camille, as one loves a being whose life is in our hands, love me that I may never rue the hour when first I saw you. You have no sister: I will be your sister. All your troubles, all your thoughts you shall entrust to me. Ah! you can still make me love life, still with a word of tenderness console me and give me courage. Oh, I see you, I see you always, at my knees asking me pardon.

Pardon! and for what, *mon Dieu*! What have you done that was not good? Your only fault has been to let yourself love too well. Is that a fault? Ah! little do you know the magic in your glance, your smile, your voice, in the caressing words that rise from your heart. That last evening you revealed to me depths that I did not know could exist in man. I love my love for you. I idolise it—and should I die, not for all this world's treasures would I wish not to have known you, not to have loved you! Do you see, dear heart, I think only of you, always of you. I will broider you braces, I will form for you an album of all the most curious things of our time. I will make of it a monument such as could never be produced in another country. This will be a pleasure.

You will write to me from Geneva, you will call me your Clotilde, you will make me forget by your letters the eternity of absence that yawns between us. Your rose tree is beautiful! how I love it: but then, was it not you who chose it?

But adieu, adieu, I will write to you at Turin. Then I will send you with the portrait, your stud, my glass, the books, etc.

Dear Camille, think sometimes of one who with your mother loves you most in all the world, think of your

CLOTILDE.[1]

These two letters bring to a close the personal relations between Cavour and Mélanie Waldor. They never met again. There are indeed two other letters to which we shall have to refer, from Cavour, the one written in 1839 and the other ten years later, but it is none the less true that from this time Mélanie Waldor

[1] *Cavour e M. Waldor*, p. 94.

passed out of the life of Cavour. But the story is not yet ended. A few months after Cavour's return to Italy, Mélanie Waldor turned once more to literature and conceived the idea of embodying in a novel the story of her love for Cavour. The conception was thoroughly in keeping with the spirit of the Romantic movement in which she had been brought up, which postulated that romance should be lived before it was written. She herself had already figured as the heroine of Dumas' *Antony*, and in 1836 Alfred de Musset published his *Confession*, in which, under fictitious names, was related the unhappy story of his relations with Georges Sand and Dr. Pagello. With this in mind she produced a novel entitled *Alphonse and Juliette*, which was published in Paris in 1839, in two volumes. Into this story, the first part of which takes place in Turin, she wove as much of Cavour's history as she could remember. Her Alphonse, with his love of mathematics, his career in the army and his love affair with a married woman, is a character-sketch of Cavour himself, and Alphonse's father is copied from the Marquis Michele. In the second part, where the action is transferred to Paris, she herself assumes the rôle of Juliette. She reproduces a variety of incidents already familiar to the reader of Cavour's letters: the masked ball with the exact date, Feb. 26, 1838, the gift of the rose tree, the final scene of Cavour's departure, are all faithfully recorded. Further, in one chapter which she heads 'L'Amour à quarante ans,' she introduces an intrigue between a married woman of forty and a young man in the twenties, which represented accurately the ages of herself and Cavour; this chapter contains a passage which we may be sure did not escape the notice of Cavour: 'The love of a woman of forty who suddenly finds once more the dreams of her youth, is for the man who pretends to love her a *malédiction*, a vengeance from heaven, which attaches itself to his deception as a shadow is attached to a body.' That Cavour had little desire to be

pursued down the ages by the furious affection of Mélanie Waldor goes without saying, and after reading the copy which she forwarded to him he waited six months before replying. There can be little doubt that had *Alphonse and Juliette* become popular in Turin society there were plenty of people who would have penetrated the disguise and put correct names upon the leading characters in the story. Cavour may well have had a 'très mauvais quart d'heure' when he thought of the possibilities afforded by this volume in the hands of an enterprising publisher. But he lived in an age more sedate in its methods than to-day.

The letter which he finally wrote was as follows :

Du Château de Grinzane,
10*th Sept.*, 1839.

I received this spring the precious parcel you forwarded to me. I read your charming romance with delight, and I at once wrote and expressed to you my thanks and the pleasure that you have given me in recalling to my memory the recollections which your brilliant imagination and your *feu d'âme* have so enriched. My letter was short, as they always are when one writes in great haste under the pressure of an imperious necessity. I did not enter into any details, but I simply told you that Juliette was charming, Alphonse a little too flattering, that you have a wonderful wealth of intellect, and above all too much kindness towards a humble individual to whom you assigned a far too brilliant rôle. I promised you a longer and more detailed letter in which I proposed to speak to you at length of Juliette and to tell you what I thought of her and of those adventures which awoke in me both memories and emotions. I wanted to have a long talk with you. Alas, sad circumstances, painful duties and great misfortunes have not allowed me to fulfil the promises which I then made to you, or rather to myself, for it is a genuine pleasure and a source of real happiness for me to write to you. A few days after this letter, written in great haste and despatched in such a hurry that I should not be surprised if it went astray, I was obliged to leave Turin for Geneva to look after business affairs necessitated by the death of my uncle M. de Sellon. This sad task took me several weeks. On my return I found my old tutor who had looked after me in my childhood, on his deathbed. I

was present during his last moments and am thankful to have been able to ease them by my ministrations. But his death has been a cruel sorrow and has plunged me into grief which has not yet passed away.

I was too sad to write : why should I disturb the peace and happiness which surround you in the fields of La Vendée by the sorrowful picture of my troubles ? You are made for happiness : it would have been unkind of me to mingle my tears with your cheerful accents. If I had been near you, I should have sought your sympathy and consolation, your exquisite delicacy of feeling and your sweet and persuasive eloquence. But we are so far from one another : it takes so long for us to exchange our thoughts that had I opened my heart to you at that time I should have merely troubled you without benefit to myself.

I have passed all the summer in the country with my mother and my aunts. For the last ten days only I have been living in the old château of Grinzane, at the foot of the Apennines, to fulfil my duties as Syndic. My dear villagers are surrounded with robbers, who have spread terror through the district, and I have come to reassure them by my presence. Since I have been here I have led quite a romantic life. During the day I wander in the woods to try and discover traces of the robbers, followed by some peasants whose courage and intrepidity would put veteran soldiers to shame. The nights are agreeably disturbed by the tocsin which rings continually from some village or other in the neighbourhood. I assure you that the sight our hills present is very picturesque. Cries of distress, cries of alarm, the sound of fighting, gunshots fired at hazard, oaths and imprecations, make a fine mixture of confusion. And all this coming equally from where there is danger and where there is none. But the terror being general, the slightest alarm is sufficient to fill the whole countryside with rumours and make everyone fly to their weapons. This state of things cannot last. We have already captured several members of the band, and I do not doubt that in a few days we shall capture them all or else disperse them. Then I shall return to Turin. This adventurous life is full of charm. Danger has an irresistible attraction. I understand the delights of war when a noble motive and a glorious objective drives one to action.

But this is sufficient about myself. I would rather try to tell you all that I think about your book and the emotions which it aroused in me. Poor Juliette ; what a sweet

delicious creature. How could Alphonse ever love anyone else after being near her? How could any other love succeed to that which she must have inspired in him? Impenetrable mystery of the human heart: which poets and women can alone plumb. How touching are your revelations! Your Alphonse is charming too: I could wish that I resembled him in other things than simply in some isolated events of my life. I should be proud to approach such a model: but I must admit my inferiority. I am not a young man with sublime aspirations and a poetic soul: my matter-of-fact mind keeps me in those regions from which I can only contemplate without the power to emulate the bold flight of such as your Alphonse.

You are going to try drama: I wish you as much success in this new field of literature as you have achieved in romance. The laurels one gathers upon the stage are more brilliant and more attractive than those which one collects in the quietude of one's study. But perchance they are less lasting and more subject to be tarnished by the destructive wings of time. I shall not go to Paris this winter. I shall only pay a visit to Geneva, where my presence may be of use to my relatives whom I have left in mourning. It is with keen regret that I think of how long it will be before I see you again, that it must still be some years before we meet; but you tell me that your friendship defies time, it will then also defy distance. I hope so. This idea is dear to me, Mélanie; confirm it and you will make me happy.

Your friend,

C. DE C.[1]

We strongly suspect that the letter of acknowledgment for the receipt of the romance, so carefully detailed in this letter, was a polite fiction; that Cavour was far from pleased at the use to which his indiscreet confidences had been put, and that in consequence he quietly allowed six months to pass before answering, and as this was scarcely polite he endeavoured to conceal it under a liberal coating of flattery and a full description of his imaginary letter of acknow-

[1] *Cavour e M. Waldor*, p. 143. The only copy of *Alphonse and Juliette* of which I am aware is in the possession of Senator Ruffini, through whose kindness I was enabled to read it.

ledgment. What he really thought is obvious from a letter written from Paris in September, 1840, to his cousin Adèle, in which he remarks, 'I have not been to see Madame W., to add new chapters to Alph. and Jul.'

VIII. FAMILY AFFAIRS
1838-1839

Cavour as Nurse—Illness of his Mother—Business Letters to De la Rue—The Death of the Marquis di Barolo—Anthracite—Letter to Baron and Baroness Maurice—Illness and Death of the Count de Sellon.

CAVOUR returned to Turin about the end of June after breaking his journey at Geneva, where he was present at the marriage of Amélie, the Count de Sellon's second daughter, with M. Revilliod. We have no information as to his movements after his return until the beginning of August, when the serious illness of his mother at Valdieri, where she had gone to take the waters, produced a number of letters to friends and relatives. A curious trait in Cavour's character was his love of sick nursing. Whenever a member of the family or an intimate friend was ill, Cavour was sure to hasten to their bedside, where his capacities as nurse, his tenderness, cheerfulness, and unwearying attention seem to have always had a good effect. He seems to have been surprised at the English hospital system, for a genuine note of astonishment is evident in his diary when he found women employed as nurses. Visiting St. Bartholomew's Hospital, he notes the following :

> The sick are nursed entirely by women who are supervised by certain of their number called Matrons. The doctors assured me that this custom has no inconveniences. It may be so in England !

On the occasion of this illness of his mother's, there is a letter to his grandmother from his father which

throws an interesting light on Cavour's capacity as nurse :

> She is sleeping peacefully just now and Camille has gone to lie down and I have taken his place. You know, no one is a better nurse than Camille. It is the greatest comfort both to his mother and to me when he is present. I am very much more at ease than when I am by myself. He sits up all night with perfect tranquillity. He told me yesterday that in going over his life he had found that he has passed as many nights out of his bed as in it. What is more, he never sleeps in the morning after half-past eight. He sleeps a little after dinner.

We can in consequence appreciate the comment of his dearly loved aunt Victoire, who wrote later :

> . . . it is only right, *mon cher Délicieux,* that you are kept informed of your dear mother's state of health, to which you have so powerfully contributed. . . .

The first of his letters after his return from Paris is dated August 2nd, and is written to his old friend Pietro di Santarosa from Valdieri :

> My Dear Friend,
>
> I intended this year to make a journey into the mountains, but a very sad business has upset my plans. My mother has fallen ill here and I have hastened to come and nurse her. I expected when leaving Turin to find her convalescent, but unfortunately I find on my arrival that she is seriously ill with catarrhal fever. She has been bled seven times, had four blisters applied, and been rubbed with *pommade émétique*, but in spite of all this we have failed to reduce her cough after seventeen days, though for the last few days she has been much better. To-day Tarella has arrived from Turin ; he has ordered her digitalis and has talked about applying leeches. Imagine our state of mind. I cannot tell you the day of our departure ; it depends upon mamma's recovery. We hope to be able to move her by the 20th of this month. If I was free I would with the greatest pleasure join you and your wife in a trip into the Alps where our sheep and your cows are, and indeed it is not one of the least of my vexations that I have to give up such a pleasant excursion. I hope at least that my poor shepherds will do their very best to receive you well.

Though I have no doubt of their zeal in the matter, I enclose you a letter for the Maire to let him know my wishes. The said Maire is at this moment at Sallanche, where he is buying some young mules, four or five months' old, but he will return on the 10th. If you wish it I will let you have two of these little beasts at cost price. I will also feed them until the time that they will be brought down to the plain. . . .

You see that I was not deceived as to the result of the harvest. Our speculation will be good without being anything wonderful. One way and another we have bought 2800 sacks of wheat. If de la Rue had listened to me we should have made a magnificent investment at Naples, but he has lost a week and the rise has already taken place : we should easily have cleared 10,000 francs.[1]

Three weeks later Cavour is back in Turin, and from there he writes a second letter to Santarosa, partly about his mother and partly about business :

My Dear Friend,

I ask your forgiveness for not having replied sooner to your letter announcing your return from the Alps, but during the last days we spent at Valdieri I was so much occupied by preparations for the journey and by the attentions which my mother still required that it was not possible even to find the half-hour which I meant to do, to write and thank you warmly for your kind offer of your house at Savillan.[2] We were not able to accept it, though it was most attractive, because long ago we had arranged to stop at Centallo with the Curé, an old friend of the family. We decided upon Centallo because of its nearness to Valdieri and also because one of the doctors who attended my mother lives there. All the same, all of us and myself in particular are most grateful for this new proof of your old friendship for our family. My mother's journey down has been carried out without any inconvenience ; she has not suffered either in the carrying-chair or from the motion of the carriage. Monday we slept at the Borgo di Valdieri and yesterday we went on to Centallo. My aunt de Tonnerre and myself have gone on in front and now we await her arrival either this evening or to-morrow morning at the latest. My mother's illness has been very serious, the fever did not leave her for a month, and more than once deceitful symptoms of recovery were followed by fearful relapses. At last

[1] Chiala, vol. v. No. 1221.

[2] *i.e.* Savigliano, on the route from Valdieri to Turin.

Heaven has answered our prayers and preserved to us this dear mother who is so necessary to our happiness. Though she is now convalescent her weakness is still extreme, and I fear that we shall yet have many days of anxiety about her.

I am charmed that you have enjoyed your stay at Soustra so much: it makes me hope that another year you will return there with me, if we can keep this mountain which will be put up for sale again in a few days. You will have found your cows in good condition, though the Maire raves against them, pretending they give no milk. I have ordered them to send the maize to your fields as they do to my shepherds. I warn you of it for your guidance. As the price of the mules strikes you as dear you need not buy them. I can do with them quite well, and as there are only six I would rather keep them all.

Our investment has been a great success: we have carried it through with a profit which for your share will amount to 1500 francs; but I think that by waiting longer we should have gained more. It is not so bad, is it? I hope that this will give you confidence in my business ability and that later we shall be able to make larger profits in undertakings on a bigger scale. Good-bye, my dear friend; give my kind regards to your wife, and believe me, etc.[1]

No sooner was his mother convalescent than we find Cavour busy with the Genoese banker, Émile de la Rue, in regard to the sale and purchase of wheat. A short series of five letters give us a glimpse of the business side of Cavour, after which there is a gap in his letters to his banker of nearly three years.

Coni, *Aug.* 17, '38.

My Dear Friend,

I pray you to tell the two brokers who have on order the corn which Davidi and I have purchased jointly, to suspend all sale even if the price reaches the limit which we fixed. The second harvest having completely failed in the north of Italy you may expect strong demands for foreign corn. Already they are speaking about lowering the duty on entry. The year opens under the same auspices as 1836. I would be much obliged if you would give me some details of the conditions of the corn trade at Genoa. I write in haste upon the corner of a table in the inn at Coni, which prevents me writing to you at length.[2]

[1] Chiala, vol. v. No. 1222. [2] Bert, No. 7.

TURIN, *Aug.* 25.

Many thanks for your letter of the 23rd, also for the valuable information as to the trade in corn. Your arguments have upset my opinion, and I think with you that for the moment there is no hope of a fresh rise in price. Besides, I was far from supposing that wheat had reached the price you mention in your letter. We have bought Odessa at 18 and 20 and Marianopoli at 18 and 18.14; the present price offers us such a good return that I think prudence demands that we profit by it: will you, then, consider my letter from Coni as cancelled and also the one written by M. Renaldi in my name on the 23rd. After what you have sent me and the news in the papers from England and France, I do not doubt there will be a lowering of price in foreign corn towards the month of December. On the other hand I expect that we shall have this winter a very big rise in price in all the Piedmont markets, for the wheat harvest, and especially that of maize, are very much poorer than I thought. So then it will be best to sell now, to buy in December, and sell again towards March. Only it will be necessary to calculate whether it will not be better to deal in Sardinian corn rather than in Odessa or Marianopoli.[1]

TURIN, *August 31st.*

I have just received yours of the 28th, and I hasten to reply. I am not at all sorry that you could not carry out my order for selling, for my personal opinion is for a rise and even for a very big rise. You will see that prices will rise in all the European markets this winter. The harvest being late everywhere, it will give a poor yield. I have enough agricultural experience to know that when a crop does not ripen normally it gives a less return than one expects from its appearance. In the month of June I still thought we should have a good wheat crop in Piedmont; it is only after having threshed that one realised that it was *détestable*.

The maize has failed entirely, also the millet, the haricots, and what one generally calls the second harvest. It is the same in Lombardy and in the south of France. I have not the slightest doubt that before next harvest the port of Marseilles will be opened to foreign corn. If I consented to sell, it was only out of deference for your opinion and not to take upon myself the responsibility of a measure which affected your cousin as much as myself. But since you have come to my opinion I do not hesitate to advise you to make

[1] Bert, No. 8.

this purchase on my account. I should much prefer not to sell at the moment, persuaded as I am that Odessa will sell at 30 livres this winter. I believe further that it would be a good bargain to buy maize at 14 livres, for you may be sure they will remove the tax on this crop. If D. was at Genoa I would propose that we buy a thousand or twelve hundred émines[1] of maize at 14 or 15 livres. We shall resell it at 20 before February. If I had the money at liberty I would send it to you on my own account while waiting for D.'s reply. If you can buy with payment on delivery at the end of the year, I beg you to do so and advise D. so that he can decide whether or not he will go shares with me in this purchase.

I beg you, my dear friend, to get me some information through your cook as to the price of mutton. I have a flock of wethers which I want to send for sale to Genoa, but before sending them on an expensive journey I would like to know their value. If a butcher would like to buy them by weight I could make a bargain with him at once.

Excuse this small commission, which comes in my ordinary course of business as a farmer. I received yesterday good news of your father, to whom I have sent a pedigree pig. . . .[2]

TURIN, *Sept.* 10.

A short visit which I paid to Grinzane and the two days of fête during which we get no letters have stopped me from answering your letters of the 4th and 8th sooner. I am most grateful for the trouble you have taken over my commissions and for the advice you have given me. . . . In my visit to Grinzane I have been able to verify the real result of the second harvest; the produce will not be as bad as one feared: the drought has not done as much harm as might have been expected, but in spite of that the harvest is at the best mediocre, certainly it is not two-thirds of last year. However, I believe that the biggest shortage will be in wheat: this crop is scarce in all the markets, and I persist in believing that it will touch a very high price. The papers will have confirmed the news which I gave you as to the Baltic. In Prussia they are afraid there will not be enough for their own requirements. The deficit which will result from this must of necessity react upon the price of Mediterranean supplies. Holland usually imports large

[1] A Piedmontese measure equal to 23 litres, slightly under three-quarters of a bushel English. D. is Davidi de la Rue, a cousin of Émile.

[2] Bert, No. 9.

quantities of wheat from Hamburg; if it cannot find it there, it will have to come and buy at Genoa. You must know better than I do the state of the market at Marseilles, yet I persist in believing that before the end of the agricultural year a great shortage will be felt there. The drought has been worse in the south of France than with us: the harvest of vegetables will be a complete failure there. In the north they are already beginning to complain about the poor yield —the least impulsion will cause a sharp rise.

I have no political news to give you. Everyone is saddened by the sudden death of the Marquis di Barolo. . . . The rice harvest is magnificent; try to ship a good deal of it to Portugal and Marseilles so as to keep up our prices.[1]

The last letter is dated December 15th:

I beg you to give me without delay news of D. I want to write to him but do not know where to find him. From what I know of his intentions he ought to have returned to Genoa, but the bad weather may have kept him at Geneva.

You will have read the decree for the reduction of the land tax. It has been received with gratitude by all the landowners. The Count Gallina is a very enlightened man and will certainly do all that he can to help trade, especially if that will increase the revenue. I do not doubt that he would abolish definitely the differential tariff if he had a free hand. I do not speak to you about cereals. There is little alteration in our markets: wheat keeps up without any great rise, maize is in less demand. In France it has fallen a little, but the news from England reassures me completely. The ports are to be free and there cannot fail to be enormous shipments which will make our prices rise.[2]

We can see from these letters how keen was Cavour's commercial instinct and how wide was his outlook. The knowledge which he gained at this time and in the years that followed proved of great assistance to him when in 1850 he took charge of the Ministry of Commerce and Agriculture. The mention made of the death of the Marquis di Barolo is the subject of another letter to the Marquis Cesare Alfieri, written in September. The Marquis di Barolo had been a very old friend of the family and his wife had known

[1] Bert, No. 10. [2] Bert, No. 11.

Cavour since his infancy, and though older than he was had been one of his first playmates. It was to her that he wrote telling how in his childhood he dreamt of waking one fine morning as Minister to the King of Italy! Though their political views were far apart, her affection and sympathy for him in the difficult times of his early manhood were always a cherished memory throughout his life. The letter was as follows:

My dear César,

I hasten to write you two lines in reply to your letter of yesterday, for to-day you will have received news of Juliette. You will have heard the details of the death of the excellent Tancrède. He left Verona in a good enough state of health, though very weak: he was taken ill at Desenzano, but he did not wish to stop there and insisted on going as far as Chiari. He had become speechless a long time before they got him out of the carriage, and was so bad that they could not administer (the Sacrament) to him. He received Extreme Unction, and three hours later died in the arms of Juliette. The doctors who made a post-mortem say that he had a growth in his alimentary canal which choked him. In these grievous circumstances Juliette has shown that strength of character which is one of her most precious qualities. She had her husband's body embalmed and wished to bring it with her to Turin. At the frontier our stupid gendarmes made all sorts of difficulties about allowing her husband's body to pass, which should be sacred to all Piedmontese, for as you say he was a great and admirable citizen. At last poor Juliette obtained from the Governor permission to continue her journey, and she arrived here the day before yesterday, Sunday, at two in the morning. Sonnaz, who had gone to meet her, missed her, having hurried to Sesto whilst she was coming by Buffalora, so that she made all the journey alone, only having for company an old priest from Chiari, who prayed by the body of Tancrède. Juliette on her arrival has seen some of her intimate friends: I found her dreadfully upset, but in a state of mental excitement which does not allow her grief to show itself fully. The doctor found her feverish, but one cannot judge of her condition so long as her nerves are in such a state of strain. I shall go and see her to-morrow, and I will not fail to tell her of your sympathy and sorrow at the loss of so valued a friend.

Tancrède's will has been read. He leaves his wife everything without any restriction at all. He leaves Sonnaz and his wife some family diamonds, and there are several other legacies to religious institutions which altogether do not amount to more than 40,000 francs. He has left Pellico his silver inkstand, commending him to his wife as one of her best friends. I do not know if his will has disappointed various expectations, but I have no doubt it will meet with the approbation of all sensible people, for whatever opinion one may have of Juliette, one must admit that to her wealth has never been anything but a means of doing good.

Such, my dear César, are the long and sad details of an event which all of us will deplore for long enough. Perhaps you have heard them already, but you will not mind, for you cannot but want to hear about one whom you held in such esteem and affection. I much regret my visit to San Martin, but what is only deferred is not lost, and you may be sure, my dear friend, that unless something extraordinary happens, I shall come and see you before the end of the autumn.[1]

One other letter of interest dates from this year, 1838. It is written from Turin on October 8th to his Swiss friend, Édouard Naville de Chateauvieux. It is one further example of the wideness of his interests in regard to anything that could advance the commercial prosperity of his country :

I have read with the greatest interest everything that you have sent me about the anthracite deposits of the Valais. I do not doubt the success of your undertaking, which will be as useful to the public as it will be advantageous for yourself. It is most desirable that researches should be made into the means of supplementing wood fuel in our country, which gets dearer every year. We are in a position analogous to Switzerland : the forests of the Alps are nearly exhausted and our soil is too fertile ever to allow afforestation to become very widely extended. We have looked for coal in vain : the mines which have been opened near Savona and Spezia give coal of such poor quality that they have almost given up working them. There remain only peat and anthracite.

As to peat, some people are busy with it and the first success will draw others into it, which may lead to consider-

[1] Chiala, vol. i. No. 24.

able development. They are equally busy about anthracite, of which there are some beds in the province of Mondovi on the northern slopes of the Apennines ; but either through mistakes on the part of the workers or through the poverty of the mines they have up to now only attained the most miserable results. This will be a matter of great interest to the country, but I fear that the government alone will be in a position to draw advantage from it. If, however, any expert desires to explore our country in search of this precious resource, I will do my utmost to help him either by approaching the government or individuals. As for me I have far too many irons in the fire already to think of trying to develop an entirely new industry in our country, so obstinate in clinging to its old methods. I heard a great deal in Paris about the improvements made in the construction of ovens. I believe that already there are several new models. It is, then, a recognised invention. I do not see, then, why M. should claim to obtain a patent in Piedmont. There has been such abuse of privileges of this kind lately that now our government is very chary of according new ones. And it is perfectly right. Our mills are already a monstrous monopoly : if the ovens become so also, what will become of the poor consumers of bread ? At Geneva you never grant patents and you find you are the better for it ; permit us to follow your example.

Our government does not like industry : I am convinced of it more and more every day ; it sees in it an auxiliary of liberalism and shows a repugnance towards it which it cannot overcome. In our country if one wishes to live in peace one must take to agriculture. It is less profitable but it is more agreeable. In our wide lands there is still much to be done. I am certain that there are ways of greatly increasing our productiveness. Our rice fields are capable of some part of the improvements introduced on a large scale into agriculture in England. I am at this moment in search of an implement to clean our maize fields sown in furrows. . . .

I have read with great regret of the death of the Duchesse de Broglie, thinking of the sorrow which it will bring to you and your wife. It is a loss for France, for she was a model of the rarest virtues placed in a position in which everyone saw them. Her daughter and son-in-law, M. d'Haussonville, heard of her illness at Florence : they departed in all haste for France, and they learnt of her death from a paper on their way home. My father has

written to you and will add his letter to mine; he wants to consult you about asphalt, about which public opinion in Savoy is much interested and which they want to introduce here. If it is a success it will be a great boon for the poor pedestrians at present condemned to walk on the worst pavé in Europe.

I admire the bellicose ardour of Geneva: but I am very glad that Louis Bonaparte's retreat has removed the opportunity for any more positive proof of it than the speeches of excited members of the Grand Conseil and the Corps of Carabineers.[1] The absolutist Powers see with malicious pleasure these continual bickerings between two nations ranged under the banners of the new ideas. Switzerland and France, it seems to me, play the rôle of dupes. On which side are the wrongs? On both, perhaps. But Switzerland in embroiling itself with Louis Philippe exposes itself to greater danger than France. For supposing the northern sovereigns hate them both equally, a little country runs far greater risks that a big one if their interest is the same.[2]

At this point we come upon another bare patch in Cavour's biography. Between October 1838 and 1840 there is but a single letter in Chiala—a half-page note to Count Sclopis regarding a petition to the government in favour of the foundation of infant schools. Nor have we anything which bears on his life during this period. It seems to have been spent entirely at home, and in all probability Cavour was engrossed in his agriculture and those local improvements in which he took such interest. While he was Syndic of Grinzane he was instrumental in building the Parish Church and in making at his own expense a new road from Grinzane to Alba. A year or two previously he had been nominated a member of the Superior Commission of Statistics, and he was also interested in several companies connected with national improvements, one of which, the 'Savoyarde' Company, was

[1] Prince Louis Napoleon after his return from America took up his residence in Switzerland. France thereupon requested his expulsion; this the Swiss Government refused, and a wordy warfare followed. Having attracted the interest of Europe, Louis Napoleon solved the question by retiring to England.

[2] Chiala, vol. v. No. 1223.

concerned with road construction and canalisation. With all this on his hands it is not altogether surprising that his correspondence was light at this time, but the scarcity of his letters is more probably due to the fact that they have not been preserved than that they never were written, for he was at all times an indefatigable letter writer. Ruffini has, however, supplemented the single letter of Chiala by six others in the possession of Baron Maurice, written to members of the de Sellon family. The Count de Sellon, like Cavour's own father, was a martyr to gout, of which he died in the course of this year, 1839. His two elder daughters, 'the aristocratic Adèle' and 'la douce Amélie,' as Cavour was wont to describe them, were both married, and there remained only the two younger ones, Hortense and Valentine. The letters are full of tender solicitude for his uncle's health and advice as to the difficulties which the marriage of the two elder ones was likely to create in the proper care of their father. In the first of these letters, written to his cousin Adèle and dated January, 1839, Cavour after a somewhat elaborate expression of his good wishes for the New Year, proceeds as follows :

> The wishes which I formed for your happiness at the commencement of this New Year have up to now hardly been realised, for you have passed all the time in trouble and anxiety. The attack which has prostrated your father has been very sad both for him and for all of you who are with him and have to witness his suffering without the power of easing it. My family and I have shared your grief and we would have wished also to share your care of him. The remembrance of what we have been through in seeing one we loved in pain, is too recent for us not to sympathise with what your father's illness has caused you to suffer.[1] I feel very sincerely for you, dear Adèle, and for your mother and your sisters. Poor Amélie, who can no longer be of any use to her father, must suffer twofold when she sees him in this state in need of such great care and continual attention.[2] I am afraid that Hortense and Valentine cannot

[1] This refers to his mother's recent illness.

[2] Amélie (Mme. Revilliod) was expecting her first child.

yet replace her altogether. You know better than I do the sad preoccupations which afflict poor Hortense and stop her from developing the immense resources of her mind and character. She thinks herself less loved and less capable of pleasing, and that alone is sufficient to make her shy and less ready to take her proper place. Consciousness of our power doubles its effect: nothing is more true, especially when it is a question of those thousand *petits soins* of which the charm is immense though undefinable, but which can only be rendered by one who is quite certain that they will always be received with gratitude. Poor Hortense lacks this confidence in her powers. The recollection of Amélie is always there to discourage her. And even when she manages to forget it, I am much afraid that the comparison which she is for ever making between herself and Valentine is sufficient to stop her from realising how much she can do by herself. Valentine at least does not err on the side of lack of self-confidence, but she has not yet developed enough to be a sufficient resource for her father, accustomed to find in Amélie a ripe judgment capable of appreciating his work and even of helping him. When I think carefully of the condition into which the home life has fallen since Amélie is no more in it, I can see nobody but you who can put it right again. You have always been your father's favourite, you are the one whose gifts of mind and character are most sympathetic to him, you can be as much help to him as Amélie was and more. But as to that, allow me to say that it is necessary for you also to have a little more confidence in your own character and to convince yourself of the great services you can render to your family, if you will, and of the great happiness you can bring into a home which your very presence would brighten. In your case self-distrust would be very ill placed. You have not, thank Heaven, the same excuses as Hortense. You have nothing to fear from any comparison. You are accustomed to please, and to please very much, in your home as in the world outside; and your mirror tells you many more pleasant truths than hers does. I beg you then, dear Adèle, to use the many gifts which Heaven has so freely bestowed on you to encourage your mother, who appears to me to be very depressed, and to comfort your father, who is, they tell me, somewhat discouraged. I am afraid you will think me very bold to give you advice on a subject upon which your own heart is much more eloquent than I can be. I hope, however, that you will forgive me for the sake of that sentiment

of friendship which has inspired it. I should not have dared to give you advice upon a question of pure sentiment. You know a thousand times more about it than I do. But I thought that I might venture to say something about your way of expressing what you feel. That does not offend you, does it, my dear Adèle? Will you remember me to all the family? I shall write constantly to my aunt. With all good wishes to Paul Émile,

Your devoted cousin,

CAMILLE.[1]

A month later we have the second letter written to Adèle's husband, Paul Émile Maurice, full of family news and commissions :

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Many thanks for your letter of January 29th in which you are so kind as to render me an account of the various commissions about which I bothered you. Having verified them I am convinced that the 197 f. 60 c. which I owe to the successors of Mlle. Soupat, instead of the 111 f. which I flattered myself was the amount, is far too much. I beg you, however, to pay them, deducting the 60 c. which are there to prove the accuracy of their exaggeration. But this is not all; you must render me still another little service. As soon as you can will you go to the illustrious Wistaz and tell him that the Prince de Schwartzenburg, to whom he has sent some samples of cigars, wishes to have from him :

1st. One box of 1000 cigars demi-Havane.
2nd. One box of 500 cigars fab. de la fama.

At the same time will you ask him to send a box of 1000 demi-Havane to the address of Mr. Sullivan, Chargé d'Affaires de S.M. Britannique, and another similar box to M. le Marquis di Nin at Turin. It is essential that they should be sent separately and that he takes care to put the addresses accurately. In that one addressed to the Prince de Schwartzenburg he must not forget to add his titles and also that of Minister-Plenipotentiary and Envoy-Extraordinary to H.M. the Emperor of Austria. Will you be so kind as to pay the account? From what he has sent me it will be :

3 Boxes of 1000 at 50 l. the 1000	-	150
1 Box of 500 at 190 l. the 1000	-	95
Total	-	245

[1] Ruffini, vol. ii. p. 109.

Added to which is the 197 f. to the successors of Mlle. Soupat, which makes 442 frs., which I send you drawn upon Messrs. Turretini and de Candolle.

Mme. de Tonnerre has been sick for some days; it is the same attack as she had at Geneva four years ago, but much less severe. Nevertheless, as our doctors here are much less undecided than yours, they have bled her four times. We hope that the one this evening will be the last. She is not at all depressed but is as lively as usual. If poor Tonnerre were alive he would be in a fearful state. My father has had a frightful attack of gout: though much better he is far from being cured. However, he has gone back to work again, and is at it morning and night in spite of all we can say to him.

I beg you to pay my respects to my aunt and uncle and my charming cousins, beginning and ending with Adèle, for whom—I hope you won't be offended—I profess a very special admiration and attachment. Gustave will leave for Rome in a month. He would have been delighted to have found you and your wife and father there. He would have been knee-deep in metaphysics with him, while you would have walked with Auguste, who up to now shows no taste for anything but the positive side of life.

We have been organising mixed balls here, half nobility and half bourgeoisie. They have been a marvellous success, though they have roused to fury the old ultras and a good many of the noble dames—especially the plain ones. We are going to start a permanent society. This has put all the salons *en rumeur*. It amuses me infinitely, for not an evening passes but I have to withstand an attack from one or other of my dear relatives and friends, who do me the honour of believing that I am the principal author of these attempts at social fusion which are held in such horror by the ' chateauvieux et consorts ' of Turin. I can well believe that Adèle is not on our side. Up to now, as we have in our ranks all the most slanderous tongues in society, we have had a marked advantage in our social battles.[1]

The cheerful note of this letter, which perhaps owes something to carnival time, is not long sustained. Bad news of his uncle towards the end of the month deepens Cavour's anxiety. On the first of March he writes to the same correspondent:

[1] Ruffini, vol. ii. p. 115.

My dear Friend,

You have had a sad journey and you find on your return a fresh cause of sadness. The news of my uncle is very disquieting : I cannot hide it from myself, for it seems to me that this time the attack has become very dangerous, for it is the heart and brain, the principal organs of life, which are threatened. I understand the state of mind in which you yourself and Adèle, Cécile, and the children find yourselves. I only wish that I could come and be of some use, to share your troubles and your vigils near my dear uncle. But unfortunately I have a business meeting at Asti next Sunday and I must be there : it is a question of organising the administration of Balangero, which falls in to my aunt Henriette, the farmer who has held it for the last twelve years ending his lease on the day after to-morrow. There are sure to be a crowd of disputes and objections from one side or the other, the decision of which cannot be postponed until another time. I much regret the whole business, which stops me from taking the next coach and hastening to you. I understand my aunt Cécile's desire to concentrate in the narrow circle of the family the care which the state of my uncle requires. Truly my uncle does not lack devoted friends, to whom it would be a duty and a pleasure to offer their services : but it is better in his condition that his children and nearest relatives should be the only ones about him.

I beg you to send me news at once. I have full confidence in whatever you tell me, and thanks to you I shall be able to reassure my mother and my aunts, who are anxious to know the state of their brother.

You are in a sad position, my dear friend ; your father on one side and your wife's family on the other are all in trouble. Take courage, for you must give it to all those round you. We think much about you, and I assure you that I sympathise deeply with all that you are going through.

Tout à toi,

Camille de Cavour.[1]

A temporary improvement in the invalid's condition and the successful arrival of the expected baby restored Cavour's cheerfulness, and a week later he writes once more in his accustomed tone :

[1] Ruffini, vol. ii. p. 118.

My dear Friend,

My aunt de Tonnerre having remembered one fine day that a certain brand of snuff tickles her nose more agreeably than that of other countries, has asked me to have a box sent to you at your Geneva address. You will receive, if you have not already received it, a box of Polongaro snuff addressed to Mme. de Tonnerre: you will please keep it carefully until a safe opportunity occurs of sending it on to Turin. My aunt Cécile has written to my father asking him to recommend M. Mirabeau to the Intendant of Faucigny and to the Intendant-General of Savoy. I have carried out part of her wishes by having a very pressing letter on M. Mirabeau's part written to the Intendant-General by César Alfieri, who is his patron. You can tell my aunt and at the same time please tell it to M. Mirabeau. As to the Intendant of Faucigny, Count Greffin has undertaken it.

We have been delighted at your good news. We were very uneasy about Amélie's *accouchement*, we were frightened both for her and my uncle. Thank Heaven, the results are excellent. I rejoice when I think of the happiness of my dear cousin. In seeing her so happy you will less regret this marriage, which you did not like very much. But since our good Charles has produced a family he is a more respectable husband. I pray you to convey my congratulations to her. I should do it myself, only I fear to fatigue her.

Please tell me in confidence what are really the plans of my aunt and uncle. Do they intend to come to Trofarello or not? My aunt's letters are so *mystique* that it is impossible to grasp their exact meaning. I very much want to know the truth of the matter in order to be able to tell my father, who is very anxious not to disappoint my uncle if he comes to Piedmont, and who is quite prepared to alter his arrangements about going away.

Tell me, please, if the great Naville is at Geneva. I want to meet him.

Ton dévoué,

C. de Cavour.[1]

Within the next few weeks Cavour suffered a double loss. His uncle, who set out for Reno in the French Maritime Alps, died on the way, and at the same time his old preceptor, the Abbé Frézét, fell ill and died in the Cavour Palazzo at Turin. The following letter

[1] Ruffini, vol. ii. p. 120.

was written before he heard of his uncle's death; it is dated June 3rd:

My dear Adèle,

We have been without news from Geneva for several days. My aunt Cécile had written to Mme. de Tonnerre announcing your father's departure for last Wednesday, but we do not know whether he went or not. Neither the travellers nor those remaining at home have written us a word. I hope, my dear cousin, that with your usual kindness you will write us a few lines to remove our state of uncertainty. I shall be very happy if I am the one chosen to spread the news of La Fenêtre through the family. This journey into Alsace seems to us regrettable: at this time of year the Jura is not better travelling than the Alps, and I doubt if the inn at M. will be much more bracing than the château of Trofarello. However, your mother has led us to hope that the pleasure which we expected now, will not be lost, and that she will bring uncle here this autumn. Piedmont is much nicer in autumn than in summer. If this promise is fulfilled I shall no longer regret this postponement, which is a disappointment to us at present. Further, I nourish the secret hope that at that season it will be possible for you to accompany your father and come and stay at Santena near him. Try, my dear Adèle, and make this visit possible; come and renew acquaintance with the place where you have left so many happy memories, and you will find relatives who desire very much to see you again after so many years of absence. I shall be very happy to find myself once more, as in Paris, under the same roof with you; and though life at Santena is less brilliant than that which you lead at the Hôtel Mirabeau, I hope that you will not find it monotonous and that you will not regret amid our rural peacefulness the noisy pleasures of the Boulevards and the Café de Paris. . . .[1]

After the death of two valued friends, Cavour could not make up his mind to write again, and more than a month passed before, on July 9th, he wrote this last letter which brings to a close his correspondence for 1839:

I have wished for a long time, my dear friend, to write to you and tell you all that I felt about the cruel blow which

[1] Ruffini, vol. ii. p. 122.

has struck the family. I have always been stopped by a throng of business matters, and above all by the fatal illness of our poor Abbé Frézét, who, as perhaps you know already, has passed away in so sad a manner. I thought much of your wife and yourself when the news of my uncle's death arrived : he loved you both very dearly. Adèle was, I dare to say, his favourite child : she was the one of all his daughters most sympathetic to him in mind, taste and habits. And you he considered as a beloved son, and he was right, for you were always perfect with him.

In these sad events my aunt has shown the admirable strength of her character, she has been truly sublime. Please God the terrible call she has made upon herself will not have a disastrous effect upon her health, already so weakened. There still remains one painful duty for her to perform, the division of a fortune which has for so long been unbroken : and the administration of the portion which falls to the two younger daughters will cause her some difficulty. It is true that the persons with whom she has to deal are so capable and so considerate, yourself especially, my dear P. E., that it may truly be said that she has more than one cause for consolation in the midst of so many troubles. When the business is settled, my aunt has given us reason to believe that she will come and see us with Hortense and Valentine. I hope that then you and Adèle will come too : the journey and the family reunion at the end of it will calm more than anything else the bitterness of her grief, and without actually removing it will render it bearable. We have dreamed of many happy days at Trofarello and Santena. Alas ! fate has cruelly broken our dreams : but it rests with you that they shall not be utterly destroyed and that one part at least may be realised.

I imagine that at this moment you can scarcely give much time to public affairs. Nevertheless I think that you should not neglect the hydraulic machine whose construction is entrusted to you. In connection with this interesting work you have had without doubt to go into the question of turbines : I should be infinitely obliged if you would tell me the results of your researches and reflections. The town of Turin wishes to change the old-fashioned mechanism of its mills and to replace the clumsy wheels of which they were composed by the latest motor engine. The engineer in charge of the design is one of my friends : he very much wants to know what has been published upon turbines, and still more what is their real value. Nobody better than

you can satisfy his desire. I beg you to write me your advice about turbines and at the same time to let me know what are the books or monographs which have dealt with them in most detail. The newspapers lately have spoken much about the Passot turbine. Do you know it? Do you think it more effective than the Tournegron turbine? I ask your forgiveness for troubling you with these questions, but your continual kindness has made me indiscreet. It is thus your own fault if I abuse it now and then, and for this reason I claim your indulgence.

Ton dévoué ami,

C. de Cavour.[1]

From this point the channel of Cavour's life becomes clearer and deeper. After one brief and painful passage through the rocks, a lesson which was never forgotten, it steadies itself and from this time onward goes forward to its destiny with an ever widening and deepening current. Though the letters for a year or two are still few enough to make selection unnecessary, the general trend of his life is clear: he begins to gather weight in political circles, and though still rigidly excluded from all participation in the government of the country, as much indeed from his own choice as from the opposition of the king, for he could not see his way to serve under an absolute government, he nevertheless comes to be regarded by those who believe in the future success of the Liberal movement as a man who may one day have to be reckoned with. His indefatigable energy, his grasp of political and economic problems, and his intimate knowledge of the men and movements of his time were at last beginning to be recognised by some at least of the discerning minds among his fellow-countrymen.

[1] Ruffini, vol. ii. p. 124.

IX. PARIS AND A FINANCIAL DISASTER
1840-1841

Infant Schools—Letter to Baron Maurice—A Scapegrace—A Family Quarrel—Geneva—Journey to France—Letters to his Father—Visits his nephew, Auguste—Letter to his Mother—Lyons—The Eastern Question—Letter to Santarosa—to Renaldi—to Baron Maurice—Literary Criticism—His Disastrous Gamble on the Bourse—Confesses to his Father—The Reply—Returns Home—Summary of Political Situation in France—Whist Club—Shorthorns for the King—A Ministerial Crisis.

The first half of the year 1840 was spent by Cavour at home, and the second half in Switzerland and France. As usual his letters from abroad are plentiful, whereas those written from Turin are few. Of his activities at this time, apart from agriculture, we have one or two glimpses rescued by the industry of Chiala. The first of these relates to his interest in the institution of infant schools. Together with Carlo Boncompagni, Count Sclopis and others, he had drawn up and presented to the government a petition for permission to open schools for infants. Though the scheme met with opposition from the old reactionary ' die-hard,' Count Solaro della Margherita, on the ground that the children would be educated to become indifferent in religious matters, the principal minister concerned, Count Pralormo, was in its favour and induced the king to give his consent, on condition that the education of the children was placed in the hands of the religious orders. Cavour was appointed treasurer, and as well as taking a keen interest in the whole movement, which

in after years he warmly defended in Parliament,[1] managed the finances. It has already been mentioned that Cavour had been nominated a member of the Commission on National Statistics, and in January of this year he read a paper before the Commissioners on the data required for formulating a report on the moral and intellectual state of the nation. He divided his subject into five heads: (1) Public Instruction, (2) Pauperism and Public and Private Charity, (3) Religious Education, (4) Criminal Statistics, and (5) Moral Statistics, including such questions as the prevalence of gambling and drunkenness. Each of these he discussed separately, defining the information which would be required and the conditions upon which a judgment could be formed.[2]

The first of his letters is written to Paul Émile Maurice early in the year, though, as is too often the case, without any exact date:

My Dear Friend,

I am delighted that the rice I sent you some time ago has arrived in good condition. I hope that it will be as satisfactory when you come to eat it, for it is the product of my own lands, of which I have taken particular care, that it might be worthy of being offered to you and Adèle. For this reason I beg you to accept it as my New Year's gift. At Geneva I know that you exchange all kinds of charming presents at the New Year: a plain farmer like me has only the necessaries of life to offer. Accept it *de bon cœur* and eat it thinking sometimes of him who cultivates it by the sweat of his brow.

The Commission which the Government appointed to adjudicate upon the plans sent in for the new Penitentiary at Alessandria have finished their task. Though it must be kept secret until the Minister of the Interior has approved their decision, I have heard the following on the best authority. The votes of the Commissioners were almost equally divided between two sets of plans, one coming from Paris, supposed to be those of M. Blouet, and the other those of

[1] See his speech in the Senate, February 17th, 1851, in favour of the exemption of infant schools from proposed taxation. Chiala, vol. i. p. 25.

[2] Chiala, vol. v. p. 99 ff.

M. Vaucher from Geneva. The latter would perhaps have had a decided perference if he had not overstepped the rigorous conditions laid down, by encroaching some feet beyond the limits given for the boundaries of the prison. The majority, I believe, recommend that the first prize should be given to M. Blouet, but suggest that the plans of M. Vaucher should be the ones to be carried out. I think the Ministry will reward them equally as they have both given proof of a rare talent. These details being given to me privately by a member of the Commission, I beg that M. Vaucher may not know anything about them for some days yet.

I wrote a week ago rather a stiff letter to Madame X. de Y. about her son. You will have heard that this young scapegrace, since his arrival at Turin, has done nothing but frequent theatres, cafés, and probably worse places. His patron, the Marquis d'Arvillard, has been to complain to my father under the impression that he was a relative, and declared that if he does not change his conduct he will make him enlist as a private in a regiment. Things having come to this point, I thought it my duty to warn his mother directly, who has replied with eight pages of lamentations and phrases and I know not what. Her duty was to come here at once and look after him. If she prefers to remain and do the fine lady at Geneva, her precious E. will end badly. He has got in with all the worst set in the cavalry and has not made any acquaintances amongst the artillery. His great friend is B., whom you have seen, I think, at Geneva, and whose reputation you know. You can judge from that if he is likely to turn out well. The excellent Arvillard has been goodness itself; he has talked to him like a friend and a guardian without any result. What is certain is that Mr. de Y. has not done an hour's work since he has been here, and that in all probability he will never get into the artillery. His parents are persuaded that because the King said some kind words to him he will be treated as a special favourite. They are wrong: at the examination they will be more severe with him than the others, and in society they will pay no more attention to him than to the last joined subaltern if he does not know how to show himself in a good light.

I am delighted at Eugene's nomination. I wrote to him a few days ago, but not then knowing about it, did not congratulate him. Do it for me and assure him that it comes from the bottom of my heart.

A thousand thanks, my dear friend, for the beautiful trout you sent me. If you have many subjects of this kind you are the happiest monarch in Europe. It is, I think, one of the finest products of your lake : we have a large gathering on Sunday to do justice to its merits. The kind donor will not be forgotten on this occasion : we all regret that the one who has been at the chief expense will not be with us.[1]

The young man mentioned in this letter, as we learn from a later one, turned over a new leaf, partly no doubt on account of the fate of his bosom friend B., who was arrested and relegated to the military fortress of Fenestrelle.

The Cavour family seem to have lived so happily together, and Cavour himself was on such good terms with all his relatives, that it is somewhat unexpected to learn that a breach was widening between his two sets of Swiss cousins, the de la Rives and the de Sellons. The following letter is of interest as giving us Cavour's reading of the two principals, the late Count de Sellon, pacifist and idealist, and Auguste de la Rive, the scientific professor of Geneva University, both able men and estimable in their own way, but utterly unsympathetic towards each other. Baron P. E. Maurice, to whom he writes, had of course married the Count de Sellon's eldest daughter Adèle :

What you tell me of your relations with the de la Rives grieves me more than it astonishes me. For a long time now I have perceived a growing estrangement between my cousins and my uncle. But what can one expect ? There are incompatibilities of position and character which inevitably lead to sad results and produce that loosening and often breaking of the firmest ties of family and relationship. Auguste disapproved entirely of my uncle's attitude ; it irritated him and made him lose patience, and he was, I think, justified, but he allowed himself to attach too much blame to my uncle's tendency to exaggerate and he never learnt to make allowance for a touchiness in matters of *amour-propre* which shocked his own. His high intelligence made him think that he detected something chimerical, vain, I might almost say puerile, in all the fuss my uncle made,

[1] Ruffini, vol. ii. p. 128.

and he gradually took a hostile attitude towards him. I am not sure that in his place I should not have done the same. It is a misfortune to have a too matter-of-fact mind. The dreams of idealists, even the purest, when they want the whole world to listen to what they have to say, irritate a man of cold and calculating temperament. On the other hand my uncle refused to recognise the incontestable intellectual superiority of Auguste. His matter-of-fact outlook was as antipathetic to him as his own idealism was to Auguste. I have often heard him say bitter things against him. The silence of the *Biographie Universelle* pained him and turned him against its editor.[1] All these causes together have brought about an almost complete estrangement between Auguste and my uncle's family. I assure you that I desire few things more earnestly than the re-establishment of the friendship which has lasted so long between my uncle's family and the de la Rives. You are my dearest relatives and the de la Rives are my best friends. The coldness of your relations is a constant pain to me and I am as interested as you are in bringing it to an end. You can count on my every effort to achieve such an object.[2]

Not long after this letter was written the quarrel was made up, so that the Count de Sellon's last and perchance most enduring triumph in the cause of peace was won after his death in the narrow circle of his own family.

The only other letter which we have of this time, written before his departure for Switzerland, is concerned with a proposal emanating from a certain M. Pasteur for an improved postal service between Piedmont and Switzerland. During these years Cavour was in considerable demand as a go-between in matters where individuals found difficulty in approaching the government at Turin with plans for improvements in the public services or industrial undertakings needing political sanction or support. Not being connected with the government and at the same time knowing many of the ministers he proved useful to both sides. Writing to Baron Maurice on May 25th he says :

[1] This was Auguste de la Rive's review ; his refusal to agitate on behalf of universal peace and arbitration grieved the Count de Sellon.

[2] Ruffini, vol. ii. p. 135.

> M. Pasteur has sent me your letter. I have done what I could to bring the matter to a successful issue. But in spite of that I fear that it will fall through because of the narrow and pennywise policy of our administrators. M. Pasteur seemed to me to be a very distinguished person. The Director-General of Posts very much appreciated him, but he does not dare to grant his request for fear of losing some thousands of francs a year, though this loss would be more than compensated by the facilities of communication which would result. If the Finance Minister, Count Gallina, was at Turin, I should advise M. Pasteur to try an approach in that quarter : unfortunately, he has been away sick for two months, and the person who has taken his place can do nothing.

He then passes on to fresh commissions for cigars, this time, however, for the Princess Matilde de Schwartzenburg, who, he adds, 'smokes like an Uhlan.' Towards the end of June he left Turin for Geneva, en route for France. The object of his journey was primarily the business affairs of his aunt. He had to superintend the annual sale of timber from her estates in the Vosges, install a new bailiff and then go on to Paris to see the lawyers. He spent some time at Geneva staying with the de la Rives, and we get an interesting portrait of him on this visit from William de la Rive :

> I remember that in 1840, being at Presinge, he had himself called by his valet every morning at five o'clock, and however late he had gone to bed the night before, got up at once and after a cup of black coffee started work. This consisted in reading Lord Mahon's *History of England*, an accurate but a dull and unattractive writer. I recollect with what invincible repugnance the sight of those thick and solid volumes inspired me. But Cavour had resolved to learn the English language, and as this study taught him the history of England at the same time, he gave up his mornings without relaxation to ploughing through a tedious work in a foreign language. Later, being with him at Leri, I used to go shooting at daybreak, and not once did I start but M. de Cavour was there to send me off with one of those wishes which are the sportsman's despair, and though he had no intention of going snipe-shooting, he was always

up with the dawn, visiting the stables, attending to some details of a new improvement, superintending the unpacking of a new machine, and occupying what for anyone else would have been his spare moments in reading some solid volume in English, French, or Italian, upon history, economics or agriculture.[1]

Early in July his father joined him, and together they went as far as Chambéry, where they parted, his father going on to St. Gervais to take the waters for his gout, and Cavour setting out for Vauvillers in the Vosges. Cavour was always at his best and happiest abroad, and the letters written on this journey are particularly cheerful and, what is unusual with him, descriptive. The first of them, to his father, is dated from Le Bocage, his aunt's villa at Geneva, on July 13th :

My dear Papa,

Since we separated I have led an agitated life. I fear the bad weather will not have permitted you to do the same and that you will have been obliged to remain quiet. A few moments after your departure I returned to Chambéry, where I found Costa and Forrest awaiting me. The first thing they told me was that we have a new competitor in M. Saladin, who has gone to send an agent to Duc. The clever man boasted before one of his intimates, who repeated it to Forrest, that he had put us off the scent by making us believe that he went to see some horses, which left here eight days ago. His finesse amused me immensely. I spent yesterday at Chambéry. Amélie is there with her grandmother and Charles. I gave them a first-rate déjeuner at Grillau's, then I took them for a walk along the railway, and finally brought them to La Motte, Costa's house, who received them with the utmost kindness. At night I left for Aix, where the mail took me up on its way through.

On arriving at Geneva I met M. Revilliod, who informed me that none of my cousins were in the neighbourhood and that Adèle had gone to Lavey to see her mother. At first I was a little disconcerted, but recalling my motto, ' Don't fuss,'[2] I at once decided that instead of going to Le Bocage, I would rejoin Adèle at Lavey. This I did : having arrived at ten o'clock I left by the steamboat at one. After a very

[1] De la Rive, *Le Comte de Cavour*.

[2] *Non agitiamoci*, or, as he wrote it in his Piedmontese dialect, *agitonse nen*.

pleasant crossing I went ashore at Villeneuve at 7.30. Here the omnibus met us and took us to St. Maurice. I slept soundly the whole way. It would have been wiser to have spent the night there, for it was then eleven o'clock, but a fellow traveller, a very pleasant person, having a lady to rejoin (quite proper, of course), persuaded me to continue the journey up to the baths on foot, which is only half-an-hour from the village, and we arrived there precisely at midnight. By dint of persistence we were admitted and got into communication with the manager. My companion slipped away to his conjugal couch and I got a chair-bed in the *salon* between the piano and the albums. The next day I saw my aunt and cousins, who were far from expecting me.

Aunt Cécile is very depressed. Her grief gets no less. One can see that all her thoughts go back to the one she has lost and that nothing can draw her from the state of dejection in which she is plunged. Such an attitude is very beautiful and we cannot but admire it. Real and lasting regret is so rare that when I meet it, it inspires me with sincere respect. Aunt Cécile and her daughters have conceived a perfect veneration for de Sellon, and consider him the complete example of goodness and kindness: their memory of him is a veritable religion. There must have been something extraordinary in him to inspire such profound feelings.

I spent yesterday at Lavey, and left this morning with Adèle and Paul Émile. Cécile and the two younger ones came with us as far as Villeneuve, where we separated after dining together. It has rained persistently on the boat, which has made the crossing disagreeable. We met Croussel and his wife on board, who were returning from a tour in Switzerland with the intention of going on to Chamounix. I fear the weather will prevent them fulfilling their purpose. This rain has much bothered me on your account. While here it rains, you must be having snow at St. Gervais, and St. Gervais in snow is not gay. Happily you have an orator with you and Rorà's [1] eloquence will help to pass the time. Since you have nothing else to do at least take as much care of yourself as you can: husband your health and strength for the year's work. You will need all of it at Turin. The Savants, Revilliods, Santena, Leri, the Commissioners, the Posts, all require your attention. To do it all, limbs of

[1] The Marchese Rorà di Reaglie, a cousin of Cavour's.

iron will be necessary. The baths and *douches* will give them to you.

My plans are very nearly fixed up. I depart to-morrow and sleep at Yverdun; Thursday I see Auguste. Friday I start again, and I hope to reach the Vosges by Saturday. If you are good enough to write to me, address your letters to Vauvillers, Dép. de la Haute Saône. I think very often of you, dear papa. Our thoughts, I fancy, cross one another, especially at 4 a.m., the hour at which I close this letter.[1]

The next letter, written a few days later, records his visit to his nephew Auguste, now about twelve years of age, who had been sent to a Jesuit school at Estavayer:

My dear Papa,

I hasten to give you news of Auguste. I do so with the greater pleasure, as it is excellent from all points of view: his health is perfect. Since he has gone to bed at 8 p.m. and got up at 5 a.m., and had regular meals, all his nervous tendency has disappeared. I have never doubted such a result, for at bottom his constitution is excellent. Father Chappuis assures me that he makes daily progress both in work and wisdom. He has become one of the hardest working boys in his class. He likes his work and takes pleasure in it, which is much more than we could reasonably have expected.

The poor child, as was natural, was a bit upset at seeing me, but I have not seen any signs of sadness or discouragement in him. I am certain that Gustave will be very satisfied when he sees him, and that it will confirm him in his project of allowing him to complete his studies at school. I leave to-morrow morning by the steamboat. I shall sleep as near Porrentruy as I can get, and after to-morrow I shall be at Vauvillers. I hope to receive news from you there. I will write before leaving for Paris.

What you say in one of your letters about the Savoyarde Company is perfectly true. It is far from satisfactory and for the moment it is bad business. I do not doubt, however, that it will improve later, for it is a sound scheme. The mistakes that have been made are not the fault of the present directors but of their predecessors. For a business which is just starting things are sufficiently in order. It has been necessary to organise everything, and it is impossible but

[1] Ruffini, vol. ii. p. 149.

that at first there should be some little confusion and disorder.

On your way to Chambéry I beg you most earnestly to stop a day and have a talk with Costa[1] and Forrest. They will let you know what the government can do for us without injuring their own interests. We deserve some consideration, for we are the first who have tried to create new means of communication. Everywhere they are developing enormously in this direction. In Switzerland they construct new roads every year and establish speedy and economical means of transport. Three years ago Estavayer was a veritable cul-de-sac. It is now served by a splendid road which joins Yverdun to Payerne. The post is established as far as Berne. It is thought that all the cantons will use it and this will be a great advantage for all travellers to Italy.

Switzerland is very quiet. The Radical party is for the moment in a minority. Since last year Zurich has deserted them and is now at the head of the Moderate party. The harvest here is splendid and corn is much cheaper. Good-bye, dear papa. I am just going to see Auguste again, who as a particular favour has been allowed to go for a walk with me. If Renaldi sends you any news of Leri or Grinzane, please send it on to me.

Your devoted son,

CAMILLE.

In the hand of Auguste :

Bon jour, très cher grand papa. Je t'embrasse de tout mon cœur. Je pense bien à te revoir dans un mois.

Ton cher petit fils,

AUGUSTE DE CAVOUR.[2]

But the most interesting of all Cavour's letters written at this time is the one to his mother from Vauvillers, dated July 20th, recording his journey from Estavayer.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

I hasten to give you news of my journey from Estavayer to Vauvillers, where I arrived half-an-hour ago. I take advantage of the post which is leaving directly to write without delay before even unpacking my luggage or thinking about business.

I left Estavayer at eight in the morning the day before yesterday on a small steamer which carried me to the

[1] The Marquis Costa di Beauregard. [2] Ruffini, vol. ii. p. 157.

Neufchâtel side, the only place it touches at. Courage failed me to say good-bye again to Auguste. In leaving him the previous evening I had so much difficulty in concealing my feelings that I did not want to run the risk of breaking down in his presence. It is necessary to keep up his courage, for though very well in point of health and energy, he is a little depressed. His voice has lost its bright ring and he is astonishingly calm in all his actions. During all the time he spent with me he did not laugh once, and I caught glimpses of a deep sadness in him. It is quite natural that the efforts to conform to the new régime which his school life imposes should cost him dear, and he has not yet had time to realise that the satisfaction which his continual progress will give him balances what he has had to suffer. The stay at Santena will, I think, do him good : he will feel there the value of all that he has gained and understand the satisfaction which such a change brings to all those he loves. I see no danger in the visit except that Gustave and Marina will vie with one another as to which can spoil him most.

But I perceive that Auguste is stopping me on my voyage. I must go on with my journey. The steamboat picked us up, the faithful Valery [1] and me, at eleven o'clock, and took us quickly to Neufchâtel. I found in the saloon Falmenter and Decristoforis, who have been chosen by our Verbano Company to build a new boat for Lake Maggiore. This meeting was very pleasant, for these gentlemen, whom Gustave knows, are very distinguished. I have promised them my assistance in London and Paris if they think it necessary. Considering the immense progress which has been made in building steamboats we ought to get for the same sum that the Verbano has cost us a vessel twice as large and twice as speedy. Steamers are multiplying upon the lakes and rivers in an astonishing way. Switzerland and the Rhine are covered with them, and in spite of their number they are always crowded.

We passed from the lake of Neufchâtel into that of Bienne by a canal which winds through a plain which is a veritable English garden. It is certainly one of the most beautiful districts in Switzerland, though it is almost unknown to tourists, who of all people are the least interested in the unfamiliar. The lake of Bienne is well worth seeing, though from the picturesque standpoint it is somewhat spoilt by

[1] This was a Swiss employé of the family who was to be the new bailiff for his aunt's estates.

the immense quantity of vines along its banks. The island of St. Pierre is the most remarkable feature of it, which is pretty enough, though its chief interest is its association with Rousseau. I met upon the boat the son of Bioley, the famous ironfounder, who was going to visit the island with his brother-in-law, a pastor from one of our valleys. At the present time one cannot go three yards in Switzerland without meeting somebody one knows.

At Bienne I took the Basle diligence which brought me as far as Délémont. There I found another one which deposited me at Porrentruy at five in the morning. I did not see the country between Bienne and Porrentruy, which once formed the old Bishopric of Basle, detached from France at the revolution, for we passed through it at night. What I did see of it left small regret that darkness and sleep robbed me of the landscape. The Jura valleys are sombre and monotonous. They have the savage and lugubrious aspect of the Alps without their sublime grandeur or the variety which has such an effect upon those who see them. Larch forests and stretches of pasture in varied combination are all one sees. The roads are splendid and well looked after. The new Swiss government may have its faults, but one cannot refuse to give it credit for having covered the country with excellent means of communication kept in first-rate condition.

Throughout the journey we have met crowds of carabineers returning from the Federal shooting meeting at Soleure. You know that in all the Swiss cantons there are federations of militia who form companies of carabineers. These companies are usually composed of the keenest men in the militia, with the result that they are a veritable Radical association. Every year one of the cantons gives a fête to which all the carabineers in Switzerland are invited. They put up a large number of targets, and numerous prizes are offered for the best shooting. This year the fête has been held at Soleure. It was celebrated with great magnificence. As much as 80,000 francs was offered in prize-money, and the marksmen came from all parts of Switzerland. I am assured that more than 30,000 men competed. It is necessary to add that this number included French and Germans. On this occasion a great many patriotic speeches were made and an incalculable number of casks of wine drunk to the prosperity and national glory of Switzerland. The Piedmontese contingent were conspicuous by their vehemence and were tremendously eloquent. Happily

everything passed off without disorder, and after having fired innumerable shots, made endless speeches, and drunk still more, everyone returned home more or less convinced of having worked to consolidate the independence of Switzerland and to promote brotherhood between the cantons. I believe that this year the carabineers were anxious to make a more than usually striking declaration of their feelings to counterbalance the efforts of the old aristocratic party, which has begun to get the upper hand again in more than one of the cantons.

I had got as far as Porrentruy when the carabineers caused me to make a détour in my story to Soleure. I must go back again at once, for my paper is nearly finished.

At Porrentruy I was obliged to wait four hours, the reason for which I could not understand. It was nine o'clock before we departed in the same diligence in which we arrived. After a five hours' journey and an hour's rest at Delle we reached Belfort. At Delle we made an attempt to get some dinner; it was very unfortunate, for we had only got as far as the second course when the diligence 'Notre Dame des Victoires,' which was to take us to Belfort, thundered up and we had to take our seats without even having time to pay for what we had not eaten. At ten o'clock it deposited us at Vesoul, where an honest *patache* [1] was all ready to take us on to Vauvillers. More indulgent than its big rival it permitted us to sup at our ease.

We did not make the journey here from Vesoul in much comfort, for six of us were crammed into one *patache* which would have been too small for four. To complete my happiness a big woman was seated behind me who had on her lap a fat screaming brat who never ceased the whole journey to make play with his boots on my back. At last we have arrived and begin business. I have given myself the luxury of having Galignani's *News Letter* sent to me here. It is an excellent pastime amid the forests. I have already ordered a conveyance, and as soon as the rain stops (I forgot to tell you it is pouring in torrents) I shall go to find Père Lambert, who is confined to his room with a bad foot. As soon as I see how the land lies I will write to my

[1] Cavour's 'honest Patache' is thus described by Sir Henry Layard, who passed the same way in 1835: 'Travelling in the rude carriages which were then the only public conveyances in France off the great highways, we reached Lyons, having suffered not a little on our way from the joltings of springless vehicles called Patachés on the roughly paved roads and from the filthy inns in which we had to lodge.' *Autobiography*, vol. i. p. 67.

aunt. Give her my kindest greetings. Do not forget anyone: embrace Marina, Aunt Henriette, Josephine and Aynard for me. And with my fondest love to yourself.

CAMILLE.

A few days later in a short business letter to Renaldi, his father's secretary, we see that Cavour, while losing no time over the business in hand, has still a watchful eye upon his home affairs. The proportion of wages to produce detailed in this letter reads strangely at the present time:

Thank you for your letter of the 22nd, which reached me this morning. I am much obliged for the detailed account which you give me. You are the most exact of all my correspondents. On the whole, the news from the farms is not bad. I see by the amount of the harvest at Leri that corn will be scarce enough there. In proportion it will be better at Grinzane. Deducting the seed there remains 1500 émines, that is 200 for wages and 1300 for sale. I beg you again to have 400 émines sold at once, if the price remains at 5.50. Will you remind Giovanni to send to Turin the value of the rice sold to Anna Martina, which is about 3000 l., payable on August 1st. To-day is the great sale by public auction of the annual timber-felling in my aunt's forests. The weather is very unpropitious; it is cold and raining. Please goodness these bad atmospheric conditions will not be an indication of a bad sale. I have not yet settled my arrangements, but my stay here certainly cannot be very long. I beg you therefore to direct my letters to Paris.[1]

Cavour did not, however, go straight on to Paris as the family expected but turned south, travelling by steamer to Lyons; from which city he wrote a full account of his travels to his mother in a letter dated August 2nd:

MY DEAR MAMMA,

I did not expect when I wrote to you from Vauvillers that my next letter would be dated from Lyons, and that I should so soon find myself 140 leagues nearer to you. I have come here about the affairs of the Savoyarde Company, which absolutely required my presence. My co-shareholders begged me with such insistence to come and uphold their

[1] Ruffini, vol. ii. p. 174.

interests against the Lyonnais members that I could not refuse them. The success of the undertaking has been badly compromised by a most unfortunate contretemps. The directors of the company, men little versed in affairs, trying to be clever rather than wise, engaged a certain young French engineer to construct our steamboats. This engineer is supposed to be one of the most distinguished men in his own specialty. Still very young, he has earned the post of Professor at the Conservatoire of Arts and Mechanics, and his judgment carries weight on a number of questions. But like all young men who think they have genius, he has a mania for perfection, innovation and novelty. So he set to work to make us boilers of a new type, which were to give more steam, take up less space, and be infinitely more economical in fuel. His calculations were infallible and success was assured. Alas, the result was very different. The wretched boilers did not give steam enough and our boats won't move. From this follows loss of money and above all loss of time. Our boats were to have been ready on March 1st; they are not ready yet.

Our associates at Lyons have made a great outcry; they want compensation, damages, and I know not what besides. We have had to give them all the navigation receipts and still they are not content. Our boats are at last ready. I have seen them at Châlons, and from my small knowledge I am perfectly satisfied with them. They combine elegance of design with lines built for speed, and if the engines do not deceive us they ought to fly upon the water. Now it is a question of making fresh arrangements with the Lyonnais and of settling the account in which we are both interested. It is a difficult business, for these gentlemen combine the trickery of the petty trader with the tenacity of small minds. To-morrow we shall meet. I have to hold my own almost alone against ten opponents, Costa having been detained by a business man from Paris and Salins being so deaf that he cannot enter into a general discussion. I stay here until Wednesday; then I shall go to Châlons, where I shall spend Thursday, and Friday I shall go to Besançon, where I am to meet Valery. The affairs of the company have compelled me to make a big détour, but they have not caused me to lose time, for I could not have left Franche-Comté without having temporarily installed Valery in the place of the unworthy Lambert, and Valery could not take up duty in Franche-Comté without first paying a visit to Geneva.

The journey from Dijon to Lyons is one of the most

beautiful in France. Burgundy is very fertile and the banks of the Saône most picturesque. From Châlons to Lyons I travelled by a magnificent steamer, which made the journey in eight hours. Everywhere on the steamers and in the towns I met great numbers of conscripts joining their regiments. The rumours of war which for some time have been spread abroad have excited them and they are full of fire and enthusiasm. When one thinks of the development of France in the last few years and of the progress made throughout the country in a short time, one cannot doubt that France is in a position to face a European war. Please God she will not be driven to it. Twenty bridges have been built over the Saône between Châlons and Lyons, of which not a single one existed fifteen years ago. There are 65 steamers on the Rhône and Saône, and more than 100 diligences leave Lyons daily. If this prodigious activity was to be directed against foreign countries, France would do wonders. The country is perfectly quiet internally; the Republicans are divided amongst themselves and have no influence upon the masses, who, with the exception of some bodies of workmen, are antipathetic towards them. I had a striking proof of it upon the steamer. A poorly dressed individual came on board travelling second-class, where there were only working people, and related with great vehemence that the previous evening, upon another of the same company's boats, the crew had handled him very roughly because he said he was a Republican. His story did not excite the least sympathy, and I did not see a single person approach him or take the slightest interest in him. The anniversary of the glorious days of July, in spite of thousands of sinister predictions, passed in perfect quietness. I was told there were a few cries of 'Vive la Réforme,' and these may very well have been inspired by the Legitimists.

I disliked my stay at Lyons very much, though it was not so bad as the other times I have stayed here. I lodged in the Place Belcourt, which is the finest Square in France. Though it is not the business quarter it was busy enough. From morning till night one heard diligences and omnibuses clattering by. It has been a perpetual noise.

Will the rumours of war affect the price of timber? That is what I am wondering all day. I only wish that it would increase the demands of the ironmasters and force them to pay a good price for aunt's timber. If I do not manage to sell it, I truly do not know what she will do. My uncle has left her a poor heritage. It would have been an hundred

times better if he had given everything to the family and had made them pay his debts and an annuity to aunt Victoire.[1]

The rumours of war referred to in this letter require some explanation. For the last ten years diplomatic Europe had been concerned over what was known as the Eastern Question. Mehemet Ali, Pasha of Egypt, had revolted against the Sultan and his victories in Syria had threatened to overthrow the Turkish Empire. His advance had hitherto been checked by Allied diplomacy, which in spite of jealousies amongst the Powers had presented a front sufficiently united to preserve the Turkish Empire from disruption. In the earlier stages the unwillingness of France and England to back up their diplomatic support by action had forced Turkey into the arms of Russia, who by the Treaty of Unkiar-Skelessi had guaranteed the required assistance in men and ships, and had in consequence become all-powerful in Turkey. This brought England and France face to face with Russia, and for a time the possibility of war between them was a reality. As time passed, however, a regrouping of the Powers took place. This was due in the main to France, who alone of the Powers was on the side of Mehemet Ali. France thought that she saw in the success of the Egyptian Pasha an effective check on the Eastern policy of England, and believing him to be much stronger than in fact he was, exerted her influence to support him. Palmerston, who was then Foreign Secretary, had warned the Porte that no support would be forthcoming in the case of aggressive measures by the Sultan against Mehemet Ali, but that if Turkey were attacked, England would come to her assistance. As the result of this attitude peace was kept until in 1839 a fresh and more acute crisis suddenly arose. Unable any longer to repress his desire to chastise his rebellious vassal, the Sultan in the early summer of this year concentrated an army at Nesib. On June 24th the Turkish army was attacked and utterly

[1] Ruffini, vol. ii. p. 176.

defeated by Ibrahim, the son of Mehemet Ali, and the commander-in-chief of his army. The Sultan did not live to hear the news of this fresh disaster, but died on July 1st, leaving the kingdom to his sixteen-year-old son. Though there was nothing to prevent the victorious army from marching on Constantinople, Mehemet Ali thought it wise to await the result of a joint note presented to the Porte by the ambassadors of the five Powers. The question at issue was the delimitation of Mehemet Ali's sphere of influence. The negotiations in London dragged on throughout the year 1839, the support given by France to Mehemet Ali being the chief difficulty. In February, 1840, the French government of Marshal Soult resigned, and on March 1st, Thiers, an even stronger supporter of the Pasha of Egypt, came into power. The question now became a kind of duel between Palmerston and Thiers, with Guizot, the French plenipotentiary, as the latter's second. Palmerston, whose patience was becoming exhausted at the dilatory methods of French diplomacy, had already warned the French ambassador that he would consider himself at liberty if necessary to sign a convention with less than four Powers,[1] a hint which Thiers failed to grasp. The obstructive policy which Guizot pursued in London was intentional, for Thiers had opened direct negotiations with the Porte by means of the French ambassador, Pontois, and was hoping to be in a position to present the conference in London with a *fait accompli* in the form of signed treaty between France and Turkey. Unfortunately for Thiers, the English ambassador at Constantinople got wind of what was taking place and informed Palmerston. The Foreign Secretary's reply was prompt. Without consulting Guizot he induced Russia, Austria, and Prussia

[1] As early as September, 1839, Palmerston, who all along had insisted on the probable necessity for an eventual coercion of Mehemet Ali, had declared that in the event of all the five Powers not being able to join in such a policy, Great Britain would be prepared ' to act in concert with a less number than four,' which was the diplomatic method of threatening France with isolation. See *Cambridge Mod. History*, vol. x. c. xvii.

to sign with England the Convention of London, by which the signatory Powers bound themselves to provide a solution, and in case of non-acceptance by Mehemet Ali to enforce their decision by arms. The news of the Convention of London threw France into a condition of feverish excitement. Thiers, outwitted at his own game, was furious, and Louis Philippe, not to be outdone in patriotic fervour by his minister, talked of ' unmuzzling the tiger ' of revolution. This was the condition of France at the time Cavour wrote, and his letters reflect the feeling current at the time. During August, while the war fever was being sedulously fanned by the French Press, aided by the public utterances of Thiers, whose instructions to Guizot, however, were couched in a much more reasonable tone, Cavour discussed the question in his letters. To Pietro di Santarosa he wrote as follows : [1]

> I would very much like to be able to give you exact news about the political situation, but the fact is that nobody knows anything for certain. It appears, however, that peace is more probable than war. At bottom all the Powers, Russia excepted, desire it sincerely. France, however, is so deeply engaged that more than one set of circumstances might arise which would force her to intervene, sword in hand, and once the first shot is fired goodness knows what will happen. France is perfectly in a condition to make war on Europe, aided as she would be by the popular sympathy of more than one nation. If she was forced to carry the war beyond her own frontiers, I believe that she would respect nationalities and not repeat the mistake made by the Republic and the Empire. She would be much less revolutionary than one thinks. The Republican party is absolutely without power or influence. Since 1835 it has lost 100 per cent. Its journals have died one by one, and there remains only *Le National*, which is much less influential than three years ago. War would increase the strength of the government and it would never enthrone anarchism and sansculottism abroad. I do not speak to you of the Royalists : they have not lost as much power as the Republicans, but they have not increased in strength since 1835. They have a certain influence which gives them a

[1] Chiala, vol. v. No. 1224.

more aristocratic position in society, and there is no doubt that the Legitimist *salons* are considered more brilliant than the others. That may deceive some people. One must also admit to the honour of the Legitimists that they have not suffered either numerous or notable defections from their ranks. The more distinguished elements among them have all remained faithful to the old flag. Nevertheless war would provide for all the wiser heads of the party a reason or a pretext for joining the ranks of the Conservative Philippists. What is perhaps more remarkable is the consolidation of the Liberal and religious clerical party. The new Archbishop of Paris (Mons. Dionigi Affre) is one of the most distinguished members of it, and he has many enemies amongst the reactionary clergy. I have heard of several new and enlightened bishops. All these facts confirm me in the opinion which I have been forced to form of the union of Catholics and Liberals, or to put it better, the democratisation of Catholicism.

During the month of August simultaneous movements, one of preparation for war, the other in favour of the maintenance of peace, were perplexing the judgment of observers. While Thiers was calling large reserves to the colours, creating new regiments and hurrying on the manufacture of munitions, Leopold of Belgium was working hard for peace in London by exerting all his influence upon Queen Victoria, and Count Walewska was busy in Egypt trying to reduce the claims of Mehemet Ali. So near was the danger of war that interested countries like Piedmont were busy considering their own attitude in the event of hostilities, and it was well for Cavour's peace of mind that he was ignorant of the fact that Charles Albert was deciding to join hands with Austria and send his army to fight side by side with the hated Croats.[1]

Cavour's interest in the political outlook did not, however, make him forgetful of his own home interests, and a letter from Renaldi brought him quickly back to the details of his Piedmontese farm work. As usual he estimates the effect of the political situation upon prices, and gives his reasons based upon a survey of

[1] See Bianchi, *Storia Documentata della Diplomazia Europea in Italia*, vol. iv.

conditions throughout Europe: the date is August 22nd, from Paris:

My dear Renaldi,

Only this morning have I received your letter of the 15th, it having been sent to me at Vauvillers. I am delighted at the good news from the farms, but I am annoyed that Giovanni has not sent that money from Grinzane. He ought to draw more than 5000 lire from various creditors, and besides above 2000 from a certain Anna Martina, a rich merchant of Alba, for rice sold to her last July. Tell him to clear up these accounts. Considering the small grain harvest one cannot expect more money from Leri until after the rice is cut. If this is a generous crop the return will be excellent, since it is probable that prices will keep up in the vicinity of 36 lire, considering the vast armaments in the Mediterranean and the increase in the armies.

I would like to know if the furnace is working well and whether they are getting on with the fencing and roofing. There was some difficulty with Gorlero which I hope has been settled on the lines I indicated to Buffa in my letter written before leaving. The harvest is drawing near: it is a great time for us all: I am sorry that I shall not be at it. If it is possible for you to go over between September 12th and 20th, I think it would be very useful, because it is more than ever necessary just then to have harmony amongst those in command. If any difficulty should arise in agricultural matters, Buffa's opinion ought to decide. You don't say anything of the purchase of cattle. I suppose that Buffa has not thought it necessary. Sometimes I think that through a misplaced sense of economy, if he thinks the harvest in danger of being spoilt by rain, he tries to save on the beasts and on repairs.

The grain harvest is splendid in France, but in England it is disappointing. Continual rain has caused great loss. Prices in London have gone up to a point which will reduce the tax on imported corn to zero. That will have a good effect on Mediterranean supplies, since England cannot rely upon the Baltic, where scarcity has put up the price to a point which forbids exportation. The journals announce big shipments to Portugal, where the harvest has failed completely. These different advices make me think that corn at Geneva will keep dear and that there will be no underselling one another in our home markets.

One lives here in great anxiety. Men's minds are very

disturbed and alternate between fear and confidence. Yesterday war seemed imminent: to-day everything points to peace. M. Guizot has been very well received in England, and the Queen has invited him to Windsor, where the King of the Belgians, Lord Melbourne, and the Prussian Minister are staying.[1]

Under the date August 24th, Greville has the following passage about Palmerston's attitude at this time: 'He talks in the most offhand way of the clamour that broke out in Paris, of his entire conviction that the French Cabinet have no thoughts of going to war, and that if they were to do so, their fleets would instantly be swept from the sea, and their armies everywhere defeated.' Cavour at this moment, though without any inside information, did not believe in war much more than Palmerston, though he was to change his mind and suffer severely for it before he left France. On the last day of August he wrote to Paul Émile Maurice the following:

My dear Friend,

I must ask your pardon for not having given you before this any account of the commissions which you charged me to execute for you in Paris; but I knew you had gone to Lavey, and I waited for your return before writing. I think by this time you will have received the redingote which I ordered for you from Michel. Between ourselves, I advise you to change your tailor. I find Michel has become *détestable*, his materials are bad and his cut mediocre. If you want the *sublime de la mode* you must go to Chevreuil, but you can find others less expensive and still much better than Michel. I have had fifteen pairs of gloves made upon the model enclosed in your letter. If you are in need of them I will send them to you, otherwise I will deliver them in person. You will, I fancy, be expecting me to reveal the secrets of the political situation here and to tell you definitely what will be the outcome of the tragi-comic drama which the diplomatic gentlemen here are playing. I wish from my heart that I could, but though I have studied the position closely, listened to all that was being said and searched for news on all sides, I have not succeeded in seeing

[1] Ruffini, vol. ii. p. 180.

it clearly. Naville would embarrass me nicely if he asked me his usual question, 'What do you think of the Eastern Question?' The only thing that I could reply would be to answer that this plaguy East has upset me prodigiously in coming to trouble the peace of the West at the moment when I have a lot of business to settle. However, if anyone clapped a pistol to my head and forced me to make a bet upon future events, I should lay three to one in favour of peace—but not more, for there are a number of possibilities which might well lead to war. Paris is the worst place in the world in which to form a judgment of the political position. Every individual has a keen interest of one sort or another which influences his judgment. Besides, the mass of news-makers and news-carriers multiplies the rumours, exaggerates the events, and pushes opinions into extremes as much to the right as the left. At this moment the sense of security is uppermost, but it may easily not be for long.[1]

In spite of the pressure of business and the excitement of political events, Cavour found time to read. He was a keen novel-reader, and his letters to his cousin Adèle occasionally contain literary criticisms. One such letter appears at this time in which his opinions are more fully expressed than usual.

I think that you will be able in two months to read *Edward*[2] without any trouble. The hero is for depth of character what in my opinion Pelham is for elegance of manners. This is the greatest compliment that I can pay. The author was a *grande dame* of liberal opinions, combining all that was noblest in the old régime with what is best in the new. It is sublime in my opinion, or to put it better, in that of Mme. de Staël. The generation of the Ducs de Dinas has passed in France: power having fallen into the hands of the bourgeoisie, the brilliance of a liberal aristocracy can be no more. Now, it pays court to power; then, it defied it. The most noble, the most disinterested, the cleverest liberal to-day loses all the poetry of his culture the moment that he enters the *salon* of the 'petit Thiers,' who is none the less a great man. We must then read *Edward*

[1] Ruffini, vol. ii. 184.

[2] *Edward* was a romance written by Claire de Kersaint, Duchesse de Duras (1779-1828), published in 1825. The authoress was a close friend of Madame de Staël. Cavour misspells it *Dinas*.

and appreciate all its beauties, for we shall never find them in the new books.

Coming to *Godolphin*,[1] I must confess that I lost it en route and that I am not at all sorry for having done so. It is one of the most insipid books imaginable. The hero is *un homme manqué* who has neither vices, qualities, nor defects enough to make him interesting. Perhaps it is true to life, certainly it is a type thoroughly boring. There is no need to portray these weak, undecided, ineffective types in books; the world offers us too many examples of such; do we not have *les hommes manqués* continually before our eyes? I know thousands of them, and I think that you would say the same.

I have spent my time monotonously enough—I have not gone back to the Jockey Club nor mixed with the 'lions' as last time. Nor have I been to look up Mme. W. to add new chapters to *Al. and Jul.* I have not been in society for the excellent reason that society is not in Paris. I have simply had a rubber or two of whist, a few parties in the country with friends, and promenades on the Boulevards. Such a life little resembles my stay here two years ago, and especially during the time that you were here. For the rest, Babylon is always Babylon, and one leaves it less good than when one enters it. One would need to be animated by the spirit of the ancient prophets not to deteriorate here: before venturing here, I, a modern Jonah, should have been swallowed by the whale of Genevese Methodism. For Heaven's sake don't repeat this phrase to your mother. I have already fallen enough in her estimation.

We now come to an incident in Cavour's life which provided a severe but salutary check to his exalted opinion of his own cleverness. It will be remembered that on a previous visit to Paris he had speculated on the Bourse with considerable success. He now determined to make use of the present political crisis to achieve if possible that financial independence which for many years had been one of his most ardent desires. In the first week of October, France was thrown into another paroxysm of war fever by the totally unexpected news of the bombardment of Beyrout by an Anglo-Austrian squadron, and the subsequent precarious

[1] A novel by Bulwer Lytton, as was *Pelham*,

MÉLANIE WALDOR

FROM AN ENGRAVING AFTER A MEDALLION
BY DAVID D'ANGERS

position of their protégé the Sultan of Egypt. To placate public opinion, Thiers prepared a memorandum to Great Britain, so strongly worded as to amount almost to a declaration of war. Cavour contrived to see some extracts from this document before it became public, and, convinced that it made war inevitable, he made use of his inside knowledge to plunge heavily on the Bourse. But other forces, notably Louis Philippe's determination to keep the peace, of which Cavour was ignorant, were at work, and the note, 'terribilmente pepata'[1] as it was, fell flat, and war was not declared, with the result that Cavour found himself owing 45,000 francs. To find a sum of this magnitude at such short notice would have ruined both his prospects and his credit, and he took the wise resolution of appealing to the generosity of his father and laid the whole position before him in the following letter :

My dear Papa,

A terrible misfortune has overtaken me, and what is worse it is my own fault. I might have concealed it from you, but I have too much confidence in your goodness and indulgence to deceive you. Here are the facts. I told you that I had made some speculations upon the Bourse, guided by the advice of an excellent broker and by information supplied to me by a very well informed person, the mistress of Bulwer,[2] the English Chargé d'Affaires. I had gained by a series of small investments 15,000 francs. I thought I was infallible. Then one day I was told about the note drawn up by Thiers and approved by his colleagues. This note was equivalent to an immediate declaration of war. I had read some extracts from it copied from the original. Finally I was told the King approved it. Never had I had such a sure basis of operation. I imagined I was about to make my fortune, a kind of madness seized me, and against

[1] Ruffini's translation of a phrase from Heine, who was living in Paris and has left an account of Paris at the time.

[2] This was possibly Hortense Allart de Méritens, the friend and patron of Chateaubriand, Beranger, Lamennais, Sainte-Beuve, and most of the leading literary lights of the day. Her passion for Sir Henry Bulwer is frequently mentioned in her letters.

the advice of my broker I made a *grande opération*.[1] That evening at eleven o'clock I was informed that the King opposed it and that Thiers had resigned. Alas, it was too late, all my dreams vanished and I felt myself falling into an abyss. To tell the truth I lost my head. If I had kept cool I should have been able to get out the next day with only ten or fifteen thousand francs' loss: but I didn't. Besides, the news that Thiers remained deceived me. I wasted three precious days and have lost an enormous sum. I swear to you that I regret far less the actual money than the pain which I shall cause you. As regards myself, I wanted the money in order no longer to be any expense to you. For the last two years this thought has tormented me. I felt that in our financial position I could not marry without causing you severe privations. I wanted to be in a position to do it without asking you for anything. I have utterly failed. I have lost in a day all that I have made in three years. I am as much to be pitied as blamed. In short, I owe at the end of the month 45,000 francs. It is necessary to pay or blow out one's brains. I could have borrowed this sum on credit, but such an abuse of trust would have been a crime. I could never have been capable of it. I would much rather appeal to your affection; you will not abandon me in the horrible position in which I am placed. You will forget my faults and remember only your affection. This sum could be obtained by raising a mortgage on Il Torrone. . . .

I beg you in the name of all that is sacred not to tell mother what has happened. It would hurt her too much. As to myself, I am resigned to everything if I obtain your forgiveness. I was working to make a competence for myself and to marry. Ah, well, I give up the idea utterly: I am quite decided never to think of matrimony: it is perhaps for me the best thing: with my unequal character I should find it hard to make any woman happy. Friendship such as I have with my brother, which for four years now has remained without the shadow of a cloud, removes the necessity of having to think of making a home for myself. Once I have made up my mind I shall be happier. I shall manage to create interests enough not to need a wife and family. These days have aged me ten years. I have bidden good-bye to all my youthful pleasures. I am changed to the

[1] Cavour probably sold, for future delivery, stock which he did not possess, expecting to be able to buy after the fall at a price less than he had sold at, thus making a profit.

very marrow of my bones. I have never, as you know, been prodigal of promises, so you may believe me absolutely when I tell you that from henceforth I renounce everything of the nature of gambling. I shall employ all my time for good and useful ends. . . . Having no longer any idea of acquiring an independent fortune, I give up my position as farmer; the position is distasteful to me. I will simply be your principal agent. Agricultural administration being still the thing I do best, I shall give myself up entirely to it.

I have need of your indulgence; without it I should die of shame. Again I beseech you not to say anything to mother. Rather than that impose any conditions you like upon me. As soon as I receive your reply I shall leave Paris for Vauvillers, to finish my aunt's business. In the meantime I am going to stay two days with M. Thomas, to study forestry. It is heartrending, father, to have to write this letter. I swear that this will be a lesson to me. Perhaps one day I shall consider it a blessing. Once more I ask your pardon for the pain I have caused you. My whole life shall be given up to repairing it.[1]

Upon the receipt of this humble and penitent letter, his father, who had, as his letter tells us, expected this to happen some day, touched perhaps by the confidence reposed in him by his son and pleased that he had not strained his own and the family's credit by raising so large a sum amongst his friends, replied at once stating what steps he was taking to put matters straight. This first letter he followed the next day with the one given below, which, whilst neither bitter nor unkind, gives us a cold and candid analysis of Cavour's character and conduct which is of genuine interest, detailing as it does not only his father's private estimate but to some extent the official view with which Cavour was regarded in government circles :

My dear Camille,

You have seen by my letter of yesterday, written immediately upon the receipt of yours in which you tell me of the folly which you have committed, that it was not my intention to leave you in your present embarrassment. This present letter telling you what I have arranged will confirm it. I enclose you an open letter to M. Odier

[1] Ruffini, vol. ii. p. 201.

authorising him to arrange your affairs and to provide the means of payment up to 45,000 francs. . . . I quite understand that it will hurt your feelings to visit M. Odier after making bad speculations, but when our *amour-propre* prompts us to commit follies we must stand our punishment. That, you will tell me, will injure your credit, but of that credit you have no longer any need, for you have yourself undertaken in your letter to make no more speculations but to employ your means and activities in agriculture. . . .

Now, my dear Camille, that the evil is done, let us look back upon it only to find a remedy for the future, and as your father I am going to recapitulate your conduct, for you are intoxicated with pride. You think you are the only young man made to become straight off a minister—a banker—a business man—a speculator—and this mighty opinion of yourself will not permit you to think that you may possibly be mistaken. You do not know how to cut your losses, which is a great fault in business. In Paris once I found myself in the same position as you. I had bought a half-share with Agreman in 80,000 Piedmontese rentes, when the revolution at Naples broke out. I was told about it: in five hours we settled it up with the loss of a few thousand francs, which we recovered at once on the exchange. Your last journey has been a tissue of follies: if you will go over it with me in cold blood you will realise it. We left together on your aunt's business; on arrival at Chambéry you allowed yourself to be drawn into *l'affaire du puers*. You think you can arrange everything in forty-eight hours, instead of which you give luncheon parties at Chambéry—you skim the surface instead of getting to the bottom of things—you want to put yourself on a level as a capitalist with Costa, who has ten thousand a year; you start a thing and then you go off to the forests. Scarcely have you arrived and found out Lambert's dishonesty, when, instead of setting to work to put things straight, you rush off—to Châlons—to Lyons—following your natural impatience—you go to Paris instead of returning to Franche-Comté and you leave Valery in Champagne. In Paris you make a show of doing your aunt's business, occupying a fine *suite au premier* at the Hôtel Mirabeau, go the round of amusements and restaurants with your friends from Turin, look up your gay ladies of the *demi-monde* and gamble on the Bourse because you think that you have discovered State secrets.

You forget all about your promise to your mother and to me not to gamble on the Bourse as your letter [*blank in*

MS.], and now you get yourself into difficulty and me as well. So much for the past, my dear son—we may regret it, I regret it as much as you, but as in a case of sickness we must think of remedies and plan for the future. Providence has undoubtedly given you capacities of foresight and keen intelligence by which in the past you might have drawn great advantage if you had not been so convinced of your own superiority ; if you had not spoilt all your natural goodness of heart by this ostentation, this love of elegance which one pardons in second-rate people who have no other qualities to bring them into prominence, but which in your case only shows your weak side and gives a handle to your enemies. Because you have abilities above others they fear to have you in any profession, and for that reason exaggerate your mistakes in order to depreciate your qualities. I assure you, my dear Camille, that I am convinced that this lesson, painful as it is to both of us, may become the basis of a solid happiness.

You say a good deal to me about establishing yourself in independence. Dear Camille, no one was better placed than you to make a good and happy marriage—if you had been satisfied with what is suitable to your position : a nice amiable girl with twenty or twenty-five thousand francs income—nothing would have been easier than to make such a marriage, for plenty of people have proposed such to me ; but with your ideas of grandeur, you and your wife would not have had enough to keep you in gloves. And in regard to Trofarel, which everyone thinks a nice country house (Madame de Robilant, your cousins, all who have been there), is for you not nearly good enough—a place occupied for ten years by your grandfather de Sales cannot do for Madame la Comtesse Camille ; for her a large establishment and complete independence are necessary—ideas which you and X. have developed, and which have been the source of much trouble to us. At least 50,000 francs a year would be required for you to live decently in Turin. As soon as I was convinced of this I gave up the thought of seeing you married in my lifetime. I have always feared that what has happened to-day would take place sometime, but you were too sure of yourself for there to be any chance of turning you from the course you had taken, and all my advice appeared to you antiquated rubbish. Now what is to be done ? Here is my opinion. It is necessary at least that your journey, which had for its object your aunt's business, should prove useful. As soon as your affairs are put in order, you

will return to Franche-Comté and spend the time necessary to turn out Lambert and establish Valery in his place until you find a suitable person. Valery cannot remain there long. You must also take steps to sell the timber or half of it and come to terms with M. Passier. You can then return to Geneva, stay there quietly four or five days, go from there to Chambéry (Costa will be there until November 20), go into the business with him—don't go running off to Lyons at your own expense, eating your money just to play the Grand Seigneur. If it is necessary to go, the company must pay your expenses. I ought to go to-morrow to Leri, but I am postponing my visit until the King leaves Turin. I shall try to go there from the 5th to 11th for the stocktaking. There will not be much talk at Turin about your losses, though something will be known of it: it will be said that you have lost what you gained. In the meantime I think that Gustave will make an arrangement with Y. this winter.

In all this you should be able to be very useful to him: you will continue to occupy yourself with useful works, infant schools and such like, without posing as the only responsible person. You might even be very useful to the government if you do not wish to be Premier at once. M. Avet has a high opinion of your abilities. You have very great abilities, my dear Camille. You are thirty, the age when one should say as Alfieri, 'd'allora in poi volli, sempre volli e fermissimamente volli,'[1] to renounce these ideas which make Boyl[2] a distinguished figure in every social gathering. Leave to second-rate people the superiority of their tailoring; be respectable without either the fancy clothes of cousin *Flipin* or the carelessness of your friend César.[3]

Be Camille de Cavour: give free play to your natural goodness, to your high ideals and the nobility of your character; do not speak constantly of the country, while you remain in the town to savour the incense of flattery from those who seek only to harm you. I assure you, my dear son, that if you adopt this line of conduct you will hear neither recriminations nor reproaches about the past from me. Let us work together, Gustave and you and I, now and in the future. We will act together without ostentation. For you it is easier, I know, to give up a

[1] 'From that moment onwards I made up my mind, kept it made up and with the utmost determination.'

[2] See Cavour's letter to his aunt, Chapter VI., p. 150.

[3] The Marchese Cesare Alfieri.

thing entirely, than to school yourself to be moderate like everyone else. You have a political power—gain a moral power, and we shall all be the better for it. If you want to settle down you can do it easily. Look at your friend Robert. He has married a wife who brought him 600,000 francs as dowry. Robert is at least six inches taller than you, he plays whist as you do, but he is less amiable and not as pleasant as you are in society. It is true that your temperament is very uneven, but you can make yourself master of it and not behave in such a way that we [1] become the victims of a husband's jealousy or a failed rendezvous. Do you realise, *mon ami*, that I am very much better informed than you think? You have nothing to complain of in my discretion. I have always considered myself as much your friend as your father. Do not think that a few thousand francs alters my feelings towards you. If I get annoyed about money matters, it is because I see you spending money beyond what I think necessary and because I have always doubted your prudence.

Now we have had our lesson, let us profit by it and use it to deepen our happiness. I am going to read my letter to your mother. I want to speak the truth as a father ought to his son, but I do not want to write anything which might hurt your feelings or wound your *amour-propre*. I should lie to myself if I did not say all that I feel, but at the same time I want you to be certain that this does not alter my affection for you or lessen the value I put upon your abilities and character. I appreciate them fully: I believe that you can do great things: it is a mine badly worked but one in which the ore is rich: let us work it together.[2]

Such a cold-blooded *exposé* of his character and conduct must have been unpleasant reading for the prodigal in Paris, but luckily before it reached him Cavour's affairs had taken a turn for the better and he found his losses reduced by more than half. With the reduction of his debts his spirits returned, and in the reply to his father's first letter, which must have crossed the above in the post, we find his temperature nearly normal again:

[1] *i.e.* the family. Cavour apparently was unpleasant at home when his love affairs went wrong. This is evidently a bit of inside knowledge of his son's philanderings obtained through his secret police. See p. 170.

[2] Ruffini, vol. ii. p. 212.

My dear Papa,

After your letter of the other day I went to the Bourse determined to settle up all my accounts at whatever cost and never to put my foot inside the horrible place again. But my broker begged me so earnestly not to do anything in a hurry that I departed for the forests without doing anything at all. What the broker said to me happened. The rise produced by artificial means could not keep up. Rothschilds seized the opportunity to make enormous sales, with the result that on my return I found rentes 3.50 lower. I have been able in consequence to diminish my losses very much : I have not been able to get out altogether, but if I am not mistaken I shall escape with a loss of 20,000 francs.

The moral effect will not be lessened, I assure you : I have paid a cheaper price for my experience, but I shall profit by it all the same for the rest of my life. If I had succeeded, that is to say, if Thiers' note had been accepted by the King, I should have by now made above 200,000 francs; instead I have lost 20,000, but I have gained experience and made my resolutions which are worth a million. I confirm all I said in my last letter : if a million should rain on me from the sky I would not withdraw a single word of it.

My state of agitation and my absence from Paris have made me neglect the news ; however, since yesterday I have tried to become conversant with it, though I have only been able to do so imperfectly. The only positive fact I have learnt is that the English ambassador is convinced that Palmerston's reply to the note which accompanied the memorandum will not be very pacific. The resistance of the Pasha in Syria will lead to measures against Egypt, and that will lead to war. I scarcely see what else can happen. I am assured that the would-be assassin of the King has admitted having accomplices. But the source is not very reliable.

As to my aunt's affairs, I have not neglected them : by earnest entreaty I have induced M. Thomas to accompany me : he will come into the Vosges and together we shall visit my aunt's forests in the greatest detail. It will give me a lesson in forestry. To prepare myself he has condemned me to read a great book he has written on the subject.

P.S.—Lord Palmerston's reply has arrived. I am assured it is very harsh. That must be so, for Rothschilds sold a large quantity of rentes yesterday. The ministry has prepared a *coup* for the opening of the Chambers. I cannot discover the nature of it.[1]

[1] Ruffini, vol. 2. p. 221.

'The lesson administered on this occasion was never forgotten by Cavour, and the promises made to his father were kept. Many years later in 1855, when he was President of the Council, a young man wrote to him asking for the loan of a very large sum to meet his gambling debts. In the course of his reply Cavour wrote : ' I have been a gambler in my youth. I know in consequence the sad effects of this terrible passion. A less severe but similar lesson to that which you have received fortunately cured me. In 1840 I gambled on the Bourse in Paris and lost a considerable sum ; I could have procured it by appealing to my friends, but I preferred to ask my father. He suffered for my faults but he repaired them : he made me promise never to gamble on the Bourse again, and I have religiously kept my word.' [1]

His financial difficulties once settled, Cavour was anxious to leave Paris and get away from the dangers and temptations of the modern Babylon, as his puritanical cousins at Geneva called it. Before he departed, however, he wrote once more to his father with reference to his proposed visit to Leri. The bulk of the letter is concerned with the question of securing a water supply for his farm at Montarucco, advising his father to give his proposal careful consideration. He then passes on to other points requiring attention. It was a maxim of Cavour's that in agriculture personal attention was the necessary condition of success, and with this in mind he adds the following passage :

> I think that by the time you arrive at Leri the new shed will be finished. You ought to inaugurate it : that is to say, the place where each one of the cowman's implements is to be kept is fixed in your presence by attaching a number to it. You then give notice that any cowman who does not return to its proper place each night the implements entrusted to him will be fined 1.50 f., which will go to the *courmaya* fund.[2]

[1] Mayor, *Lettere*, p. 233.

[2] This was a fund out of which a bonus was paid to the workmen at the end of the year or sometimes at the close of some important work.

The special care which he took over his cross-bred flock of ewes and his knowledge in regard to them come out clearly in the passage which follows :

> The flock will have come down from the mountain by now. If there is still time stop the Maire from sending the cross-bred sheep to Leri, for they suffer by the journey. Last winter several of them miscarried. This is a loss. An experimental cross-bred flock requires particular care ; it is better to let them remain with the shepherd. The Maire, who does not like this kind, will tell you the contrary : he will say that the individual sheep being bigger than the merinos, suffer less by moving. This is absurd, for our whole object being to lessen their bigness of bone, we cannot expect them to be very robust. Besides, if they are fatter they are also much heavier and fatigue injures them more than the other kinds.[1]

Cavour left Paris at the end of October. He went as far as Vauvillers, where he at last cleared up his aunt's business, dismissing the old bailiff and seeing the new one installed : he then departed for Geneva, breaking his journey at Estavayer to visit his nephew Auguste, arriving at Geneva by the end of November. After staying here for some time he went on to Turin, which he reached towards the end of the year. His final impressions of the European situation and the probable outcome of the tension over the Eastern question are summed up for us in the last letter he wrote from Paris. While he does not believe that the Eastern problem is likely to provide a *casus belli*, he sees a real danger in the internal condition of France and in the possibility of Louis Philippe attempting a successful war for the firmer settlement of the dynasty. He regards the readjustment of European relations as necessary and inevitable, and thinks that war would probably be the quickest method.

> All is conjecture and uncertainty. At bottom people do not believe in war breaking out, but they are troubled by a mass of vague fears which disturb men's minds and prevent a clear judgment. I do not think that Louis Philippe and

[1] Ruffini, vol. ii. p. 239.

France are afraid of war: it is very possible it may suit them to make it. A victorious war would be the best thing possible for the Orléans dynasty and what would best assure internal tranquillity in France. This is a truth which all clear-minded men realise, and it renders them less pacific than they appear to foreigners. If war breaks out the cause of it will be the condition of France more than the Eastern question. Outside France people think that war would increase Republican influence. This is utterly wrong. War would make Louis Philippe thoroughly popular, provided that he did it cleverly and acted with energy, which he certainly would do, for he is not short of men or material.

War now is perhaps necessary to re-establish on a firm base the equilibrium of Europe broken in '89. The re-arrangement made in 1814 was artificial. They believed that revolution was crushed and that they could remake Europe without taking into account the interests and sentiments to which it had given birth. 1830 has destroyed this beautiful dream of the Holy Alliance and made a resettlement, so badly organised in 1814, necessary. Such a resettlement might be effected without a general war. It has already begun in Belgium and Spain, but a war would complete it more quickly: this is why under some aspects it would be advantageous.

You see, my dear cousin, that the old revolutionary leaven still ferments at the bottom of my heart. I should do better to conceal it from you, for it is little to your taste. Forgive my indiscretion and keep the secret among your dear compatriots who have become ultra-conservative since they discovered that rentes are not liberal.[1]

The early part of 1841 proved a miserable time for Cavour. After the pleasurable excitement of the big world outside, the stagnant atmosphere of Turin with its round of balls and parties, its police and its Jesuits, its narrow outlook—half barracks and half monastery—seemed to the returned traveller more unendurable than ever. To add to his troubles he found the family prostrated with illness: his father laid up with gout, his grandmother and his aunt Henriette confined to their beds, and his brother Gustave away in attendance upon his mother-in-law, who was seriously ill at Pisa.

[1] Ruffini, vol. ii. p. 224.

Nor had his own position improved. The financial obligation to his father, increased by his unhappy speculations in Paris, reduced him once more to the hateful condition of a penniless cadet. There was nothing for him to do at this time of year on the farms, and he was faced by a round of social amusements for which he had not the slightest inclination. In such circumstances the inevitable reaction followed. He became moody and depressed, going lifelessly into society, finding his only solace in his friendship with a lady who had been his confidante for years and whose intimacy with him was magnified into something approaching a scandal by the ill-natured tongues of his enemies.[1] We can see from the following extract from his mother's diary the general tenor of his life during these months :

> We shall soon be at the end of the Carnival : none of us will regret it. Camille, who goes out into society, likes neither balls nor theatres. He has, however, gone this evening to the ball at the Court, which brings the Carnival to a close. I have watched him going to all these fêtes without the least pleasure. This forced gaiety gives little pleasure to the heart, this attitude of indifference shows a need for interest which he finds only in one already belonging to another. This social round, leading to nothing either solid or useful, ends by fatiguing a man capable of a life better employed.

Until the constitution of 1847 opened the doors to the one career he desired and for which he so sedulously prepared himself from boyhood, Cavour's life had no true centre. Agriculture interested him and occupied him, so later did journalism ; but until he entered into politics, his life could not be better described than in a phrase used by his mother in her diary, ' son état flottant.'

There are no letters this year before July (1841), and we can only gather his activities indirectly. We know that he was one of the prime movers in the forma-

[1] Fragmentary letters to this lady have been pieced together by Ruffini in his volume on Cavour and Mélanie Waldor ; the letters are signed with the initial ' E.'

tion of the Whist Club, which received the royal sanction in March of this year. Formed nominally for purely social purposes, it was at once viewed with distrust at headquarters as a potential centre for political propaganda, and it required no little persuasiveness on the part of the founders to lull the suspicions of the ministers. The government, ultimately persuaded by the perseverance and cleverness of Cavour, was from its own standpoint quite right, for in a short time it became a genuine political centre, admirably suited to serve that very purpose which the government wished to frustrate. Sometime during these months one of the earliest of his literary efforts saw the light. It was a discussion contributed to a Paris agricultural journal edited by Alessandro Bixio, the brother of Nino Bixio, upon the two methods of rearing silkworms then in practice. The method prevalent in Italy was of rearing them in the cottages of the peasants, their employers providing the eggs and the mulberry leaves, and taking one half the profits on the silk. The newer method adopted in France was that of rearing them on a large scale in special buildings constructed for the purpose. After examining both systems and on purely economic grounds deciding for the French system, he ended with an eloquent plea for the retention of the Italian method, closing his paper with these words: 'Let us allow a system to remain which outweighs by numerous moral advantages the technical imperfections of which it is perhaps impossible to rid it altogether. Let us try to improve the methods of the peasants, to overcome their prejudices and to dissipate the ignorance in which they have always lived: but let us leave them an industry which they exercise on the half and half principle with the owners of the soil, and which establishes between them relations too precious to be sacrificed to a problematic pecuniary advantage.

'I am a strong partisan of progress, especially in political economy, but I think that there is reason here

for relaxing the absolute principles of the production of wealth professed by that science, in consideration of the benefits resulting from the mode of distribution of that wealth which by stimulating the peasants to work assures to them a large portion of the produce of their efforts.'

The first of the letters which we meet, a group of three written this year in July and August to Émile de la Rue, takes us to the other extreme of Cavour's agricultural activity :

My dear Émile,

A visit to Grinzane has prevented me from thanking you sooner for the information about the corn trade contained in your letter of the 8th. It is very valuable, as it shows me that the fears of the Piedmontese proprietors in regard to the corn from Odessa were imaginary. The result of the corn harvest is poor ; it will be below the average, and as there is no last year's corn left we shall have to buy foreign corn. The maize is magnificent, which will prevent corn falling below a certain point : nevertheless, as the demand will exceed the supply, corn will be dear. At Turin the bakers are not usually allowed to use the current year's corn before the 10th to 15th of August. This year the municipality has had to permit its use as early as July 12th. At the last market there was not a sack of old corn left.

I told you, I think, some time ago that I had bought in England six cows and two bulls for the King. These precious beasts left London on June 15th on the *Henry Brougham*, and ought to land at Genoa in a few days. I have had them addressed to Le Chevalier Baratta,[1] so that the Customs formalities will not delay their landing. M. de Castagnetto having written to him in the name of the King, I am sure he will make all haste to carry out his duty in the matter. However, as I promised Messrs. Morris Prevost & Co. that they should have nothing to do with the Customs officials, I should be much obliged if you would see that M. Baratta through excess of zeal does not make difficulties with the captain.

On the same vessel there is a box of books addressed to me. The Count Avet has written to the censor at Genoa to allow them to pass without examination. I should be

[1] Director of Customs at Genoa.

much obliged if you would claim them in my name and forward them as soon as possible.

The poor Melbourne Ministry is at its last gasp. I should regret it very much if Lord Palmerston was not in it. I have faith in the wisdom of Sir R. Peel, and I hope that under other forms he will adopt pretty nearly the same measures of commercial reform which have become indispensable to the existence of the industrial power of England. Though I shall regret the fixed charge of 8s. a quarter proposed by Lord John Russell. [1]

'The precious beasts' were safely landed, as we gather from the next letter :

I thank you ever so much for the trouble you have taken over the cattle for H.M. landed from the *Henry Brougham*. I flatter myself that I have performed a real service to Piedmontese agriculture in inducing the King to bring from England the breed of shorthorns, whose superiority is incontestable. The lovers of beef steaks and roast beef will find themselves well provided for in a few years, for the flesh of the shorthorns is infinitely superior to that of other breeds.

Just at this time the placid political atmosphere of Turin was disturbed by a ministerial crisis. It was an almost unknown event for a minister to resign while still retaining the royal confidence. This, however, had happened, and Turin was agog with excitement, especially in regard to the appointment of his successor. To his friend Édouard Naville, at Geneva, Cavour writes the following :

. . . We have had a little ministerial crisis : unhappily it is not yet settled. The Minister of the Interior, the Comte de Pralormo, has resigned as the result of a violent struggle with the Congregandist party, which for a long time has waged war to the knife against him. The King abandoned him on a serious question and he regarded it as his duty to resign.[2] Under the actual circumstances it is a loss to the country. Though he had his faults and his methods were rather brutal, he was a genuinely honest man, loving good for its own sake and administering his office for the good of the country and not in the interests of a sect or a

[1] Bert, *Lettere*, No. 12. [2] See the letter to Count Pollon, p. 161.

party. He resisted in the most praiseworthy manner the encroachments of the priests' party, unhappily encouraged by the personal predilections of the King. The Congregandists are working desperately to have his successor chosen from amongst their enthusiasts, and at one moment everybody thought that they had succeeded and that the Comte de Collegno, the most fanatic and obscurantist of them all, was minister. Luckily, the good sense of the King has saved us from this frightful calamity, for I can assure you, without any exaggeration, that the nomination of M. de Collegno would have excited more discontent in the country than the appointment of M. de Polignac did in France in 1829. Up to the present Pralormo's successor has not been announced. The Count Gallina, the Minister of Finance, holds the portfolio in the interim. He is a wise and enlightened man : it is to his remonstrances that we owe our preservation from Collegno : but he has not been able to induce the King to choose a man of the same colour as Pralormo. The Count Gallina is using all his influence to get César Alfieri appointed. The nomination would be applauded by all wise and reasonable people who love their country and desire to secure internal peace by satisfying public opinion with concessions which can be given without any risk. I may say that for my own part I desire most keenly to see César Alfieri in office, for knowing him intimately I can appreciate all the good which he might do for his country. With us social position counts for much, and a Grand Seigneur as minister is always more powerful than one who has no other qualifications than his abilities and his official position. . . . [1]

With the exception of these few indications of his activity Cavour disappears amid the rice fields of Leri until the autumn of this year, when he suddenly emerges again as the interested spectator of a political revolution at Geneva, to which city he invariably endeavoured to migrate for a few months' rest when the strain of the Piedmontese harvest was over.

[1] Chiala, vol. i. No. 29.

X. A SWISS REVOLUTION: PARIS AND LONDON

1841-1843

Cavour and Swiss Politics—The Disturbances of 1833—Letter on the Conseil Incident—The Revolution at Geneva in 1841—Foundation of Società Agraria—Geneva—Paris—Rachel and the Theatre—Académie Française—*Salons*—Social Studies—Letter to Santarosa—The Abbé Cœur—Letter to Chateauvieux—London—Cheshire—Norfolk—Letter on English Agriculture.

In his unceasing study of the European political situation Cavour paid close attention to all that went on in Switzerland. Both from its position and the composition of its population Switzerland served as a nerve centre for the whole of Europe, and faithfully reacted to whatever disturbances were in motion in other countries. ' At Geneva,' he wrote, ' where you have samples of all parties, you are admirably situated to form a correct idea of the general state of things.' From 1830 onwards we find constant allusions to Swiss politics, and they are the more valuable in that the freedom with which he always wrote to his Genevan relatives induced him to put forward his own political views, which when writing to his own family circle at Turin he carefully avoided, knowing by experience the heartburning which his Liberal ideas invariably caused. Thus the study of his ' Swiss ' letters reveals with singular clearness his own political development, and in them we can see more distinctly than elsewhere the changes which his mind underwent and the principles upon which his political creed was based.

In 1830 Cavour was at the height of his democratic enthusiasm and welcomed the revolution of July with open arms. The events in France quickly influenced Swiss politics, resulting in the reconstitution of the governments in many of the cantons upon much more democratic lines. Another result was the immediate repatriation of the ten thousand Swiss troops hitherto employed in France, and their return to Switzerland was followed by a suggestion from Geneva that they should form the nucleus of a Federal force for the protection of the national neutrality. On hearing of this Cavour wrote to his uncle at Geneva as follows :

> I have seen with the utmost satisfaction the resolution of the Swiss. It is perhaps the first time for centuries that the sons of William Tell have spoken as free men. Your compatriots, after having overthrown the old aristocracy which oppressed them, have felt that it was shameful that such a race should allow itself to be bound by the gold of absolute kings, and Geneva, the home of Swiss enlightenment, has rendered a great service to her fellow-countrymen by thus marching in the forefront of civilisation.

The hope which Cavour entertained in 1830 that the new French government would embrace the cause of oppressed nationalities was speedily dissipated, and Cavour came more and more to regard Switzerland as the solitary home of liberty on the Continent. His profound distrust of Austria and the Holy Alliance led him to suspect, during the struggles between the aristocratic and democratic parties which broke out in Switzerland in 1832-1833, that the emissaries of Metternich were stirring up trouble in order to justify the interference of the Holy Alliance, and that in such circumstances Switzerland would either be too weak to oppose Austria by arms or too divided to develop a national policy, and that the cause of liberty would once more be crushed beneath the iron heel of Austria. Happily the strong and successful action of the Federal Diet in putting down the rebellion by the mobilisation of Federal troops checkmated such designs, and Switzer-

land issued from the critical position of 1833 strengthened rather than weakened by the effort. In the following letter, written to his brother Gustave, Cavour gives us his summary of these events and their significance :

> The events in Switzerland will be occupying everyone's mind at Turin, especially those of the diplomats, as they are doing everywhere else. It seems quite authentic that the Swiss reactionary movement was not isolated but part of a big European plan. Indeed recently there has been a great diplomatic movement in Switzerland. The Bombelles arrived in Geneva, Strogonoff went to Zurich. If the Holy Alliance had succeeded in bringing about the triumph of the retrogade principles in Switzerland or even in producing serious troubles which the Diet could not control, necessitating a hostile intervention on their part, it would have gained a great success. Switzerland is the citadel of Europe, she dominates it on all sides, and a hundred thousand men issuing from the Juras would be a great danger for France. Happily such a diabolical combination is out of the question. . . . I can assure you that now, if a European war should break out, sixty thousand Swiss, perfectly organised, full of ardour and enthusiasm, would be ready to repulse any aggressive movement. In a week they mobilised 20,000 men. I firmly believe that this unknown force which has suddenly revealed itself amongst a people who form the vanguard of the revolutionary movements will contribute strongly to dissipate the warlike ideas of Metternich and Co. The Swiss counter-revolution is utterly beaten. . . . There is nothing to fear at present from the ultras : the only danger if it exists comes from the fanaticism of the Ultra-Liberal party, who for the moment have acquired very great power and who are using it to stir up the lowest anti-social passions. I believe, however, that there is nothing very serious to be feared from this quarter. . . .[1]

At the time of writing this letter Cavour was already under the influence of that policy of the *juste milieu* which, emanating from the doctrinaire French school of Louis Philippe, reached Cavour through the French ambassador at Turin, M. de Barante. He was already acutely aware of the dangers to the cause of liberty

[1] Ruffini, vol. ii. p. 288.

from the fanaticism of extremists, and his indictment of both sides at the close of the letter is sufficiently indicative of the position which he was taking up. The events of the next few years confirmed him in his attitude of opposition to all insurrections and rebellions, and convinced him that even the cherished right of asylum might do more harm than good to the cause of liberty. The liberal movements in Switzerland soon made that country the happy hunting-ground of all kinds of malcontents and revolutionaries, and the Federal jealousy of its right to give asylum to exiles quickly led to difficulties with the Powers.

In 1834 Switzerland was brought into collision with Piedmont and Austria through Mazzini's incursion into Savoy at the head of a band of revolutionaries with the avowed intention of overturning the throne of Charles Albert. The movement, organised in Switzerland and starting from Swiss soil, was a flagrant breach of international law. The protest of Charles Albert was prompt and forcible, and only the support which France gave Switzerland prevented the armed intervention of Piedmont and Austria. This French support, so vital to Swiss freedom, was however sacrificed two years later through the same malign activities. The two attempts by Fieschi and Alibaud on the life of Louis Philippe led to strong diplomatic protests from Paris. Already irritated by Switzerland's unwillingness or inability to control or expel the revolutionaries within her borders, the Minister of the Interior, with the knowledge of Louis Philippe but unknown to the Prime Minister, Thiers, sent into Switzerland a police agent called Conseil to fraternise with the revolutionaries and report their activities to the French government. Thiers, hearing of his presence in Switzerland and ignorant of the real nature of his mission, demanded his expulsion as a conspirator. Placed in this awkward position, Conseil imparted the true nature of his activities to the revolutionaries, who at once informed the Federal authorities. The matter

quickly became public and led to a violent popular outcry against France and an outburst of hooliganism, of which the Duc de Montebello, the French ambassador, was the innocent victim. When Cavour heard of this he wrote the following to his uncle de Sellon, in which the voice and policy of the future prime minister are foreshadowed with unmistakable clearness.

SANTENA, *September* 17, 1836.

MY DEAR UNCLE,

You have good reason to think that I take a lively interest in the events which are occurring in Switzerland. I love that country not only because it is my mother's native land, which in itself gives it a good title to my affection, but still more because it is one of those which lead European civilisation and which contributes, by the example of the improvements introduced into its administrative system, to the progress of social and political institutions. This sympathy and interest do not, however, blind me to the wrongs which Switzerland commits towards her neighbours, nor do they render me unjust towards her. So I shall frankly admit that in the present difficulty I believe, upon my honour, that the Swiss have given France ample reasons to demand satisfaction.

If I had been a member of the doctrinaire ministry, I should not have spoken otherwise than M. Molé in his last note. A great nation like France cannot allow her representative to be insulted, nor can she allow herself to be injured without showing some kind of resentment. People talk of the services rendered by the Swiss to France in 1831 : but it appears to me that these services have been repaid with interest by the protection that France gave her when all Europe, according to the opinions of her leading statesmen, wished to bring Switzerland to reason. Certainly, if it had not been for the fear of the big French battalions, Switzerland would have been invaded after that wretched affair of the invasion of Savoy by an Austro-Sardinian army ; and however great might have been the courage of that warlike nation, the armies of absolutism would have conquered her, overthrown her reformed governments and re-established the old aristocracy with all its prejudices and abuses, which we believed destroyed for ever, more firmly than before. In matters of mutual indebtedness it seems to me that France and Switzerland can cry quits. What

should keep them together is not the memory of services rendered to each other in the past, but the possibility of future services, a sentiment which, according to Lord North, is the only form of obligation which is practical for statesmen and, I would add, nations as well. The fact that the Swiss may be of value to France in the future is a very strong reason for keeping in with her powerful ally. But this consideration does not go to the length of permitting her to insult France in the eyes of Europe. M. de Montebello, it is said, only represents the opinion of the ministers who appointed him, not that of France. This idea is false : in foreign affairs domestic differences cease to exist, and the ambassador represents the nation. The pretext which the Diet has made use of to insult so gravely the representative of France is puerile. There is nothing in the Conseil incident which can justify anything but the most formal remonstrance. I do not see why the Swiss nation, which has permitted the establishment of a nest of conspiracy in their country, is astonished that another nation should take steps for her own safety by watching the conspirators who threaten her tranquillity and even attempt the life of the head of the state. Since the Swiss for long enough have refused to expel from their country such dangerous people as the refugee accomplices of Alibaud and company, the least that France could do was to maintain secret intelligence in regard to them in order to have timely notice of their abominable plots. Conseil was not paid to spy on the Swiss authorities nor to discover the secrets of the Diet or Vorort. His task was simply to keep the French government *au courant* in regard to the machinations of the clubs, where they plotted the most atrocious crimes. I can see nothing, absolutely nothing in this to justify the genuine or pretended anger of the Swiss when they discovered that Conseil was a spy. France has acted as nations who have to fear secret conspiracies always act, and as governments always will act as long as such plots are a possibility, and that, I fear, will be for a very long time to come. If the actual cause in dispute was brought before an impartial court, composed of representatives of all the nations of Europe, I have no doubt but that Switzerland would have to make an *amende honorable* to France. I even believe that if the fate of your nation depended on the votes of the majority of European states the result would be very different from what all friends of progress and liberty desire.[1]

[1] Ruffini, vol. ii. p. 298.

The early thought and study which Cavour gave to this problem was no doubt of use to him when, in 1853 and the subsequent years, the identical charges here made against the Swiss were being levelled with equal insistence against his own country.

Until the year 1841 the Canton of Geneva, in which Cavour was most interested and whose leading politicians were nearly all his personal friends or acquaintances, remained immune from the contagion of revolutionary propaganda. In this year, however, the trouble began. The indirect cause was a question then agitating all Switzerland, the action of the Canton of Argovia, which as a reprisal for a revolutionary outbreak believed to have been inspired by the Jesuits, closed all the monasteries and nunneries within its jurisdiction. But though this matter was the cause of the first public meeting which began the revolutionary ferment, it quickly receded into the background and its place was taken by a question of far greater interest to the mass of the citizens, namely, an agitation for an elective municipal council; this in its turn was merged in the ultimate subject of contention, which was nothing less than a demand for the remodelling of the cantonal constitution, and as a means to this end the immediate convocation of a constituent assembly.

The government of the Canton of Geneva as established by the Pact of 1815 consisted of a Representative Council of 250 members with an executive Council of State elected by the Council of Representatives and comprising twenty-four members. In addition there were four Syndics elected annually. Though democratic in theory, the government soon became an oligarchy in practice, the canton being governed by the twenty-four State Councillors with the tacit acquiescence of everyone. This body, drawn from the Genevese aristocracy, consisted mainly of leading Calvinistic business men and professors from the university. They had held the reins of government

since 1815, and though their rule was both tolerant and enlightened—more than half the original clauses of the constitution had been modified or enlarged since they assumed office—many of the citizens would have liked a less exclusive body of governors. Amongst the causes of discontent was the absence of an elective municipal council for the city, distinct from the government of the canton. In 1835 a proposal to establish a municipal council was brought in and defeated, but the Council of State agreed to a second proposal by which Geneva was granted a municipal body nominated by the Council for the space of five years. In 1840 the original proposal was again brought up and defeated, but the nominated municipal council was extended for another five years, though hedged in with such restrictions that it became evident that at the expiration of that time it was doomed. This took place on March 3rd, 1840. On the same day an association was formed to forward the interests of the citizens in this matter and, taking its name from the day the proposal was refused, called itself *Trois Mars*. This body became the executive of the revolution.

When the harvest of this year was over, Cavour, as was his custom, left Turin for Switzerland. He arrived in Geneva towards the middle of October, just as the first signs of the revolution were becoming apparent. On the 20th he wrote to his father an account of the Federal negotiations in regard to the convent question in the Canton of Argovia, in which the Genevese delegates had adopted a middle position between the Radicals and the reactionary Conservatives. He closes the first part of the letter with these words :

> In the midst of this general preoccupation the Genevese Radicals have wished to make a show of their strength. Blaming the vote of the Council as being dictated by a cowardly moderation, they have called a public meeting after dinner to-morrow. I shall go to this meeting in order to give you an account of it.

The next day Cavour added the following description of the meeting :

> The number of persons present was between 1500 and 2000 : but two-thirds of these were simply spectators like Gustave and myself, drawn by the novelty of a meeting of this kind. The great majority was composed of workmen and the lowest class of the people, amongst whom Revilliod assures me that there were a great many strangers. A watchmaker called Bachelar opened the meeting by reading a speech inviting the citizens to protest against the action of the Council. The speech, badly put together and even more badly delivered, had no effect at all.
>
> After this M. Bachelar, a man with a long dirty beard mounted the platform, which was erected in the middle of a field, and delivered a very long harangue on the subject of the convents. From his accent and the mistakes in his French I soon perceived that he was an Italian. I learnt afterwards that he was a Milanese named Camperio, for several years a refugee at Geneva, where after trying to become an *avocat* he contented himself with mixing with the Radical *cabaret* politicians. His speech was clever enough, more sarcastic than impassioned : but unfortunately for him his boorish audience did not understand two-thirds of what he said.
>
> Following Camperio someone read a proposed memorial to the Diet that nobody wanted to sign. After which the meeting quietly dispersed. On the whole this ridiculous meeting has injured the cause of the Radicals by proving its weakness ; nothing proves it better than the necessity of having to have recourse to the eloquence of a foreigner in a city as fond of talking as Geneva. The Radical party has no real force in this canton : this year's elections are a proof of it : never have they been so aristocratic. The Swiss would be too happy if all the population was like the Genevese. . . .[1]

A few days later Cavour paid a visit to Franche-Comté, and on his return the revolution had already broken out, and he found it necessary to revise his opinion of the pacific and conservative nature of the Genevese character. The following letter to his cousin Adèle, Baroness Maurice, tells us the story of what happened :

[1] Ruffini, vol. ii. p. 313.

My dear Adele,

Amélie has charged me to send you the bulletin of the revolution which has broken out at Geneva. I hasten to obey though the task is very difficult. I have only taken part in the *dénouement* of the drama of which the intrigues have been carried on for a long time. In consequence, I can only tell you what I have heard, which renders me liable to make bad mistakes. You know the origin of the Trois Mars: this association, formed at first by a small clique of men of disappointed ambition and wounded *amour-propre*, has gradually grown larger and larger by the inclusion of all the malcontents and extremists in the canton. It seems that these two categories, especially the first, were more numerous than the wise and clever people believed. For this there were several reasons. The first was a certain wounded national self-respect amongst the masses, who saw themselves deprived of liberties which their fellow-citizens in other cantons possessed. Clear and simple arguments have a great effect upon the masses, and when to combat them it is necessary to have recourse to more or less complicated arguments, it is difficult to counteract the first effect produced. The simple and practical question which was placed before the people was: Why are you less free than the Vaudois, you, who are more enlightened than they are? It moved them profoundly. And as the Trois Mars set itself to repeat this in every key and to keep it before the people in every possible manner, it penetrated very deep into the mind of the masses and awoke political passions and desires for changes which no one perceived.

The second reason for the growth of the Trois Mars is more social than political. The government which has been overthrown, though democratic in theory, was oligarchical in fact, for their power was kept in the hands of a particular caste, or to put it better, a particular society. The result of the old order of things was to irritate all those who belonged to a lower social grade. It is the old quarrel of the lower against the higher, of the petty tradesman against the aristocrat. The Trois Mars, as it grew stronger, drew to itself all this narrow-minded, mean-spirited bourgeoisie, which, whilst jealous of the upper classes, was a hundred times more exclusive than ever the aristocracy was towards its own inferiors. It seems that the bulk of the shopkeepers rallied more or less openly to the Trois Mars, less to obtain a change of government than to annoy the fine ladies and dandies of the aristocracy.

The Trois Mars, having felt its strength, resolved to act. It began with a public meeting on the Coulouvrenière on the subject of the convents. This meeting was half a failure. There were less people at it than they expected and they were at first discouraged. The Council by prudence and firmness might at that moment have achieved a signal success. It would probably have been sufficient to remove Camperio to destroy the Trois Mars. As a matter of fact he had chosen a bad terrain upon which to begin the struggle. The question of the convents meant little to the masses and made the shopkeepers uneasy : besides it was odious to the Catholic population which, had it been roused, would have gone against the Trois Mars. The Council of State not having profited by their opponents' mistake, these hastened to repair it by engaging at once in a decisive struggle upon the internal reform of the government. They openly declared war and prepared to act by violence if persuasion failed. Proclamations, inflammatory writings and violent speeches were spread in profusion amongst the people. The foremen in the workshops began to spread the propaganda amongst their workmen. They canvassed the militia, went out into the country and brought in reinforcements from the surrounding neighbourhood. Finally the Trois Mars became frankly revolutionary. During all this time, that is, during the last fortnight, the Council of State remained as if paralysed. One party wished to act with energy, another wished to endeavour to calm the populace by means of large concessions. They talked but did nothing. The party in favour of concessions found itself suddenly supported by an address signed by eighty members of the Representative Council, who, while assuring the Council of State of their loyalty, begged them to grant the people some of the reforms demanded. This address, the work of the frightened portion of the government's supporters, was a signal mistake. A veritable *coup de pied de l'âne,* it took from the Council of State the little energy it had left. The Council resolved to yield. It foreshadowed the meeting of the Representative Council by announcing that it would submit to it a proposal embodying the substance of all the reforms demanded. As soon as the convocation of the Representative Council was published, with the avowed intention of revising some of the most fundamental bases of the constitution, the Trois Mars attacked this measure as insufficient and loudly demanded a constituent assembly.

The numerous revolutions which have taken place in

Switzerland during the last ten years will no doubt have familiarised you with the word Constituent Assembly. So I will limit myself to telling you that it is an extraordinary assembly elected in the usual manner for the single object of devising a new constitution. It is the legislative dictator which for a given time has all the powers of the State with the object of reconstructing the political edifice from top to bottom.

The Council looked like opposing the suggestion of a constituent assembly, and the Trois Mars made open preparations for a riot on the Monday, the day the Representative Council was summoned to meet. It was said to be bringing to Geneva large numbers of bandits from Gex, the Vaudois country, and even Savoy. It preached revolt in the workshops : several employers promised their workmen that the days of riot should be counted as working days. In the meantime what did the Council do ? It sat day and night, losing the precious moments which should have been given to action in devising projects of laws destined never even to be discussed. Last Sunday no preparation had been made for the struggle the next day. Its discouraged supporters did not know what to do, they were beaten before the fight began. On Sunday morning some of the leaders of the Trois Mars came to the Council of State declaring that they were no longer masters of the situation and begged the Council to entrust them with the defence of the Hôtel de Ville. This move has been interpreted in different ways. Some think that the fright of the moderate members of Trois Mars was genuine, others think that it was a *ruse de guerre*. I am of the latter opinion. If they had succeeded completely, the revolution would have been accomplished without a blow, without noise, without anything that one anticipated. The Trois Mars, installed in the Hôtel de Ville, would have dictated to the Representative Council without the public having anything to do with it. The Council did not fall into the trap, but accepting the proffered advice, it mobilised all the troops in the city and during the night brought in the militia from the country districts. Further, it issued a proclamation in which, after an appeal to the good sense of the citizens, it announced prompt and substantial reforms. This weak and half-hearted proclamation was not calculated to reanimate its supporters. In a revolution, if, before the real struggle has commenced and before force has decided which is the strongest, one party starts to parley, it is lost. The Council of State by admitting that the reforms demanded

by the Trois Mars for the last eight months were necessary, gave it the victory. The populace, who do not reason very deeply, argued that since everyone now admits that the Trois Mars has been right for the past eight months, there was no reason why they should fight against its supporters. This line of argument probably helped the agitators to prevent the militia from mustering. A very few citizens rallied round the Council of State. Few as the militia were, they would have sufficed to stop disorder if they had been well disposed. But here again the Trois Mars was the only side to act. Their emissaries surrounded the soldiers, harangued them and in short did so well that little by little, first the platoons, then the companies and finally the battalions disbanded. The Representative Council met at ten o'clock : at half-past nine there were no more than three hundred men under arms. As the military grew less, the groups of rioters grew bigger. There was a crowd of them upon the Treille, in front of the Hôtel de Ville, and in the neighbouring streets. The game was lost, the soldiers had joined the Trois Mars, surrender was necessary. The Council of State sent for the leaders of the Trois Mars, and admitting they were beaten, begged them to use their influence to disperse the crowds, promising them their support in the demand for a constituent assembly. From this moment one can consider the revolution as accomplished. The events of of the day could after this have no real influence upon the definite result of the movement which the Trois Mars had so cleverly carried through. In the Council there were some fiery speeches, but no serious discussion. The demand for the constituent assembly proposed by M. Rilliet and supported by the Council of State was weakly opposed by Auguste de la Rive, who while in agreement with the general principle wished to bring about the reforms by less revolutionary means. After some discussion a commission was appointed which was to make its report then and there. Upon its suggestion the convocation of a constituent assembly was decreed and arrangements made for the provisional maintenance of law and order. Whilst all this was taking place in the Council, agitators were haranguing the people upon the Treille, rousing them and calming them according to the varying phases of the discussion within doors. However, they did not come to blows. The announcement of the constituent assembly dispersed most of the crowds. One ugly group of would-be looters persisted in blocking the doors of the Hôtel de Ville until the grenadiers, led by General

Dufour, drove them off with the butt ends of their muskets. So the revolution, begun at 9 a.m., was complete at 4 p.m. There were no bloodstained sacrifices on the tomb of the old constitution. Its funeral, however, was honoured by the tears and regrets of all the wise and honourable element in Geneva.

Since Monday nothing has happened of interest. The town is perfectly quiet. On one side there has been joy and triumph, on the other sadness and regret, but no public manifestation of these feelings has taken place. Each side has kept their opinions to themselves. There have been neither insults nor recriminations. The Council is busy with the law for the election of the Constituent Assembly. The town has been gradually cleansed from the scum of the neighbourhood which the struggle had attracted. The Trois Mars is quiet and everyone is awaiting events with more or less concern. Fears of any further outbreak are diminishing and the people are getting calm and reassured again. But it is enough to have given you the facts without entertaining you with surmises upon the future, which is still vague and uncertain. . . .[1]

A sequel to this account, dated January 18, 1842, to the same correspondent, gives us, not without touches of humour, the composition and activities of the Constituent Assembly which came into existence in the interval.

. . . You know that the future destinies of the republic were entrusted to a Constituent Assembly. The composition of it ought to be known to you. I will tell you how I have classified them. To begin with, there are about thirty Trois Mars, ten fanatics and twenty nonentities who from time to time stop and gaze with horror at the goal to which their colleagues seek to drag them. Then come twenty or thirty *trembleurs*, Conservatives at heart, Radicals by fear, having neither colour nor fixed opinions—the principal cause of difficulty at the moment. Lastly come the Conservatives, at the head of whom we must place the bench of professors. This is the most distinguished party in the assembly. It counts in its ranks the most eminent men of the republic who were Progressives when the *retardataires* were in power and who, now that order is menaced, are Conservatives. The Catholics complete the assembly. This party is well dis-

[1] Ruffini, vol. ii. p. 320.

ciplined and manœuvres with precision under the command of Lafontaine and Monin, their ostensible leaders. The assembly, before naming a commission to draw up the constitution, has given itself the pleasure of delivering a prodigious number of speeches, thanks to a Genevese invention which is called ' le tour de préconsultation.' In these speeches one may speak on every subject except the matter under discussion ; and with joyous hearts have they made the utmost of their opportunity. The Trois Mars statesmen have deluged the republic with the most magnificent political systems which would make the entire world happy if only it could be induced to apply them. At last, when the assembly had heard more talk than it could digest, it decided to nominate the famous commission charged with bringing to birth the new constitution. The choice has been dictated by the Conservatives—five Trois Mars, five Catholics, three *trembleurs*, and a dozen Conservatives of all shades of opinion. They have already had two sittings : Auguste de la Rive assures me that they are working well and making satisfactory progress. From all that I have seen and heard I am inclined to believe it. There is still much uneasiness among the Jesuits : the number of ' blacks ' is greater than the number of ' reds.' There is talk of ' Communists,' at St. Gervais of workmen's clubs, but I think these are exaggerations. The Communists cannot make Geneva a centre of action. The town is too small and they are seen too much. Their underground plottings need a great city where they can hide in the crowd, such as London or Paris, which are their chief centres. Geneva might be a refuge but never a base of operations. These gentry are marvellously well up in strategy and they know well enough how to choose their terrain. . . .[1]

At this point Cavour's bulletin of Swiss politics ends. Unfortunately, matters were by no means finally settled. There was bloodshed in Geneva later in this same year, and when the war of the Sonderbund broke out in 1846 and the question of the expulsion of the Jesuits led to a fresh outbreak at Geneva, in a letter to Émile de la Rue at that time he writes :

By this time you will already have heard the frightful events at Geneva—the outbreak, the fighting, the fall of the government and the triumph of the Radicals. I am horrified

[1] Ruffini, vol. ii. p. 337.

at it, for I was far from expecting so rapid and so fearful a catastrophe. My two cousins, Revilliod and Maurice, are both wounded, but happily their wounds are not dangerous.[1]

Not until the new constitution of 1848 did Switzerland get peace.

In the summer of this year, 1842, Charles Albert gave his permission for the foundation of the Società Agraria, an event of greater importance than at first sight appears, for it was the first concession of that right of public meeting which the absolutist policy of the government had hitherto rigidly withheld. Among the promoters were many well-known names, including the Marquis Cesare Alfieri, Count Ilarione Petitti, and others specially chosen as a guarantee of loyalty to the existing government. In this work Cavour actively participated, and it occupied much of his time in the early part of the year. The petition for the formation of the society was presented to Count Gallina, the Minister of the Interior, at the end of May. Charles Albert appended his signature in the following August, though it was not until October that the society was registered and its institution publicly announced in the *Gazette*. Having seen this first step on the road to freedom safely inaugurated, Cavour left Turin on a visit to France and England. His intention was to go straight to England, breaking his journey first at Geneva and then in Paris. This is evident from the one solitary letter to Pietro di Santarosa, his companion on his previous English visit in 1835, which is all that we have for the year 1842. It runs as follows :

TURIN, *October*, 1842.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I thank you for thinking of saying good-bye to me before my departure. Upon the eve of starting on a journey similar to that one which we undertook together, many memories come back to me with which you are associated. I shall often think of you in revisiting the places we saw together, and I shall have sad comparisons to make between

[1] Bert, *Lettere*, p. 74.

my loneliness on this occasion and the pleasant company I enjoyed when we were travelling companions.

My principal object is to study English agriculture, not that I think that we should be able, under such different conditions, to employ English methods with advantage, but that I believe there are useful lessons to be learnt there, especially as regards the raising of stock, a branch of agriculture which daily acquires greater importance.

The corn harvest is decidedly bad. But in spite of this I do not think it would be wise to speculate at present prices. I am convinced that speculation in corn does not pay unless there are very favourable *à priori* chances. For however carefully thought out a speculation may be, there are so many possible eventualities that one can never be sure of success. You see what happened in the case of our maize this year. This autumn I thought that we could clear at least 5000 francs; as it is we have scarcely covered our expenses.

Will you allow me to offer you two little English pigs, gilts, which you must keep until next year and fatten so as to make the superiority of this race appreciated in your neighbourhood. When this superiority is established, then if you wish it I will send you a boar and two sows, so that you can start a pig-breeding centre in the Province of Saluzzo.

You will, I think, do well to close 'Les Meuilles' and spend the summer on the hills above Turin. This will suit your wife admirably and you will lose nothing by doing it. Agriculture only pays when it is carried out on a large scale. *Experto Roberto crede.* I will not forget your commission; you may rely on getting Gioberti's books.

Good-bye, my dear friend; present my affectionate compliments to your wife, who I trust is by now getting used to our friendship.

Cavour left Turin on October 20th, and after breaking his journey at Geneva, where as usual he met at the de la Rives the leading Swiss politicians of the day, he went on to Paris, arriving there on November 13th. Though, as he writes later to the Marquis Costa di Beauregard, he had only intended to stay a fortnight, delays in his business affairs insensibly prolonged his visit, and it was not until the following April that he left Paris for London. On his journey from Geneva he was joined by his brother Gustave, whose steadying

influence may perhaps be detected in the regularity with which Cavour during his stay in Paris attended Mass, seldom missing a Sunday. On his arrival he found himself welcomed by a number of young Piedmontese nobles who were on a visit of amusement to the French capital, and whose custom was to dine together at the Frères Provençaux. Cavour was at once elected Mess-President of this band of bright spirits, his reputation as a *gourmet* being already well established, but judging by the number of times he dined elsewhere his appearances at the Frères Provençaux must have been very irregular. Of his doings in Paris during these five months he has left us a detailed record in the diary, but unfortunately written in such a cryptic and abbreviated style that we gather little save the names of the people he met and the places he visited. Of his opinions and judgments, especially on political matters, there is hardly a word. The general impression given to us by the diary is one of unceasing activity. His mornings were devoted to business, interviewing lawyers or prospective purchasers of his aunt's forests, or coming to terms about payments. Nor were his own industrial enterprises forgotten. To Costa di Beauregard he writes: 'In spite of my apparent carelessness I have not altogether neglected our interests. I have interviewed the deputies from the Rhône Valley and tried to arouse their interest in favour of the canalisation of this river. Finally, one of them came to tell me yesterday, with an air of triumph, that M. Teste had decided to present a bill for the complete canalisation of the Rhône from Geneva to its mouth.'

In the afternoons Cavour either attended lectures at the Académie Française or went sightseeing with his brother, and not infrequently he visited some factory or establishment in which he was interested. In the evenings he generally dined out or went to the theatre, and ended the day by attendance at one or other of the fashionable *salons*, generally either that

of Madame de Castellane, Madame de Circourt, the Duchess de Rohan or the Princess Belgiojoso.

Always fond of the theatre, on the very evening of his arrival in Paris, Cavour carried off his brother to the Odéon to see Dumas' *Antony*. In the choice of this play there was a certain piquancy, for, as we have already seen, the inspiration of it was Dumas' passion for Mélanie Waldor, whose attractions had kept Cavour in Paris for three months longer than he had intended on the occasion of his visit in 1838.[1] But the chief attraction at this time was Rachel. The first time he saw her was in Lemercier's tragedy of *Frédégonde*. For the play itself he has not a good word—'bad words, absurd situations, exaggerated characters, interest utterly nil.' But he is none the less horrified and astounded at the fearful power of Rachel's acting. In the last act Rachel crouching in a corner of the stage watches the futile effort of her stepson Merovée, poisoned by her orders, to denounce her to her husband. At this tense moment Frédégonde utters the words, 'Qu'il est lent à mourir!' 'These words,' says Cavour, 'pronounced with an expression it is impossible to describe, drew a groan from the audience. Never have hate, vengeance, fear and terror been interpreted with such diabolical power. Trembling for her fate, her eyes seemed to shoot flames of hatred which, piercing the heart of her wretched victim, hasten his death.' 'I cannot conceive,' he goes on, 'why Madame Rachel has chosen this horrible play, unless it was to try how far her talents could triumph over every possible kind of difficulty. She has wished perhaps to prove that she can render the most absurd and disgusting scenes bearable. She has satisfied her vanity at the expense of her art and her real reputation. Perhaps she was herself blinded by the character of Frédégonde, for the passions which this monster pushes to their very limits are just those which Rachel knows how to depict with power and truth. . . . Everything

[1] His comment on the play is, 'Gustave profoundly scandalised.'

taken into consideration, however, I still believe that the reason she has revived this horrid tragedy is that the costume of Frédégonde suits her *à ravir*, and that in spite of her genius she is still more woman than actress.'

Later he went to see her in *Andromaque*, and comments, 'She is sublime as Hermione, even Gustave admits it.' On a visit to the Conservatoire he met her in person, and she promised him stalls for *Phèdre* but never sent the tickets.

But the theatre was only an occasional form of relaxation, indulged in just to keep himself *au fait* with that side of Parisian life, whereas his most distinctive and characteristic form of amusement at this time was his attendance at the lectures of the Académie Française. Considering the unceasing calls upon his time, the number which he attended is not less remarkable than the range of the subjects chosen; among them were the following: Pellegrino Rossi on Liberty, Royer Collard on the Law of Nations, Quinet on Spanish and Italian Literature, Philarète Chasles on the History of Printing, Letrone on Egyptian Hieroglyphics, Mickiewicz on Poetry, and Simon on Philosophy. Two courses on Economics specially interested him, one by his friend Michel Chevalier, whose lectures were so crowded that he could not always get in, and another given by Wolowsky on the economic methods of early French Kings, one of which he characterises as 'an extremely remarkable lecture on the Douane System under Francis I. and Henry II.' In addition to all of these he noted down a number of theological lectures to be attended on such subjects as Moral Theology, Holy Writ, Ecclesiastical History, and a course on Divine Justice. We find him also attending lectures on the Exegesis of St. Thomas Aquinas and the Gospel of St. Mark. But the strongest religious influence, the only one which perhaps permanently affected his views, was exerted by the discourses of the Abbé Cœur, the Professor of Sacred

Eloquence at the Sorbonne. We shall see in a letter, one of the few which Cavour wrote from Paris at this time, the deep impression which the Abbé made upon his mind. It is not too much to say that the religious and political outlook of the Abbé Cœur was one of the formative influences which emerged later in the famous phrase which outlined Cavour's policy towards the Roman question, 'A free church in a free state.'

On the days when there were no lectures to be attended, Cavour spent his afternoons in studying the various industrial and social movements in Paris that interested him. He several times visited the Paris Omnibus Company, going in detail into such questions as the feeding of the horses, the weight of the omnibuses and the distances covered and hours worked. He studied the work of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul and several other establishments engaged in social welfare work. He was assiduous in his attendance both at the Chamber of Deputies and the House of Peers, familiarising himself with the procedure and the personalities in both Houses, and studying closely the French political outlook. Museums, galleries, studios, artificial manure factories, also came in for investigation. In this way Cavour acquired a mass of information on all kinds of subjects bearing on progressive legislation, which was carefully stored up for future use, and he gained an insight into French character and the various forces acting on the body politic that was probably unequalled among European statesmen.

The finishing touch to this exhaustive study of France was provided by close and frequent contact with almost everyone of importance in French political circles. In the *salons* of Mme. de Castellane and the Duchesse de Rohan he met the principal men of all shades of politics. But of all the social functions he attended, the one which gave him the keenest pleasure was an invitation to dine with the Duc de Broglie to meet M. Guizot. 'They have let me in!!!' he

writes with three exclamation marks. This was evidently the fulfilment of a long-cherished desire. And it is a striking tribute to Cavour's ability that a young man (he was thirty-three) holding no political office of any kind in his own country should be asked by an ex-Prime Minister to meet the most powerful minister of the day at a dinner that, if we do not misread the diary, consisted only of four persons: the Duc de Broglie, Guizot, Cavour, and M. Mignet, another cabinet minister.

As we have said, Cavour during these months met almost all the most distinguished men in France, from St. Beuve and Humboldt to Marshal Soult and Guizot, and when early in April he left Paris for London he could justly boast of a knowledge of French contemporary thought which was at least unique among Italian politicians. Before passing on to his English visit we must give here the one important letter he wrote from Paris, which sums up for us the impressions of his visit. It is addressed to Pietro di Santarosa. The opening paragraph refers to a theological battle which was taking place during Cavour's visit to Paris between the followers of the two Italian philosophers Gioberti and Rosmini, into which Cavour's brother, an intimate friend of Rosmini, had been drawn. There is a note in the diary: 'Article of Gustave in reply to the attacks of a Giobertista against Rosmini. I make him moderate it, but only partially succeed.'

> Alas, my dear friend, how are we blinded by the spirit of party and how bitter is the *odium theologicum*! On every page the Gospels preach the love of our neighbour—charity—but the divines, who seek to arrogate to themselves the monopoly of interpretation, take no heed of this sublime virtue when it is a question of an opponent. The longer I live, the more I reflect, the more I observe, the more convinced I am that there is nothing more harmful to morality, to humanity, even to religion itself, than that exaggeration of religious principles, that domination of the intellect, which certain schools of divines are for ever seeking to extend further over mankind. Absolute uncon-

trolled power is always a source of corruption, whether in the political or intellectual world. I wish that it rendered them more indulgent towards those who, frightened by the unhappy results of extreme principles, float uncertain between the rocks with which both sides of the stream of knowledge are strewn, without being able to discover the means of avoiding them if they dare to advance. . . .

I was a Liberal in 1831, and I am still one in 1843. Truly experience and study have dissipated many of my youthful illusions, moderated my opinions, and made me very tolerant of those that differ from my own and also of political systems that do not conform to my principles. But on all essential political points and in regard to all the big social questions I have not altered and never shall. In 1831 I was in favour of moderate progress wherever it was possible : I have never for an instant ceased to approve the attitude of Casimir Périer. Where progress was impossible, I then believed that one ought to try and obtain it by violent means. On this point my opinions are very much moderated, and I avow that I am far less disposed now to sacrifice the present to the uncertainties of the future. But, with this exception, I know of no important points upon which there is any difference between my present opinions and those which I held when I was twenty. Without being very old I have been an observant witness of the revolutions which have been carried out around me. Faithful to the *juste milieu*, I have seen more than one pass before me going from left to right or from right to left.

We lead a very society life, but we have chosen the serious side. We have attended the political *salons* regularly, where every night one hears the great celebrities like M. Pasquier, M. Molé and the Duc de Broglie conversing. In spite of all the disadvantages of representative government there is this to be said in its favour, that it arouses a strong intellectual movement and provides continual topics for conversation ! For real pleasure there is nothing to my mind comparable with the *salons* of Paris. It is the only place where statesmen, men of science and literature, and men of good society can meet together regularly to exchange ideas and opinions. Paris is undeniably the intellectual capital of the world. The remarkable intellectual movement started after the Restoration and interrupted by the Revolution of July has begun again. Men's minds are ceasing to be entirely occupied with political questions and are turning towards philosophical and scientific speculations. There is a very

marked return to religious and Catholic ideas. The professors who are most markedly Catholic are the most popular. This reactionary movement is not devoid of exaggeration—at least that is my opinion—but it has none the less produced salutary effects: for evidently France had reached a most lamentable condition of scepticism. At the present moment the most strikingly successful preacher is undoubtedly the Abbé Cœur, Professor of Sacred Eloquence at the Sorbonne. There is such a rush to hear him that although he lectures in a room which holds 200 people, it is necessary to be there an hour beforehand to have a chance of getting in. The Abbé Cœur belongs to this new Catholic-democratic school which is destined perhaps to rule the world. In his first lecture he spoke magnificently of the mission of the nineteenth century: a mission which consists in making the intellect an active political power and in developing more and more in the social world the great principles of brotherhood and human dignity which Christianity has already made dominant in the religious world. The Abbé declared strongly, amid the applause of the *élite* of the youth of Paris, the alliance of Catholic doctrines with those of social progress. For the first time I have heard a priest, the official interpreter of the doctrines of his Order, preach openly from the chair that one must look forward, not backward; that, if there is such a thing as justice, there is for the human race a rehabilitation, which follows slowly but steadily across the centuries with the help of the divine light that Christianity has spread upon the earth, a light which grows stronger rather than weaker in proportion as it is reflected more and more in the intelligence of mankind. The doctrines of the Abbé Cœur have sunk deep into my mind and stirred my heart, and the day when I shall see them sincerely and generally accepted by the Church I shall probably become a Catholic as ardent as you.[1]

Early in April, Cavour was joined in Paris by his cousin Auguste de la Rive, and together they proceeded to London. Unfortunately with his departure from Paris the diary finally comes to an end, and we have to rely solely on the information supplied by his biographer, William de la Rive. He spent some weeks in London, where the Swiss Consul, M. Prevost,

[1] Chiala, vol. i. No. 32.

acted as his guide. The choice was particularly happy, for not only was M. Prevost in his official capacity in close touch with many industrial undertakings, but he was himself immensely interested in all matters connected with machinery, being by inclination much more of an engineer than a consul. Under his expert guidance Cavour made a further study of railways, agricultural machinery, and other industrial developments which interested him. On such occasions he was a somewhat exacting companion, for when confronted with a new machine he not only asked innumerable questions, but insisted on the most minute information and, regardless of time, was never satisfied until he knew everything about it. Once committed to his tenacious memory such information was never forgotten, for, as his biographer remarks, Cavour had a memory over which the ocean might have rolled without effacing its stores of information.

At the same time he renewed many old friendships, and was enabled by the good offices of his friend, Edward Romilly, to pursue still further his study of our political system. He came little in touch with the English aristocracy, though he was a guest at Lansdowne House. But if he missed in London the pleasures of the *salons* of Paris, 'that union,' as he wrote to the Countess de Circourt, 'of science and wit, of depth and kindliness, a charm which one regrets all one's life when one has once made trial of it,' he obtained in conversation with a wide variety of men an insight into English public opinion and a knowledge of our political ideals and methods which was scarcely less profound than that which he already possessed of the political life of France. Before leaving London he wrote the following impression of the political situation to his friend, Naville de Chateauvieux :

LONDON, *May* 21, 1843.

I have scarcely seen the French journals since leaving Paris, with the result that I have lost touch with French politics. I saw with great pleasure, however, the equalising of the

duties on sugar. This will, I hope, have a better result than is anticipated for it. Monopolies all hang together. As soon as one privileged industry is sacrificed, the whole protective system is struck a mortal blow. The manufacturers of home-grown sugar will become free traders and the precedent established by the Chamber of Deputies will be invoked with success on other occasions.

The great European question of the moment is the commercial question. At least that is the opinion of all English thinkers. In spite of the reaction in several countries in favour of the protective system, I have no doubt that the cause of free trade is making progress amongst all enlightened people. In England the intellectual world is completely won over to it. There is not a man of weight who, at bottom, is not in favour of the abolition of protective tariffs. In this regard there is no real difference between Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell. Both wish to apply the teaching of the economists to their country, only the one employs a ruse to bring it about while the other would arrive at the same result by more open and perhaps more violent means. The real Tories are furious. They see Peel is tricking them, but they cannot break away from him, for he has disorganised them and deprived them of their natural leaders. The Duke of Wellington having adopted Peel's commercial creed, the Tories dare not rise against him. They fret and fume and content themselves with vilifying the ministers in private. The death of the Duke of Wellington would probably lead to a split in the Tory party. The irreconcilables would break away from Peel, who would probably find his support in the moderate Whigs, from whom he is only separated by imperceptible differences.

I have already travelled a good deal on the railways, and what I have seen of them makes me more anxious than ever to see them established on the Continent. Distances exist no more in England. Communication is now easier between such distant towns as London and Liverpool than they formerly were between different parts of the same town. The post leaves London twice daily in nearly all directions. The letters are handled en route : in each train is a postal van in which the officials sort the letters and make them into packets which they distribute while travelling at thirty miles an hour. The postal reforms joined to the railways have so multiplied correspondence that several coaches are now necessary to bring the Birmingham letters to London, for which a few years ago a simple carriage was sufficient.

CAPESTHORNE HALL, CHESHIRE
THE SEAT OF EDWARD DAVENPORT ESQ.
Burnt down in 1856

KETTERINGHAM HALL, NORFOLK; THE SEAT OF SIR JOHN BOILEAU, BART.
WHERE CAVOUR STUDIED ENGLISH AGRICULTURE IN 1843

Without a general system of railways one would never think of adopting a uniform postage for letters : for if the number of letters increased in France as it has done in England, the expense of the postal arrangements would absorb all the profits, and would even impose a heavy burden on the State. If I was Finance Minister I should try a uniform letter-rate between Paris-Rouen and Orleans. I believe that for these towns such a measure would not cause any deficit to the Treasury.[1]

Cavour was now anxious to study English agriculture. Dining one evening with Edward Romilly, Cavour had for his neighbour a Mr. Edward Davenport.[2] Attracted by Cavour's vivacity, and learning his interest in agriculture, Mr. Davenport offered him the hospitality of his home in Cheshire, Capesthorne Hall, near Stockport, from which to pursue his investigations. Cavour accepted the kind offer with gratitude, and soon after left London for Cheshire, where under the happiest auspices and completely at his leisure he made a close study of one of the best managed estates in England. Cavour, says his biographer, never recalled this visit to England without applying to Mr. Davenport the epithet of 'excellent.' On leaving Cheshire, Cavour paid a similar visit to Norfolk as the guest of a former acquaintance at Geneva, Sir John Boileau[3] of Ketteringham Hall, near Wymondham. What impressed Cavour more perhaps than anything else was the new art of drainage. He had already noted in his diary the invention of a draining plough by Mr. Smith of Deanston, an invention which revolutionised pasturage, and as we shall see by a letter he wrote on his return to Turin for the benefit of a nephew of his friend, M. Naville de Chateauvieux, who was about to visit England, he lays the greatest stress upon

[1] Chiala, vol. v. No. 1229.

[2] Edward Davies Davenport of Capesthorne Hall, Chellford, Cheshire, M.P. for Stockport and an advanced Liberal.

[3] Sir John Peter Boileau was of Huguenot ancestry, being great-grandson of Charles Boileau, Baron of Castelnau and Sainte Croix, who fled to England in 1691 after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, as did Cavour's mother's family, the de Sellons. (Norfolk Archæol. Society.)

the value of subsoil drainage. We have no further information regarding Cavour's activities in England. He left for Turin towards the end of June and did not return until nearly ten years later, during the short interval of holidays between his resignation as Minister of Finance and Commerce and his appointment to the Presidency of the Council, or as we should say, to the position of Prime Minister. The letter above referred to, dated 1844, was as follows :

> Here are a few hints for your nephew on his agricultural visit to England :
>
> 1. As to natural pastures I will say frankly, at the risk of being considered narrow-minded and prejudiced, that there is little to be learnt in England. In all the districts which I visited I found the pastures badly levelled, badly looked after, and little productive.
>
> It is true that I have not been in Leicestershire nor in Scotland (Midlothian), where it is said the pastures are highly developed. I do not know what is to be learnt in these districts : nevertheless I doubt if they are any better than ours or even than in those parts of Germany where they are beginning to give the pastures the attention they deserve.
>
> In spite of these criticisms I would recommend your nephew to study carefully the system of subsoil drainage practised by means of a plough called the ' Mole Plough,' which is one of the numerous subsoil ploughs now in existence. In my opinion this plough should be of great value on swampy land. I have noticed that in some districts they manure the fields with ground-up bones : this is a practice well worth studying.
>
> 2. Of all the branches of agriculture, the culture of cereals is the one which has been most highly developed in England, and that which is daily progressing most. Your nephew will do well to spend some time in Norfolk, which is the part of England where science and art have done most to transform poor land into productive.[1] The problem of the sowing-machine, still in the balance in France, has been solved in England. I have found it in use everywhere and

[1] Cavour had seen this work proceeding at Ketteringham. The records of the Archæological Society for 1850 notes of Sir John Boileau that ' he has brought into good cultivation many acres of the parish which were previously supposed to be unworthy of the plough ; Sir John Boileau bought Ketteringham Hall in 1836.

opinions are unanimous in its favour. But what a foreigner ought at the present moment to study particularly is the system of subsoil drainage. On this question I cannot sufficiently impress upon your nephew the importance of extending his studies and researches. He should visit in turn the different localities where this system is most extensively employed, and he should endeavour to make himself acquainted with the results of its application to different kinds and qualities of soil. Subsoil drainage is now enthusiastically adopted by all intelligent agriculturists except amongst those whose soil is so sandy that it already absorbs the moisture too quickly.

3. In regard to stock rearing, your nephew should first study the breed of Southdowns which do splendidly on the poor pastures in the south of England. He should go into Leicestershire where he will see the most celebrated sheep that exist, and in Yorkshire and the eastern counties he can study the fine breed of Shorthorns. Both for sheep and shorthorns he should get into touch with Lord Spencer, and afterwards he can go amongst the farmers who are occupied more with practical results than with winning medals and prizes.

I venture to address to your nephew this piece of advice, that he should distrust absolute results and never lose sight of the relations between value and the cost of production. He must examine carefully the circumstances of each locality in relation to the products that do best there. A particular breed has a value which is absolute and also a value which is relative to the resources of the neighbourhood where it is reared. This latter consideration must not be forgotten if he does not wish to render himself liable to tragic miscalculations.[1]

[1] De la Rive, *Le Comte di Cavour*, c. vi. p. 187 ff., note.

XI. CAVOUR AS PUBLICIST AND BUSINESS MAN

1843-1847

Literary Plans—Review of *Voyages Agronomiques en France* (1843)—Essay on Ireland (1843)—Sheep's Milk Cheeses—Rivalry in the Società Agraria—Article on English Corn Laws—Cobden in Turin—Article on Railways—Letters—Irrigation—Italian Wines—Threshing Machine—Bank at Turin—Railways—Guano—Letters on the Religious Controversy in France—On the Jesuits—On English Policy—Peel and Palmerston—Retires to Leri—Agricultural Problems—Letter to Costa di Beauregard.

THE eight months which Cavour spent in France and England in 1842-3 were a turning point in his life. They bring to a close what might be called the receptive period of his life and begin his creative period. He returned to find the national forward movement initiated by the foundation of the Società Agraria steadily gaining force. In this year Gioberti published his *Primato*, and a few months later Cesare Balbo's *Speranze d'Italia* saw the light. The intellectual movement towards union and independence, stimulated and intensified by these two famous books, was reflected in the economic aspect of the national life in which Cavour was at this time mainly interested. Schemes for railways and banks, the application of power and machinery to industry and agriculture were being projected and discussed on all sides. Into this movement Cavour threw himself with all the energy of his nature. His letters during these years are mainly business letters, and if they are in consequence less interesting to the general reader, reflect unerringly the spirit of the time and that increase in pressure which

a few years later was to burst the barriers of ' paternalism ' and lead to constitutional government. Cavour's belief in his country and his conviction of his own ability to guide her to greatness, which from time to time almost since childhood had broken out in his sayings and letters, are once more conspicuous at this period. In conversation with a friend shortly after his return he remarked : ' The French people are a brave people, the English are a great people, but this despised and little-known Piedmont of ours does not yield to either of them. In the hands of a good government it would be a most effective instrument for great things. If I was minister of Charles Albert, I would make Austria tremble and the world marvel. And if ever I am ! ' But some years had yet to pass before the desired opening into political life became a reality, and in the meantime Cavour turned to writing in order to urge forward the national movement. His first impressions of Piedmont on his return—hardly to be termed enthusiastic or even complimentary—and his future literary projects are put before us in the following letters to his late travelling companion, Auguste de la Rive, under the date August 24, 1843 :

> You may well speak of ' l'enfer,' for since I left you I live in a kind of intellectual hell. That is to say a country where intelligence and knowledge are regarded as things straight from the lower regions by those who do us the kindness of ruling us. Yes, *mon cher*, for nearly two months I have breathed an atmosphere full of ignorance and prejudice ; I have lived in a town where one must hide oneself to exchange any moral or political ideas which are outside the circle within which the government wishes to enclose our minds. This is what one calls rejoicing in the happiness of a paternal government. After eight months of Presinge, Paris, and London, to fall suddenly back into Turin : to pass without a break from the *salons* of the Duc de Broglie and the Marquis of Lansdowne into those where the retrograde spirit rules supreme, the shock is violent. One feels bruised all over morally and physically. You remember that uncle of Mme. La Farge who, after being exposed for a length of time to an atmosphere of ignorance, ended by

having a kind of intellectual cold in the head : I am rather like that uncle, only instead of a cold in the head it is a kind of paralysis with which I am seized.

However, as I find I have some spare time, I have allowed myself to be dominated by the fury with which all these idiotic articles upon Ireland, appearing daily in the papers of all colours and countries, inspires me : and I set myself to write an article upon this question which I destined for you. Unfortunately I had not reckoned beforehand how big the subject was. Instead of an article I have written a small book. I am almost ashamed at it and very annoyed, for it is necessary now to revise it, and I don't know how to reduce its proportions to such dimensions as will suit you. Besides, so much has already been written upon Ireland, its history, present condition and future destiny, that the public must be disgusted with whatever is published on the subject. My opinions are opposed to those current on the Continent : they will, I believe, displease everybody except you and a few reasonable people like you. I wish at all costs to maintain the Union, first in the interest of Ireland herself, then in that of England, and finally in the interest of material and intellectual civilisation. The motive on which I oppose the plans of O'Connell will as much displease one side as my opinion of the opportuneness of these plans will displease the other. So I am very dissatisfied with my article and I am ready to drop it unless you consent to receive it on the understanding that you improve the style so as to render it as little disagreeable to your readers as possible. If you feel the necessary devotion for this difficult operation, I will put it in order and send it to you. For this I shall require another three weeks. I want a categorical reply before deciding to continue my work.

If I drop the article on Ireland, I shall try one upon the work of M. de Chateauvieux. I only regret that this task has not been entrusted to a more able writer than I am. For there is much to say about him and his work, which read in its *ensemble* has produced a much more favourable impression upon me than I had felt when reading only extracts. It is good, and especially does it furnish a text upon which many useful things could be said. But I admit to you without hesitation that I do not feel capable of expressing adequately what I think about it. Want of practice, if not of actual ability, is for me a real difficulty when it comes to clothing my ideas in language suitable for publication. I never learnt to write as a youth, I have never in all my life had a

teacher of rhetoric or even of the humanities, so that it is with the greatest diffidence that I have decided to send you a MS. destined for the printer. I have realised too late how essential it is that the study of literature should be the basis of an intellectual education. The art of speaking or writing well demands a delicacy of appreciation and a certain flexibility of mind which cannot be acquired save in youth. Make your son, William, write and compose so that when his head has become a workshop of ideas he will know how to use easily the only machine which can put them in circulation—the pen.

To come to the point and bring this long dissertation to an end, I may say that I leave it to you to decide two things:

1. If you think that an article very long, very pedantic and very wearisome upon Ireland could sooner or later find a place in the *Bibliothèque Universelle*.

2. The article upon Ireland being admitted, would you prefer that I should do the one on Chateauvieux first? In this case reply to me at once so that I can let O'Connell and Sir Robert Peel sleep in peace for a fortnight while I occupy myself solely with the French beetroots and turnips visualised by Chateauvieux. I await your verdict with folded arms. I shall follow the opinion you give.[1]

The outcome of the literary projects mentioned in this letter was the completion of these two articles before the close of the year. The first to be published was the review of Lullin de Chateauvieux' *Voyages Agronomiques en France*, which appeared in the *Bibliothèque Universelle de Genève* in September (1843). The most interesting passage in this article is that in which Cavour puts forward his views as to the value of a resident territorial aristocracy actively and personally engaged in agriculture. His appreciation on the one hand of the benefits to the community of the work of such men as Mr. Davenport and Sir John Boileau, in whose country houses he had stayed in England, and his realisation on the other hand of the disastrous effects of absentee landlordism as reflected in the condition of Ireland, added to his own personal experience, led him to lay great stress both upon the

[1] Chiala, vol. i. No. 35.

material and moral value of a practical territorial aristocracy.

> For the last fifty years practical agriculture and its attendant occupations have attracted an ever increasing number of enlightened men. One sees daily in the highest classes of society an increase in those who make it either their principal occupation or who practise it as a diversion from work of some other kind. This movement, which it would be easy to trace in nearly every country in Europe, has been, if not caused, at least very much encouraged by the political crises which following one another for nearly half a century have relegated to private life a great number of people accustomed to the strenuous activity of public affairs. Agriculture has been the refuge of all the defeated parties, and each new revolution has increased the number of those who with intelligence and capital apply themselves to the cultivation of the soil. It appears to me that this movement towards a rural life must exercise a most beneficial effect upon society. I believe that to a great extent it will remedy the moral unsettling—the inevitable result of the great revolution which has taken place in the ideas and institutions of the peoples of Europe—for it tends to substitute for the material bonds which held together feudal society, relations of mutual advantage between the different classes of society on a basis of moral superiority on the one side and voluntary dependence on the other. It is difficult to estimate with justice the value which a wealthy or even a well-to-do family living in the midst of a poor and ignorant peasantry can exercise. This kind of well-doing invites little publicity, the journals do not notice it, neither is it *couronné* by moral or other academies, but the good that it does is none the less immense. It is so easy for an enlightened and well-disposed landowner to win the affection and respect of all those about him, that he can, without very much effort, acquire a moral influence more powerful and effective than all the material influence exercised by the possessors of the soil under the feudal system. If ever the majority of landowners consent to devote themselves for some years to the betterment of their estates without neglecting the lot of those who cultivate them: if these same proprietors strive to spread around them healthy knowledge and good principles, the social hierarchy will rebuild itself upon much sounder bases than those which 1789 destroyed. Agriculture has small attractions for one accustomed to the elegant pleasures of literature

or for the varied resources of a well-equipped laboratory. It is very natural that the *habitué des salons* should feel a certain repugnance for a life which begins with the analysis of manures and ends in the midst of cattle byres. At first he will find these rural occupations unpleasant, monotonous, and even puerile. However, if he contrives to overcome this first repugnance ; if he can make up his mind to direct the most simple agricultural operations : to sow a field of potatoes or to breed a young heifer, he will work an unexpected revolution in his ideas and tastes : he will find in agriculture an increasing interest, and what he previously rejected with contempt will soon exercise a fascination over him which he never suspected. Knowledge of agriculture, so necessary to a well-educated man who lives in the country and seeks to use his intellectual powers, is equally necessary in order to obtain that moral influence over those around him which forms the charm and the merit of country life. In other words, the opinion of his workpeople will be largely determined by his skill as a farmer. He may be a profound *savant* or a distinguished *littérateur*, but they will think little of him if he cultivates his land badly. He that would exercise a real moral influence upon an agricultural population must endeavour to make himself recognised as the cleverest farmer of the district. A good system of crop rotation and first-class stock will be more useful to him than a scientific discovery or the glory of an epic poem.

The essay on Ireland, the longest and best known of Cavour's writings (it occupies 110 pages in the English translation), appeared in the January and February numbers (1844) of the same publication. Before it was finished it gave Cavour much trouble and caused him considerable heartburning as to its value. ' I am still in uncertainty,' he writes in November, ' in regard to my article upon Ireland. I am afraid of repeating myself. Events move quickly, and when one is far from the scene of action it is easy to make prophecies which are already contradicted.' The essay attracted considerable attention ; it was quoted in the House of Commons and has twice been translated into English. The first half of the essay is a lucid and unbiassed historical sketch of England's government of Ireland up to the time of writing, and the latter half is a study

of the question of the desirability of a separate government for Ireland which O'Connell was then demanding. Cavour examines this problem under five headings: Taxation, Commerce and Industry, Public Works, Emigration and Poor Rates, and the Reform of Territorial Property, and on all these counts he decides that Ireland is better off under the Union.

Cavour's handling of the Irish question in this essay is very characteristic. His defence of Pitt's policy of wholesale bribery, not on the ground of political expediency but on that of a difference of standard between private and public morality, reveals the weakness of his own career; for it was his readiness to let the end justify the means that forms the basis of the charges brought against him by his detractors. Again, his purely economic handling of the question and his failure to attach any weight to the claims of national sentiment is typical of his outlook at this time. This attitude was the main cause of his unpopularity, and the widespread distrust of his patriotism, in the early stages of his political life. It was the popular belief that he was more interested in money-making and in business for its own sake than in the cause of national freedom. To those who know his early struggles on behalf of Liberalism this unpopularity is always something of a mystery, and it can only be explained, apart from the vicious propaganda of his enemies, by a failure to react to the national feeling. His personal ambition, quick temper and sarcastic tongue created many enemies and effectively concealed the depth of his patriotism beneath an obvious exterior of practical materialism. The bitter struggles of the next few years were to temper to the quality of cold steel a character by nature strong and determined, hardened already by years of struggle in defence of his political opinions. But the verdict of Predari, who knew him at this time, is scarcely fair to the lovable and human side that Cavour undoubtedly possessed when he says: 'His heart in his brain: sentiment the

slave of reason : the affections reduced to a question of mathematics : blood, friendship, love, good and evil, all alike made instruments and nothing but instruments to the goal of success.'[1]

Cavour did not publish anything of much importance during this year (1844); he found time, however, to write two articles on agricultural topics. The first of these was a review of the Congress on Agriculture, held this year in France, in which he dealt with the study and teaching of agriculture and the question of the subdivision of property in France, quoting figures to show that it had now reached its limit and that there were already signs of a tendency in the opposite direction. The second article, written in the form of a letter to his friend Alexander Bixio, the editor of a French agricultural journal, dealt with the outcry for protection raised by the sheep-rearing industry in France. The point of the article, which was a strong plea for free trade, was that the deficit suffered by the French wool-growers owing to foreign competition could be more than balanced by the production and sale of sheep's milk cheeses. Quoting from his own experience, he writes :

> In the localities where a market is easily found for young lambs, the best means of making a flock of sheep pay is only to raise the exact number of lambs necessary to keep the ewes in good health, and to sell the rest when they are three weeks or a month old and make cheeses from the ewes' milk. In Piedmont nearly all the owners of flocks draw much profit from sheep's milk : there even exists in this country a breed which is very popular, though it produces very inferior wool, because it gives much milk ; the merinos also are valued as much for their milk as their wool : one could not keep them except at a great loss if one neglected this source of profit. Thanks to this complete method of making use of the sheep we have a large number of shepherds who do not possess an acre of land and yet keep and maintain numerous flocks, paying cash for the abundant food which they give to their flocks. These simple and clever men have contrived, without the aid of protecting tariffs, to solve the

[1] F. Predari, *I primi vagiti della libertà Italiana in Piemonte*, i. p. 38.

problem which Thaer and Dombasle have so often declared to be insoluble, that is to find an agricultural industry which would consume the fodder raised on a farm and pay for it at market price. This remarkable solution is not due to sacrifices which the landowners feel it necessary to impose upon themselves in order to be assured of the manures which their land requires: on the contrary the high price of farms in the plains around Turin is due in great part to the facility with which the farmers sell at a profit the produce of their pastures to the shepherds who have nothing but their flocks.

At this time Cavour's chief preoccupation, apart from his literary work and his farm at Leri, was in connection with the Società Agraria. The organisation of this society consisted of a general committee and a number of sub-committees engaged on special branches of their work, such as new inventions, diseases of plants and animals, and similar subjects. In addition to the central body at Turin, there were also a good many local branches scattered throughout the country, to whose monthly meetings the central committee was accustomed to send delegates. Before, however, the society had been in existence many months this constitution, which was generally popular and effective, though it tended perhaps to the exercise of a controlling influence by the aristocracy and land-owning classes, began to be opposed by the democratic section of the members, who desired to retain the power as much as possible in the hands of the ordinary members by means of general meetings. The rivalry thus created led to a split in the ranks, and the two parties, led by Cavour on the one side and the secretary, Lorenzo Valerio, a staunch democrat and afterwards one of Cavour's bitterest enemies, on the other, were soon in open opposition. The struggle broke out in the autumn of 1844 when a successor had to be elected in the place of the retiring president, the Marquis Cesare Alfieri. Cavour's party nominated his old friend the Marquis di Salmour, to whom the Valerians opposed the Count Filiberto di Colobiano. The

Cavourians were successful and the Marquis di Salmour became president. Two years later, however, this verdict was reversed. On this occasion, upon which the Cavourians proposed the re-election of Salmour, the nominee of the opposite party, the Marquis di Sambuy, was elected. We have a lively description of what took place recorded in the life of Giovanni Lanza.[1] Lanza, who was afterwards Prime Minister, was a supporter of the Marquis di Sambuy, and his advocacy was so pointed that Cavour lost his temper and leaping to his feet seized his chair and threatened personal violence ; nothing daunted, Lanza picked up another chair, and only the intervention of friends on each side prevented a combat between the two future Prime Ministers. Writing in 1845 to Giacomo Giovanetti in support of his advocacy of Salmour, Cavour said :

> Alfieri was a better president than Salmour, but a worse administrator. Whilst he ruled the association nothing was done ; the administration was in such disorder that it will take a good six months to put it right. If I have supported Salmour strongly and openly, and if I have incurred the hostility of the Valerio-Sineo party, it was not only because Salmour has been a friend from childhood, but even more because I am firmly convinced that his election was necessary for the success of the society and because I felt a strong contempt for the intrigues of which they wished to make him the victim. The fact has shown me how well founded were my opinions : after seeing the Radicals choose from the nobility (instead of one who was always loyally and openly a Liberal and who sacrificed the most brilliant of careers to keep his independence of judgment) a Carbonaro of 1821 now a courtier . . . after seeing that, I was convinced that it was the duty of all true lovers of civil progress and true liberty to fight them, and not allow the extremists, who hate the nobility more than they love the people, an unchallenged predominance of public opinion. . . . I am ready to support Salmour in everything that he does, compatible with my opinions, which remain what they always were, Liberal and progressive. I believe as you do that if an invincible opposi-

[1] *La Vita e i tempi di Giovanni Lanza*, Enrico Tavallini.

tion forms itself in the executive, the society is doomed. I promise you therefore to use all my influence with Salmour to induce him to bury in oblivion all hostility to his opponents.[1]

Whether rumours of the high state of feeling in the society reached the king's ears, or whether, as Lanza's biographer suggests, Cavour complained to his father, who influenced the king, the fact remains that a few days later the elections were quashed by royal decree and the right of election was changed to royal nomination. The party squabbles of the Società Agraria would not, however, be worth recording if it was not for the effect they had upon the popular estimate of Cavour's political attitude. The opposition to the democratic views of Valerio and his party identified Cavour in the popular mind with the aristocrats. He came to be regarded as a 'retrivo,' a reactionary, and the true liberalism of his principles was forgotten. His enemies exploited to the full the unpopularity of his father, the hated Vicario, and by confounding the views of the son with those of the father effectually prevented any explanation from Cavour, who was thus obliged to bear a false imputation in silence or openly denounce his father's views, which he was far too loyal to do. Nor were his enemies above making capital out of his success as an agriculturist, which was represented as the result of an overmastering desire for wealth, obtained at the expense of the poor by the hateful method of creating a monopoly in the food of the people. So successful was this propaganda that three years later, when the first elections to the Parliament took place, Cavour was rejected by four constituencies, including that of Vercelli, in the immediate neighbourhood of his farm at Leri.

In 1845, after almost a year's silence, Cavour published an article upon the English Corn Laws.[2] He regarded this as an economic rather than a political question, and felt assured that its solution would be

[1] Chiala, vol. v. No. 1243.

[2] In the January and February numbers of the *Bibliothèque Universelle*, 1845.

dictated by economic necessity rather than by the strength or weakness of the agricultural interest in the House of Commons. In a sketch of the history of the problem during the last forty years he attributed the continual maintenance of the protective system to three things: the commercial union with Ireland, the extension of the area of cultivation in England and Scotland, and the extraordinary development in methods of cultivation and in the use of manures and machinery. The question for the future was whether the productiveness of the United Kingdom could increase as rapidly as her population would expand under the stimulus of industrial progress. Cavour's conclusion was in the negative. The political difficulties in Ireland, he said, were more likely to diminish than to increase her contribution to England's food supply. In England herself the area of effective cultivation was approaching the limit, and it was impossible to expect that agricultural methods and discoveries could continue to keep pace with the inevitable growth in population. The present protective system was doomed and it was only a matter of time before England was driven to a policy of free trade to feed her people. Turning from the general question to the present political situation, he summed up the position as follows:

> Sir Robert Peel has never contested the authority of economic principles: on the contrary he has defended them with rare ability. When he combats their application it is always from reasons of opportuneness, which at any moment may disappear. The most eminent members of the Cabinet are as enlightened as their chief. For if they had not been convinced of the necessity of destroying the present system they would not have accepted Mr. Gladstone as a colleague and entrusted to him the commercial affairs of the country,[1] for, still young, he had no other claims to office than his profound knowledge of economics. Bound by the precedents of his career, obliged to lead the landed interests which

[1] Mr. Gladstone became President of the Board of Trade, with a seat in the Cabinet, in 1843.

formed the great majority of the Conservative party, Sir Robert Peel could not break down at a single blow the protective barriers which English agriculture had long considered indispensable to its existence. Preferring to outflank difficulties rather than make a frontal attack upon them, whilst being prepared if necessary to take the decisive step, he believed himself able to delay the solution of the economic question which agitates England by palliative measures, which have resulted in diminishing the disastrous effect of laws which he did not think himself yet able radically to reform. By his tariff of 1842 and his Canadian Corn Bill, as well as several other secondary measures too numerous to mention here, he made a big breach in the protective system and permitted foreign foodstuffs to supplement home produce up to a certain point. These measures we believe to be insufficient, but as their action has been aided by a series of fortunate circumstances and especially by two consecutive abundant harvests, they have sufficed for the moment. . . . In spite, however, of the temporary success of the expedients to which Sir Robert Peel has resorted, we are certain that he has no illusions as to the grave dangers which threaten English industry, and that he has decided to pursue session by session the work of reform to which he has put his hand. The present session will furnish a proof of our contention. If on this question we were to hazard a conjecture, which is at the same time a hope, we should say that the Prime Minister will retain the income tax which is due to expire, and will use the surplus thus obtained to make further large reforms in the tariff of raw materials which form the basis of primary necessities such as tea, sugar, cotton and tobacco. This bold measure would have an immense effect. The signal advantages which industry will derive from it would perhaps allow the government to postpone for some years the day when the abolition of the protective laws will become an imperious political necessity. That day, whenever it may be, is not far distant. When an economic system is recognised as being contrary to reason, justice, and equity, when its best defenders are reduced to using arguments of convenience and opportuneness, such a system is sapped at its base; the least unforeseen shock, the least extraordinary circumstance will overturn the whole edifice.

This being so we may be allowed to predict in the near future the repeal of the Corn Laws, and as a result the fall of all the protective barriers which have for so long surrounded

English agriculture and industry. The time approaches when England will offer for the first time the spectacle of a great nation in which the laws that regulate foreign commerce will be in complete accord with economic principles. This example will exercise a most salutary effect upon the economic world. Science, supporting its theories upon the example of a great nation, will acquire greater authority in men's minds, and its maxims, finding daily a greater support amongst those classes which, profiting by the opening of the English market, have an interest in widening their international relationships, will end by triumphing upon the Continent over the prejudices and false economic doctrines whose empire to-day still appears unassailable. Such at least is our profound conviction.

The closeness of Cavour's reasoning in this article is no less remarkable than its prophetic accuracy. Exactly what Cavour foresaw took place. Sir Robert Peel did retain the income tax and made further reforms in consequence. Then took place the unforeseen circumstance in the shape of the failure of the Irish potato crop, which led directly to the repeal of the Corn Laws. How firmly Cavour was convinced of the soundness of his opinions is seen in his letters; writing to Giacomo Giovanetti a few months later he says: 'You need not be uneasy about the final issue of the struggle in England. The fate of the Corn Laws is written in the book of destiny. They are condemned to death: whoever governs has now only a choice of how he will execute the sentence of Providence. Peel will use more gentle methods than Russell, but the result will be the same. The repeal of the Corn Laws carries with it the adoption of the principle of free trade, so you may rest assured that in a few years wines, silks and spirits will enter England with a customs rate regulated by the needs of the Treasury and no longer to protect national industries.'

Two years later (1847), Cavour wrote a sequel to this article for the *Antologia Italiana*, dealing with the probable effect upon Italy of the repeal, which had

taken place the year before. As already indicated in previous letters on this subject, he anticipated that the continental countries would follow England's lead and establish free trade. It was on these lines that his second article was written; he maintains in it that commercial liberty is the end to which all civilised people are gravitating. 'The movement which urges Italy towards it may be more or less slow, but sooner or later she will without fail adopt it.' Shortly before this article was written, Richard Cobden paid a visit to Turin, and it was on this occasion that a wit, seeing Cobden between the brothers Cavour, remarked, 'Look at Free Trade guarded by Monopoly!' The gibe stuck and was freely repeated, especially amongst the democrats of the Società Agraria, and it is to this that Cavour alludes in the letter that he wrote to the editor, Predari, before sending the manuscript, in which he asks half jokingly whether he thought it desirable 'to entrust the defence of the economic cause to an odious 'monopolista' who in this year of scarcity was guilty of the unpardonable sin of having produced on his own lands a great quantity of corn and that, wonderful to relate, without availing himself of the advice of the distinguished and incontestable patriots who labour on behalf of national agriculture in the committee rooms of the Casa Ciriè or in the fields of the model farm at Venaria.'[1]

This was the last article from the pen of Cavour. But in between these two essays on free trade came the most directly influential of all Cavour's writings, his review of Count Petitti's book on Italian railways, which appeared in the *Revue Nouvelle* in 1846; a work which is justly bracketed with the volumes of Gioberti and Balbo and d'Azeglio's *Casi di Romagna* as amongst the literary influences which led to Italian freedom.

[1] The Casa Ciriè was the headquarters of the Society. Model farms were a pet aversion of Cavour's and the one at Venaria had been established in spite of his opposition.

In writing this article upon the railways, Cavour had a distinct object in view, namely, to bring the opinions which he expressed to the notice of the king. For this purpose he wished it printed in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and made use of the Duc de Broglie and Madame de Circourt to achieve his object. Writing to the latter he says :

> MADAM,
>
> I am about to require a conspicuous favour from your indulgent friendship. This concerns no less a matter than the obtaining from the Editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* the insertion of an article written by me. This article which, taking the railways as its text, discusses the question of Italian politics, aims principally at influencing the opinion of a highly placed Personage, who is very sensitive to what the Parisian Press says of him. Owing to certain special circumstances, I have reason to believe that a manifesto of the kind which I should wish to make would not be without its value for my country. That is why my heart is so much set on seeing my article published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.[1]

This has to be remembered in reading the article, which is so conciliatory, even flattering, both to Austria and to the Italian Princes, especially Charles Albert, that we might think Cavour had gone back on his principles if we did not recollect the specific purpose he had in mind. It was in a sense his first effort at diplomacy, an attempt to placate all parties without offending any, and to impress them with the supreme advantages to be derived from the spread of the railways ; and while taking a clearly patriotic attitude in regard to national independence, to allay the fears of those who saw danger in modern methods. Subordinating for once the economic to the moral aspect, he laid great stress upon the effect of the railways in consolidating the Italian people, ' stitching the boot ' as d'Azeglio put it.

[1] Nigra, *Letters to Mme. de Circourt*. The article appeared in the *Revue Nouvelle*, May, 1846.

> The influence of railways will spread throughout the world. To the countries which have already reached a high state of development they will give an immense impetus. Their economic results from the very beginning will be magnificent and they will accelerate the progressive movement of civilisation. But in our eyes the moral effects which must follow are far greater than the material ones, and especially amongst those nations which have lagged behind in the upward march of modern nations. For them the railways will be, more than a means of increasing their wealth, a powerful weapon by whose aid they will triumph over the retarding forces which still keep them in a sad state of political and industrial infancy. The locomotive, we are convinced, has the mission of diminishing if not of entirely removing the condition of humiliating inferiority to which several branches of the great Christian family are reduced. From this standpoint it fulfils an almost providential rôle ; that is why perhaps we see it triumph so easily and so quickly over obstacles and difficulties which must, it would seem, stop it from penetrating into certain countries. If what we have said is true, if we are not under a complete illusion, no country more than Italy has a greater right to found the highest hopes upon the influence of railways. The political and social consequences for our beautiful country will show more perhaps than anywhere else the greatness of the rôle which this new means of communication is destined to play in the future of the world.

Having given his article a patriotic flavour, Cavour went on to examine different aspects of the question dealt with in Count Petitti's volume. He approved the plans for the Piedmontese lines which, taking Alessandria as their centre, joined Turin, Genoa and the Lakes with lines which had as much strategic as industrial value. The magnitude and difficulty of the projected tunnel through Mont Cenis made an immense appeal to Cavour and he waxed almost lyrical in his praise of this vast conception :

> The line from Turin to Chambéry across the highest mountains in Europe will be the *chef d'œuvre* of modern industry : this will be the noblest triumph of steam, the *apogée* of its glory : after overcoming the most rapid rivers and the mighty rollers of the ocean, there remains no further

> triumph save to pierce the eternal snows and glaciers which rise like insurmountable barriers between nations. This line will be one of the marvels of the world; it will render immortal the name of Charles Albert, who had the courage to undertake it and the energy to execute it. The incalculable benefits which will follow will render his reign, already marked by so many glorious works, memorable for ever, not only to his own subjects but to all Italians.

Nor could he restrain himself from painting in the same warm colours the future of his own city of Turin so advantageously situated between the northern nations and the rest of Italy:

> This line will make Turin a European city: placed as it is at the foot of the Alps on the extreme edge of the plains of Italy, it will be the point of union between north and south, the place where the Latin and Germanic races will meet for the exchange of produce and knowledge, an exchange which will prove of special profit to the Piedmontese, who already share the characteristics of both races. Admirable prospect! a magnificent destiny which Turin will owe to the enlightened policy of her kings, whose faithful capital she has been for centuries!

But it was when he came to deal with the Italian provinces in Austrian hands, Lombardy and Venetia, that Cavour became most conciliatory and diplomatic. After an allusion to the 'faible lacune' which existed by the refusal of Austria to link up Turin with Milan, he goes on: 'But this gap cannot continue for long. Lombardy has too real and too pressing a need to be joined up with the Mediterranean and with France for the cabinet at Vienna to refuse seriously to carry out itself, or to allow others to do so, a line so short and easy which, passing from Milan to the Ticino, will permit trains to circulate through the whole valley of the Po.' After a further dose of flattery in regard to the 'powerful and generous aid' given by the Viennese cabinet in the construction of the short line from Milan to Monza, at a moment when through friction or apathy the scheme almost fell through, he proceeds to deal with the military aspect of railway construction

in Lombardy, especially with the proposed line from Milan to Trieste, a problem which many Piedmontese were anxious to discourage on strategic grounds :

> Of all the lines of which we have spoken up to now, this is perhaps the only one whose utility for Italy can be contested. Though it presents obvious advantages from the economic point of view by favouring the export of Italian produce into Austria, it increases at the same time the influence of the House of Hapsburg throughout Italy, and facilitates the action of her army in maintaining Italy's dependence. This objection is specious but it is unsound. If the future has a happier fate in store for Italy : if this beautiful land, as it is permitted to hope, is destined to recover its nationality : this can only take place as the result of the remodelling of Europe or of one of those great movements, in some sort providential, over which the facility provided by this railway of moving certain regiments more or less quickly could exercise no influence. The time for conspiracies is past. The emancipation of nations can no longer be effected by plots or surprises ; it has become the necessary consequence of the progress of Christian civilisation and of the growth of enlightenment. The material forces of which governments dispose will be powerless to keep any longer in subjection the nations beneath their yoke when the hour of their deliverance has sounded : they will give way before the action of moral forces which each day grow stronger and which sooner or later must bring about in Europe, with the help of Providence, a political upheaval from which Italy and Poland are destined to profit more than any other country. The railway which will bring Vienna some hours nearer to Milan is powerless to stop these great events. This being so, the line from Vienna to Trieste is one whose construction is most to be desired : for if at the present it is beneficial to Italian agriculture by opening up fresh markets, in the future when relations of equality and friendship have been achieved by victory it will render further immense benefits to the country by facilitating that moral and intellectual interaction which more than anything else we wish to see established between the serious and deep-thinking German race and intelligent Italy.

After dealing in a conciliatory spirit with the railway schemes for the Papal States and Tuscany, and expressing the hope that their development would be such as

not only to satisfy local requirements but to make provision for trunk lines throughout the country, Cavour turned to examine in some detail the moral defects which had hitherto kept back the country from modern development. The first of these he declares to be the presence in Italy of Austria and her dependent princelings, and the chief difficulty to be faced in getting rid of them to be 'the intestine divisions, the jealousies, one might almost say the antipathies, which divide the different sections of the great Italian family.' Cavour thus found himself facing the old Austrian motto, 'Divide et impera,' and with unerring foresight he judged that the action of the railways in breaking down the boundaries between states and in destroying the prejudices and ignorance of the different Italian provinces in regard to one another would be of incalculable value. The second cause he ascribes to the arbitrary division of Italy effected at the Congress of Vienna. 'Based on no principle: neither legitimacy, which was violated in the case of both Genoa and Venice, nor national interest, nor the popular will: taking no account either of geographical boundaries or of general or individual interests which thirty years of revolution had created, the Congress, acting solely by right of force, raised an edifice devoid of any moral basis.' To this he attributes the risings and conspiracies of the intervening years, and, passing over in diplomatic silence the question of misgovernment, he goes on to emphasise the view that the age of plots is past and that the hope of Italy now lies in the joint efforts of princes and people to move steadily along the path of progress and reform.

> 'All individual efforts,' he declares, 'are useless without the co-operation of national governments. But this co-operation will not fail us. The distrust aroused by the events of 1830, clung to tenaciously by a group of persons small in number but powerful by intrigue, has nearly entirely disappeared. Our rulers reassured follow their natural tendencies, and each day witnesses fresh proofs of their

paternal and progressive spirit. It is sufficient to cite on this point what is happening in Piedmont. The impetus given to primary education and the establishment of several university chairs dedicated to the teaching of moral and political science,[1] the encouragement given to the spirit of association applied both to art and industry, and several other measures, without mentioning railways, attest sufficiently that the illustrious monarch who reigns with such distinction over this kingdom has decided to maintain the glorious traditions which in the past have given his family the primacy amongst the Italian dynasties and which in the future must raise it to still higher destinies. But more than any other reform, except perhaps large political concessions, the construction of railways will contribute to consolidate this mutual confidence between rulers and people, the basis of our hopes for the future. The rulers by endowing the people with whose destiny they are entrusted with this mighty instrument of progress, will give incontestable evidence of their sense of security and of the beneficent disposition which animates them. On the other side the people, recognising the greatness of this benefit, will entertain for their rulers an obedient yet entire confidence, and full of ardour will yield themselves to the guidance of their sovereigns towards the conquest of national independence.'

No student of Cavour can read this article without a smile. The absence of any allusion to misgovernment, the studied moderation of phrase, the open flattery, are so alien to the spirit of the man that one is forced to wonder what kind of intellectual *casse-cou* he found it necessary to perform before he could write it. If there was any doubt as to Cavour's possession of a sense of humour, this article would dispel it for ever. The casual introduction of the phrase ' except perhaps large political concessions,' in the last paragraph, to anyone knowing the characters and political ideas of Charles Albert of Savoy, Francis of Modena,

[1] A chair of political economy was founded at Turin University in 1846, to which was appointed Antonio Scialoia, and at the same time Ercole Ricotti was made the first Professor of Modern History, a chair which, out of deference to the royal scruples, was called for a time that of ' Italian Military History.' These were the first fruits of the appointment of the Marquis Cesare Alfieri as President of the Magistrato della Reforma, corresponding to our Board of Education.

or the King of Naples, has a humour of its own no less effective than the variety of constructions which could be put upon the earlier sentence regarding the Italian princes reassured 'following their natural tendencies.' As for the picture of mutual confidence between rulers and subjects, in the light of such an *exposé* as d'Azeglio's *Casi di Romagna*, an almost simultaneous publication, we can only suppose that such an elastic interpretation of the truth was inserted for foreign consumption or more likely perhaps for the special edification of Charles Albert. This essay was in fact an unblushing piece of propaganda in which Cavour, determined to press home his main thesis, the value of a system of railways to the cause of national independence, and aware of the vital necessity of government support, was prepared to deal out flattery with an unstinting hand, if it would help to bring the moderate element and the official world to his point of view. It was said that one of the copies of the *Revue Nouvelle* in which this article appeared reached Charles Albert and that, though flattered by his representation as the champion of national independence, he was offended at the writer's outspoken language and sent his secretary to advise Cavour to leave the country for a time.[1] Other counsels prevailed, however, and Cavour was left unmolested. It would be a genuine tribute to the perspicacity of the king if, as has been suggested,[2] it was after reading this article that he said of Cavour, 'He is the most dangerous man in the kingdom.'

Cavour's letters during these years of literary activity are best dealt with in groups, for they are mostly business letters and contain a large proportion of little interest or importance. Apart from the light they throw on his multifarious interests and occupations, their most noticeable feature is his enthusiastic support of anything which does credit to Italian enterprise and ability and his anxiety to bring to the notice of other countries

[1] Predari, *I primi vagiti*. [2] Thayer, *Cavour*.

the evidence of Italian industry and enterprise. The series of letters addressed to Giacomo Giovanetti offers a good illustration. Giovanetti was a Novarese advocate and an expert in all matters of irrigation law and practice. In 1843 M. Manny de Mornay, an inspector of French agriculture, came to Piedmont to study this question. Cavour introduced him to Giovanetti, and the latter at Cavour's suggestion wrote a brochure upon the subject for the benefit of the French authorities. Cavour took the utmost pains to get this work known and appreciated. He brought it to the notice of the Duc de Broglie and M. Doumon, the French minister concerned with irrigation, and in order to get it widely known in Piedmont he suggested having it published by the Società Agraria. Realising that there were also possibilities in Switzerland, he wrote the following to his friend Édouard Naville :

> I believe that you still take the same interest in irrigation legislation as you showed last year during our sojourn in Paris, and that on this matter you are still corresponding with the bigwigs of French agriculture : this is why I write to you, being assured that you will do justice to a very remarkable work, composed at my request by a distinguished advocate and of which I am sending some copies to Paris. This work is neither more nor less than a complete *résumé* of Lombard and Piedmontese legislation upon irrigation, followed by an outline of proposed legislation covering the whole vast subject. I have read this work with minute attention, and I do not hesitate to say that nothing better has been published either in France or Italy. M. Giovanetti is a distinguished lawyer of Novara, whose practice is almost entirely concerned with cases arising out of irrigation disputes. He numbers among his clients all the richest owners of rice fields, and he enjoys an immense reputation in all that concerns the law on this subject. His work is put in the form of a letter to M. de Mornay, to whom I introduced him. . . .[1]

In return perhaps for the trouble he was taking, Giovanetti sent Cavour some bottles of special Sizzano

[1] Chiala, vol. v. No. 1236.

wine, and this at once leads Cavour to see a fresh outlet for increasing Italy's reputation abroad :

> ' I honestly confess,' he writes, ' that your excellent Sizzano wine has convinced me of the possibility of producing luxury wines in Piedmont. This wine possesses in a high degree that quality which gives French wines their value and in which ours usually fail—bouquet. The bouquet of Sizzano is not that of the Bordeaux wines but rather that of the Burgundies, which in certain special vintages, such as Clos-Vougeot and Romanet, enjoy precedence over all the wines of France. Now it is proved that the hills of Novara can rival those of Burgundy ; all that is necessary to triumph in the struggle is care in the manufacture and some rich and elegant gourmets to establish its reputation. I would sincerely wish to co-operate in this wine-growing crusade. I will do what I can in the narrow circle of my acquaintance, but in order to act effectively it is necessary for you to tell me whether wine of this quality is on the market and at what price. If ever Count Solaro della Margherita yields me his post—a thing to which I don't believe him much disposed—I will send a present of Sizzano wine to all our diplomatic agents abroad. In the meantime I will drink your health in it with my friends.' [1]

Another series of letters written during the first half of this period are addressed to the engineer Rocco Colli, and refer to the erection at Leri of a machine designed by him for threshing rice. We gather from the letters that this machine was assembled and erected at Leri. Cavour supplied the timber and the labour, and the parts were made by local blacksmiths or forged in the Val d'Aosta. It took nine months to complete. In March he writes that the specified timber is all assembled and ready to be put together if Colli will come over and superintend. This had to be postponed, however, until April owing to the necessity of diverting the requisite labour to the spring sowings. In June he writes again to say that he cannot get the forgings owing to the fact that the melting of the snows in the Val d'Aosta has done serious damage to the forges and all work has had to be suspended. In July there

[1] Chiala, vol. v. 1245.

was further delay, certain designs for parts having gone astray, and work on the machine again came to a standstill. Finally in September all difficulties were overcome and the machine was ready for use. It proved a great success, as we gather from a letter of Cavour's to Giovanetti in which he says : ' I am glad to be able to announce the success of the threshing machine, which in three days has threshed nearly 6000 sacks of rice without our having to work at night.' A model of this machine was shown at the annual congress of the Società Agraria and received a gold medal, and a note in the society's journal announces its success and invites those interested to inspect it at Cavour's farm at Leri.

A third series of letters are addressed to the Genoese banker Émile de la Rue. These refer chiefly to the establishment at Turin of a bank similar to that already working at Genoa. In this proposed undertaking Cavour was a leading spirit. His first idea was an agricultural bank to assist the smaller farmers round Turin, a novel feature of which was to be loans on deposits in kind such as silk. The scheme, however, met with no support and was dropped. Cavour was anxious to have a large number of foundation shareholders to insure business and popularise the bank. When everything was in train, however, four of the biggest houses in Turin announced that they would only join on condition that the ' fondateurs ' were reduced to ten in number and limited to Turin. This not only upset all the arrangements made, but excluded the house of de la Rue and other Genoese firms who wanted shares. It seems that the Turin houses feared an unworkable board of directors and the inclusion of some not too reliable firms. The difficulties were increased by jealousies and the fear of predominating interests, especially the silk interest, upon the board, and the matter dragged on for two years before being finally settled. The attitude of the government was scarcely less of a difficulty. In 1853, in speaking on

the proposal then before the House of Deputies to found a national bank by the amalgamation of those existing at Genoa and Turin, Cavour alluded to his early difficulties. 'At an interview in that year (1846),' he said, 'with the then minister I sought permission to establish a bank at Turin: he almost laughed in my face, saying that it was impossible to do it, that it was far too great a novelty, that it never would have any business, and that the very idea was absurd.' Cavour, however, had his way and the bank was founded the following year. These pioneer efforts in modern industry were occasionally not without humorous incidents owing to the struggle between Conservative instincts and the greed of gain. In one letter Cavour writes:

> Yesterday the old V. . . .[1] came to see me and lectured me for an hour against a bank at Turin. I kept myself from contradicting him, for I wanted to get at his real opinion. After having clearly demonstrated that it was 'une affaire détestable,' he ended by saying that if however it was started he would gladly take some shares, that *to help us* he would even take a quarter or at least a fifth of them! At these words I confess that I broke out into a peal of laughter.

A good deal about the railway schemes comes into these letters. Piedmont was not free from railway speculators and even English ones. In one letter Cavour says: 'The suggested line for Parma appears to me absurd. I know that some English adventurers of the worst kind have come to Turin to get hold of this line. Don't let them come near you.' And again in another place: 'As to the line for the two lakes it is a veritable joke; Magnone and Prandi have organised an attack to capture the English capitalists. I do not know what will come of it, but they don't expect anything at Turin.' But the letters referring to the lines in which Cavour was personally interested are full of information: the allocation of shares, the suggested directors, the purchase of rails and sleepers, the attitude

[1] Villa Marina?

of the government, form the staple subjects of his correspondence. As time went on he became more and more engrossed in business, and if one may judge by his correspondence during the years 1846 and the first half of 1847, the political portents which were gathering around him attracted him far less than one would have imagined. The death of Gregory XVI. and the election of Pio Nono in June, 1846, followed a month later by the famous political amnesty which sent a wave of patriotic excitement through Italy, receive no mention in his letters. Even the democratic victory in the election for the president of the Società Agraria and his subsequent exclusion from all the committees in the elections in February, 1847, are only mentioned incidentally where he says : ' Valerio and his disciples regard me as an ' ultra retardataire.' ' So great was his unpopularity that in 1846 he was even requested, ' for the good of the association,' to retire from his office of treasurer to the infant schools, which he had held since its foundation. But on the other hand anything to do with his agricultural work, his banks and railways, is sure of mention. ' I have just been to see M. Abbene, the chemist,' he writes in one letter, ' about some new samples of guano ; their smell is ' tres-satisfaisant, ils empestent l'appartement ' ' ; and again in a later letter we see his business acumen and his knowledge coming out in a sentence like this : ' In the last resort one can always buy guano without a guarantee on the condition that we are free to refuse any in which the moisture exceeds 25 per cent. or soil 10 per cent.' Nor did he carry out his transactions in any niggardly way. He bought guano by the shipload. ' When you have settled with Balduino,' runs one letter, ' it will be time to charter another ship to bring the guano for next year from Liverpool.' He orders two more threshing machines, installs a new machine for chopping straw, and writes inquiries about a new ' Valcourt ' harrow. And running through his letters are constant allusions to the crops and the weather

and instructions for buying and selling rice and maize and other produce. Such, with his study and his writing and his committee work for the Agricultural Society, was the general tenor of Cavour's life during these years, until in October, 1847, the first group of reforms gave it a fresh interest and a new direction by sending him hotfoot into journalism.

Before, however, dealing with the last stage in Cavour's pre-political life it is necessary to consider two other series of letters, the one dealing with French politics and the other with English ; for although Cavour was engrossed in business he never ceased to study foreign politics. At the Whist Club he saw all the foreign newspapers allowed to enter Piedmont, and his French and Swiss connections kept him *au courant* with what was happening. The first of these series has reference to France, which about the year 1844 was occupied with a politico-religious struggle that requires some explanation. The severe rebuff which France had sustained at the hands of Lord Palmerston over the Syrian question and the defeat of her Eastern policy by the collapse of Mahomet Ali had bred a deep distrust of Louis Philippe and his government in the minds of large numbers of Frenchmen, which proved one of the predisposing causes of the fall of the House of Orléans. Amongst those thus alienated by the national policy was the Catholic party, by no means the least influential of the political groups. Usually legitimate and reactionary, it now began to incline towards the moderate republicans, and to exhibit unexpected democratic leanings. This new and significant orientation of Catholic policy was largely the work of the Count de Montalembert, the proprietor of the great Catholic newspaper, *L'Univers*, who effected in 1840 a compromise with the bishops and Catholic laity. By the new arrangement, with a view to undermining the government by legal methods, a crusade to obtain control of secondary education was initiated. The ulterior object of the clericals in thus moving to the left was to secure

the middle classes, and thus eventually to dominate the government, whose members under Louis Philippe were recruited from this class. One of the first signs of the new alliance was the increased popularity of the Jesuits and a demand for clerical control of the universities. Cavour when in France in 1842 had already noted this movement and commented on its significance. In the following letter we have his views more fully expressed, though the importance of the letter lies less in his opinions of this particular problem than in the enunciation of that principle of religious freedom which he afterwards crystallised in the famous phrase, 'a free Church in a free State.' The letter is dated 1844 and addressed to Baron Maurice.

My dear Friend,

I am very grateful to you for having remembered me in the midst of the interests and amusements which especially just now Paris offers to visitors. I venture to flatter myself that your recollection of the good times we have passed together at the Hôtel Mirabeau is the reason of your kind letter of May 24th. I regret Paris less for its admirable exhibition than for the political battles which for me have an irresistible attraction. I should have keenly desired to witness the discussions upon the new law regarding secondary education, and to follow step by step the movement of the sacerdotal spirit which has awakened in France in so unexpected a manner. This law is less important in its immediate result than in the tendencies which it reveals.

To me it is obvious that the great fact of the movement, not only in France but throughout Europe, is the formation of a Catholic party which aspires to constitute a kind of democratic-theocracy. This party is still weak but it acquires new force daily; it is in a period of growth. It is working a great transformation in favour of democratic principles throughout the Catholic clergy. The movement is seconded neither by Rome nor by the Pope, who fears the influence of popular principles in his state, honeycombed as it is on all sides with the revolutionary spirit. In spite of that, it is operating in Italy as well as in France, Belgium, and Germany. Will the movement stop or continue to develop? Will it transform democracy or Catholicism? This is the great problem which should occupy thinkers.

I do not believe that this movement can be stopped in France by restrictive laws or artificial barriers. This would only agitate the current without stopping it. To my way of thinking it is better to give it a free course, and to try to combat the exaggeration of the neo-Catholic teaching by science, study, and discussion. That is why I am not frightened at the concessions which the Chamber of Peers has made to the clergy. I should have voted for them, though few people dread clerical influence more than I do, and no one hates the Jesuits more. The power of the clergy is their zeal : their weakness is ignorance, want of enlightenment. In allowing them to enter the lists freely with the university and giving them a clear field, a few years only will be required to demonstrate their incapacity, errors and false tendencies. What is happening in Piedmont is a proof of it. With us the Jesuits and the clergy have not only freedom but the monopoly of education. Well, what influence do they exert upon public opinion ? None, absolutely none. With a single voice everyone is against clerical teaching. If the country enjoyed the smallest rights or the least of liberties, it would use them to drive out the Jesuits whom it detests and to remove education from the hands of the priests.[1]

Critics of Cavour have often alleged that his ecclesiastical policy was an improvisation and his famous motto of ' a free Church in a free State ' a happy epigram engendered in the heat of debate. But readers of this letter will see that if his policy was not yet thought out, the principle of it was already there in 1844. The fact is that Cavour, more perhaps than any other Continental statesman, had understood and inwardly digested our English conception of freedom. He believed that free speech, influencing public opinion and thus reacting upon constitutional action, was a better means of counteracting revolutionary propaganda than wholesale imprisonment and unceasing espionage. And although political exigencies compelled him more than once in his career to resort to force and prevention, as in the case of the Mazzinians and the Press, it was only the vital necessity of having

[1] Ruffini, vol. ii. p. 377.

to keep in with Europe and with France in particular which compelled him to do it. When after Orsini's attempt to murder Louis Napoleon, Walewski brought pressure to bear both on England and Piedmont, whereas the House of Commons could afford to reject the Conspiracy Bill, Cavour had to yield ; this, however, is no proof that Cavour valued freedom less than Lord Palmerston, but only an instance of the penalty attaching to weakness.

Cavour deals with this subject in a second letter written about the same time to Édouard Naville, in which he says :

> I have followed with keen interest the discussion upon the education law. The debates do honour to France and the century. The result appears to me calculated to satisfy all moderate and intelligent people. Perhaps at Geneva you will find it too favourable to the little seminaries ; but there is no reason to think so : the concessions to the clergy are as useful as reasonable. They have for their object to raise the standard in the establishments where the clergy are educated, which is an advantage cheaply purchased at the price of seeing a certain number of students destined for civil life educated at the same schools. They exaggerate the influence of the Jesuits in France. God knows I hate them ! yet I do not share the fears they inspire amongst the philosophers and lawyers of the school of Dupin. The Jesuits have only a factitious existence, due exclusively to the religious reaction from which they profit more than any other of the Orders. But at bottom they have no vitality and no future. When the momentary excitement has died down and their claims are impartially examined, they will fall under the weight of contempt and antipathy. In Piedmont where they are all powerful, far from gaining in public opinion, they lose daily. Their bitterest enemies are not the Liberals but the intelligent Catholics, whose numbers are greater than is usually believed.[1]

But Cavour did not allow his private opinions to bias unduly his political principles, and though he personally hated the Jesuits, he was neither a bigot nor a persecutor : he would have given them fairplay but no

[1] Chiala, vol. v. p. 114.

preference and have left public opinion to decide. This spirit of religious tolerance is clearly shown in the following letter to Mme. de Circourt, dated this same year, 1844.[1]

MADAM,

I would not answer your last letter until I had read Father Ravignan's pamphlet.[2] You were quite right in calling my attention to it as a great event. Like you, I admired its eloquent pleading, its courageous justification of a body which reckons so many and determined foes. The reading of it has convinced me that the Order of Jesuits may boast that it possesses great talents and great virtues : that its iron rule, if it is stifling to average natures, redoubles the energy of vigorous minds. But granting this, M. de Ravignan's book has only confirmed the opinion which, in Italy, all enlightened men, all true lovers of their country, hold with regard to the Jesuits. I find set forth in it, more powerfully than anywhere else, the immense resources which the Company of Jesus has at its disposal in religious conflicts. These resources, says Father Ravignan, are placed at the sole service of religion. That may be true, if one only considers the ultimate aim, the final cause of the efforts of the Order. But it is beyond doubt—our country is a sad example of it—that in order to arrive at spiritual and religious ascendancy, the Jesuits seek, in the first place, temporal and political ascendancy. I do not doubt the good faith of the eminent preacher. But when he speaks of the disinterestedness of his Order, of its love of progress, civilisation, science, even liberty, I have only to look around me to recognise the hollowness of his words. I wish I could take you for a moment into one of the colleges managed by the Jesuits in this country ; give you a glimpse into their methods and the results of them. This simple inspection would certainly suffice to destroy in your mind the magical effect of the sometime Solicitor-General's pleadings.[3] They are less mischievous in France and Switzerland than with us. But why ? Because in those countries which are not under their yoke they have to take precautions, to employ care in handling government and people. Being with us all-

[1] Cavour's letters to Mme. de Circourt. Trans. by A. J. Butler.

[2] *De l'Existence et de l'Institut des Jésuites*. Par R. P. Ravignan, Paris, 1844.

[3] Father Ravignan was a solicitor before taking orders and rose to the position of Solicitor-General.

powerful, they can give free scope to their tendency and let the spirit of the Order develop itself. If you wish to know the innermost nature of the Order, you must not study them where they have to fight their way and where their position is precarious. You will never form a complete estimate of them save where, with no obstacles to encounter, they apply their rules in a consistent and regular manner. They have learnt nothing, forgotten nothing: their spirit and their methods are the same as ever. Woe to the country, woe to the class which shall entrust them exclusively with the education of its youth. In default of such fortunate conditions as may obliterate in the man the lessons received in childhood, they will, in the course of a century, produce a bastard and degenerate race: Spanish Grandees, Neapolitan Signori; that is, something between men and brutes. The opinion that I express here is shared by the most distinguished among our clergy, and by the immense majority of sincere Catholics. Therefore, before admitting M. de Ravignan's conclusions, before yielding to the impetus of his burning eloquence, deign to reflect on the actual facts, on the positive and incontestable result of their revival in the countries where they rule: and oppose to the splendour of rhetoric the stern logic of events. But in truth it is a case of much cry and little wool. The Jesuits are not dangerous in France. In a land of freedom, in a land of science and enlightenment, they will always be compelled to modify and transform themselves: they will never obtain a real or lasting empire either in the political or in the intellectual world. In the interests of mankind, I should like to come to terms with the Jesuits and concede to them in countries whence they are at present excluded three, four, ten times more liberty than they would allow to the people whom they rule.'

The letters bearing on English politics were written to a new correspondent, William de la Rive, the son of Cavour's old friend and relative, Auguste de la Rive. This young man, who was afterwards Cavour's biographer, was then studying agricultural chemistry under Professor Johnston in Edinburgh. In reading these letters it has to be remembered that Cavour's chief source of information was the French newspapers: that he was outside, not inside, politics at this time, and that since 1840 Lord Palmerston had been the

bugbear of French journalists, from whom Cavour was scarcely likely to receive an unbiassed interpretation of the English statesman's policy.

I see that for the moment you lean decidedly towards high-Toryism. Without being able to share your views on this point, I can quite understand it and am far from blaming you. Time and experience, however, will, I am convinced, lead you into that political moderation which, as in the case of your father and myself, leans neither to the right nor the left. But I cannot refrain from saying that I find you severe and even perhaps a little unjust to Sir Robert Peel. If you take the trouble to study thoroughly the commercial question, you will become convinced that the repeal of the Corn Laws had become a national necessity. It might have been postponed, but to avoid it was an impossibility. That being so, would it have been better, morally speaking, if it had been carried out by the party which had advocated it for twenty years? Perhaps so. But if, as it appears to you, no one but Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington could, in the actual circumstances, carry it through, was it not their duty to sacrifice their consistency, their power as leaders of the party, to the national welfare? Yes, *mon cher*, Peel's reform has been the salvation of England. What would have happened if he had allowed the too-famous 'sliding scale' to remain? It is probable that England would have been taken unawares after this harvest. And then what would have happened? You see what difficulty Ireland and England have in assuring their food supply. What would it have been like if they had not had the two million quarters which Peel's reform brought on to the market? England owes statues to Peel, one day he will have them. For the moment I think that his rôle if not finished is reduced to very small proportions. His lieutenants will come to the front and perhaps will soon be called upon to form a government with the help of the more intelligent section of the Whigs.

Nor can I leave unchallenged your praise of Lord Palmerston's policy. To me he appears to have committed one folly after another. In Spain he tried to play a similar game with France to that which he played in Syria. Not having succeeded, he employed the most odious means to avenge himself. I know nothing more disgusting than the diatribes of the English ministerial journals against the Spanish princesses and Louis Philippe. I am willing to believe that

they are not inspired by Lord Palmerston, but certainly he has not been without knowledge of them. As to his language about Cracow, I cannot attach as much importance to it as you do. England has never yet made war for sentiment, and it is not on the question of this poor remnant of Poland —which she has never seriously thought of reconstructing— that she is going to embroil herself with Austria and Prussia. I am a great admirer of the English ; I feel a real sympathy towards them, for I consider this nation the advance guard of civilisation. In spite of that, its policy inspires me with very little trust. When I see her stretch one hand to Metternich and the other to the ultra-radicals in Spain, Portugal, and Greece, I admit that I feel little disposed to believe in the honesty of her politics. The people are perhaps better than their government, so I count upon the common sense of the nation to put a just value on this wretched Palmerston, whose accession to office is always the herald of new political storms.

In spite of Cavour's arguments his cousin continued to champion Lord Palmerston, and Cavour returns to the attack in a second letter :

I find it quite natural that the excesses of the demagogues, from which your own country suffers so severely,[1] should make you a Tory, but what appears to me extraordinary is that you can reconcile the present high-Tory opinions with a passionate admiration for Lord Palmerston. If I judge correctly by the English journals, which I have read assiduously, it appears to me that your friends the Bentincks and Stanleys, represented in the Press by *The Standard*, openly blame the unjustifiable violences of this charming Foreign Secretary. In fact, how can the true ultras approve a policy which has always for its apparent object the support in Spain of the most exaggerated, the most revolutionary parties ? Recall for a moment the individuals who have evoked the sympathies of your honest Lord Palmerston, and on whose behalf he has exerted all the weight of British diplomacy. Argüelles, Espartero, Olózaga, and lastly this Don Enrique, this puppet whose strings are pulled by the *exaltados* party. If these are titles to your approval I cannot see how you can be the good ultra you profess to be. Be an ultra if you like : be a Palmerstonian if you like ; but to be both at the same time is more than we other simple Continentals can swallow.

[1] Alludes to the Radical victories in Switzerland.

It is not surprising that Cavour failed to grasp the foreign policy of Palmerston when so many of his fellow-countrymen could not understand it. But had Cavour known all the facts the charges of dishonesty, or at least of inconsistency, made in these letters would have been modified. Palmerston and Metternich had nothing in common. The one was an ardent constitutionalist, the other an absolutist *pur sang*, and Palmerston's support of the radicals in Spain and elsewhere was an attempt to undermine the very system which Metternich was bent on upholding. But in the eyes of the British Foreign Office the position of Austria was peculiar : her importance was not considered from the standpoint of her liberal or her absolutist tendencies, but from her geographical situation. As a buffer state between France and Russia her goodwill was of immense importance to England. In case of war between England and either of these latter Powers, the attitude of Austria was vital and England could not, for the sake of what were then the secondary States of Italy, afford to alienate their big neighbour. To Cavour, on the other hand, Austria was simply the oppressor against whom the hand of everyone who loved freedom should automatically be turned. If Palmerston's policy was not strictly logical, it was at least based upon a wide survey of national interests, in which Austria for all her hateful absolutism was a power with whom it would be dangerous if not fatal to quarrel.

During the first nine months of 1847, while the tide of public opinion in Italy, spurred on by papal reforms and Austria's occupation of Ferrara, was steadily rising on behalf of independence and constitutionalism, Cavour was condemned to political inactivity. To neither party in Piedmont was he acceptable. When he attempted to address the Società Agraria the members rose and left the room. When he welcomed Cobden to Turin he was dubbed a monopolist. He found favour neither with the Court party nor the democrats.

Distrusted by both sides, his real opinions unknown or misinterpreted, his writings read only outside his own country, he felt, with that political instinct which never deserted him, that it was best that he should stand aside, and faithful to his principle of the *juste milieu* he retired to Leri. 'This poor *juste milieu*,' he wrote to de la Rive, 'is, I know, little to the taste of young men of energetic feelings and ardent imagination. But experience and reason become stronger than imagination and passion, and the man of reason and good faith ends by persuading himself that if it is impossible to go with the current which leads society to unknown regions, it is scarcely reasonable to try to force it to go backwards to its source. There is in the moral and political sphere a law of gravitation, just as absolute, just as irresistible, as that which brings the streams and rivers from the mountains to the sea.'

Busied once more with his farming he contents himself with propounding agricultural problems to William de la Rive.

> The cultivation of rice having been tried on the salt lands of Provence, which were considered absolutely sterile, has obtained enormous results. Can one conclude from this that salt is peculiarly suitable for rice? In this case it is probable that rice contains much chloride of sodium or soda. By verifying this fact by analysis you will establish several practical consequences very useful to our country.

Here is another problem he suggests:

> We cultivate asparagus here wholesale. The fields where it is sowed are strongly manured for three years and the fourth year they are in full bearing. An asparagus bed well made lasts from twenty to twenty-five years, and if suitably manured gives splendid crops during that time. After this length of time it gives out and one has to change the site. The old bed is most productive for other crops, but if after even thirty or forty years one tries again to grow asparagus, it always fails, no matter how much manure is used. It is natural to conclude that asparagus has need of some inorganic matter of which manure does not contain sufficient to replace what the prolonged culture has drawn out. Find me this

substance and you will have rendered us an immense service, for asparagus is Santena's main source of prosperity.

In another letter he mentions that he has started a sulphuric acid factory and asks advice as to using the waste as chemical manure. Then again he discusses the value of guano, but of politics there is scarcely a word. But by September the excitement is growing so great that he can no longer keep silence though he speaks in a detached manner, singularly devoid of personal interest: 'We are in a great state of excitement here. The papal reforms have raised everyone's spirits and the brutalities of Austria have redoubled the national hatred of the foreigner. This agitation is to my mind very fortunate. It has called the Italian people to life again and cemented the bonds between princes and people. Up to the present all goes well. If our rulers are wise and prudent, firm yet conciliatory, the work of our political regeneration will be accomplished without internal difficulties.' But though Cavour put a brave face on his troubles, his absence from the political struggle at this time was a real grief to him. To those of his friends who best appreciated his ability, his abstention at a moment when the country seemed to need every man of political worth was unaccountable, and one of them, Costa di Beauregard, wrote to him urging him to return to Turin. Cavour's reply has become almost an historical document and forms a fitting close to that purely private life which a few days later was to come to an end.

LERI, *October*, 1847.

MY DEAR LÉON,

I have waited some days before answering your kind letter of September 30th, so as to be able to write to you in Touraine, where you ought to be by now. In spite of this delay, I hope you will not doubt the sincerity of my appreciation of what you say regarding my position. The interest which you show in me gives me the right, and makes it almost a duty, to explain to you the motives for my conduct, which seems to surprise you. This is why I am going to speak to you without any reservation.

You find it strange that I am living in the country and making no effort to attach myself to the government. According to you I ought to bestir myself to get a government post and take a place upon the political stage. Speaking to a friend like you I will not affect any false modesty and pretend that I think myself incapable of serving my king and country. I am wrong perhaps, but I must admit that I do not hold this opinion, but on the contrary that I deceive myself to the extent of thinking that I have as much capacity and knowledge as the majority of those who occupy the political front benches. If I stand aside it is for another reason. It is because I am convinced that between me and political power there are obstacles which I cannot overcome without the sacrifice of my personal dignity : and yet it is probable that such sacrifices as I should be prepared to make would be fruitless. This position is unfortunate, but I do not know how to alter it. You will judge it perhaps as I do when I have told you some details of my early life.

Nominated as a page very young, I was the object of the very marked favour of the Prince of Carignano.[1] I responded very badly to this exalted patronage : moved by the strong feeling of youth and by a touchy sensitiveness which I confess I suffer from to this very day, I broke with the Court, thanks to some imprudent words uttered on leaving the Academy. The Prince treated me with excessive harshness : he denounced me to Charles Felix, who to my great astonishment showed himself very tolerant towards me. Separated from the Court, I gave a free rein to my opinions, which I admit were very exaggerated. I passed five years in the Engineers, from sixteen to twenty-one, hiding from no one my way of thinking ; without at any time committing the smallest act or contracting the least engagement contrary to the oath I had taken. When the Prince mounted the throne one of his first acts was one of severity towards me. He sent me to the fortress of Bard at a season when there was neither work to be done nor workmen to be superintended. I submitted to this exile, but at the end of eight months I obtained my father's permission to leave the army and return to private life. Since then I have always been occupied with serious matters. Age and study have much modified my opinions but without changing them. I am at bottom as liberal as I was at eighteen : in this sense, that

[1] See p. 13 ff.

I always desire that which leads to the greatest good for mankind and to the development of civilisation. I am persuaded as strongly now as when I left the Academy that the world is being drawn by Fate towards a new era. That to try to stop the course of events is to rouse the tempest without a chance of getting the ship back to port. But now I am convinced that the only true progress is that which is slow and wisely ordered. I am convinced that law and order are necessary for the development of society, and that of all the guarantees of that orderliness, the best is a legitimate power deeply rooted in the national soil. So that on the whole I do not believe I am more of a Liberal than a large proportion of those who occupy official positions. Various men in high office have held the same view and have made several attempts to get me into the government. But they have always met an invincible obstacle in the royal will. The Count di Pralormo who, as you know, was tenacious in purpose, returned several times to the charge but without success.

What already happened several years ago would happen again for a still stronger reason now. I was young then and could have accepted a subordinate position. I could not, or if you prefer it, I will not do it now. Eight years ago I was popular enough. Now I am no more so. In the Agrarian Society I fought with energy against the extreme Liberal party. The government supported them and declared me wrong, and I have lost at the same time my position in the association and the favour of the Liberals. I have done nothing to get it back again, so that if the King should give me employment he would offend more people than he would satisfy. So then there is no reason whatever why he should think of me, and if someone should submit my name to him, there is no reason why he should make any effort to overcome the dislike with which it inspires him.

There, my dear Léon, is the candid explanation : it will make my conduct appear less strange. I have dedicated myself to agriculture. I practise it upon a scale large enough for it to have a real interest. Up to now I have obtained a fair share of success. I have gone out of the ordinary routine and have experimented with new improvements. They have been fairly successful. I am not indifferent to the country's affairs, and as far as a private individual can, I try to be of use to it. I have been instrumental in founding a discount bank at Turin, which will, I hope, prove of great value both

to commerce and agriculture as well as to manufactures. I have created a large factory of manures and chemical products, which has, I believe, no rival in Italy. Lastly, I flatter myself that I have personally contributed to the erection of the magnificent rice mill which is now working at the Park.

If I tell you what I am doing it is not to boast, but simply to prove to you that I am no idler who, under the pretence of cultivating his fields, passes his life in careless ease. I claim no merit in working, for idleness bores me, and I should have asked nothing better than to have consecrated my time and my means to the service of the state in a public capacity. If I remain in private life it is because I cannot leave it with dignity in such a way as to be truly useful to my country.

There, my dear Léon, is a very long justification: but I think that at Champigny you will have time to read the lucubrations of your friends. I will end by giving you a few words on the events of the day. You will know for certain the ministerial changes which have taken place. The new ministers up to this have done nothing to indicate what line they intend to take. In the meantime public opinion is getting impatient and becomes daily more exacting. We cannot resign ourselves to lag behind Rome and Tuscany after the demonstrations which have taken place at Casale, and for other reasons. In short, it is impossible to continue for long to have Liberalism on one side of the Ticino and to try to smother it on the other. Foreign policy goes hand in hand with internal policy. A too great contrast between them could not last long. All sensible people, to whatever shade of politics they belong, feel it. The King himself is, I believe, convinced of it, and I do not doubt that he is working at concessions. But what will they be? and how will they be received? That is what I cannot tell you. A law upon the Press is mentioned, the abolition of the Courts of Exceptional Jurisdiction, and I know not what besides. Giovanetti, now your colleague in the Consiglio di Stato, is elaborating great plans with Castagnetto. The public, to pass the time while waiting, amuses itself crying 'Viva Pio Nono,' and getting itself chased by the cavalry. I do not think that a serious movement is likely nor even possible: but the excitement is immense and force would only have a momentary effect. The malady from which the country is suffering is grave; one could bring an end to the crisis

by violence, but that would be to fall into a chronic condition [1] in which the least external shock or internal commotion would prove fatal.

[1] What Cavour means by ' un état chronique ' is not clear. Possibly he meant that a serious outbreak between the populace and the military would result in a prolonged struggle which could only end either in the triumph of the extreme Republicans or the re-establishment of an absolutist *régime*, either fatal to his ideal of constitutional government.

XII. CAVOUR AS JOURNALIST
(Oct.) 1847-1848 (June)

The Albertine Reforms—Freedom of the Press—Cavour founds *Il Risorgimento*—Its Birth and Policy—Genoa and Turin—Meeting at the Albergo d'Europa—Cavour Demands a Constitution—Letter to the King—Articles on the Events at Genoa—On the Neapolitan Constitution—On a Citizen Guard—The Statuto Promised—The Fête Constitutionelle—Portrait of Cavour—The Electoral Law—Revolution in Paris—The Five Days of Milan—Article on The Supreme Hour—Opinion of England—The Elections—Cavour's Threefold Defeat—On Parliamentary Procedure—On a Second Chamber—Foreign Affairs—Swiss Alliance—French Policy—Death of his Nephew Auguste—Articles on a Constituent Assembly—Elected in Three Constituencies—His Character and Equipment as a Politician.

On October 30th, 1847, the *Gazzetta Piemontese* announced the long awaited reforms. They included the abolition of the Courts of Exceptional Jurisdiction, the appointment of a Consulta di Stato, and the freedom of the Press. The first mention of this great event in Cavour's letters appears on November 8th, when in a letter to Émile de la Rue he says: 'As you say, we have crossed the Rubicon and have entered on the path of new ideas. The government cannot go back after what it has done, and above all after what it has allowed to be done. For better or worse it must now go forward on the road which in a few years will lead to the establishment of a representative system amongst us. Turin after fêtes, illuminations and cheers innumerable has returned to profound calm. The public awaits with impatience the realisation of the measures already promised.' It did not take Cavour long to see the possibilities in the new-born freedom of

the Press, and the opportunity it offered of voicing the ideals of moderate Liberals like himself. Within a week he was busy canvassing his friends in favour of the publication of a newspaper. It was to be called *Il Risorgimento*, the name by which the whole struggle for Italian unity was afterwards known. The scheme was already planned out by November 10th, when he wrote the following to Giovanetti :

> Before anything else allow me to congratulate you on the active part you have played in the stupendous reforms lately promulgated. To you more than to the others must be attributed the government's resolute entry into the healthy path of political and administrative reform : you have opened the gates which barred the way to progress : now it remains for us to walk along it with energetic moderation. Nevertheless this road is not free from dangers : on the left are the storms of the extremists, on the right the reefs of the *retrogradi*. To help on the good work as far as private individuals can, a number of persons of like political views have determined to start at Turin a political daily paper. First among them we have the good luck to have the illustrious Balbo, and then come Sauli, Franchi, Galvagno, Ferraris, Castelli, Santarosa, and many others. But to complete our ranks it is desirable to add your name, ever dear to the country for all that you have done, especially in these last times. We have formed a company with a capital of 100,000 lire, divided into shares of 200 lire, in order to be certain of overcoming the difficulties which an undertaking of this kind is bound to meet at the outset. I do not believe that we shall have any difficulty in getting all our shares taken up by suitable people, so that it is not so much monetary help you are asked for as the influence which your name will bring.[1]

The prominence given to Cesare Balbo and others in this letter is characteristic of all the letters written on this subject. With prudent reticence he kept himself in the background until the *Risorgimento* was safely in being, but once the scheme was fairly launched Cavour took the helm, and after the first number or two the hands were the hands of Balbo but the voice

[1] Chiala, vol. v. No. 1254.

was that of Cavour. But the organisation of this undertaking was not without its difficulties: the distrust of Cavour was deep and widespread, and we can see from the following incident, recorded by Castelli, that it was apt to manifest itself openly. 'I was invited,' he writes, 'by Count Cavour to make part of the editorial staff: we had many meetings of the principal shareholders in Cavour's house, and at one of these, after long and complicated discussions, I noticed that one after another all the members present were leaving the room, until only Balbo and Cavour remained. Not knowing what to say to such desertion, while the two principals were with great energy trying to understand the facts and declaring that they would publish the journal even by their two selves, I was almost mechanically making my way to the door when Cavour came hastily towards me and, wringing my hand, with deep emotion said, 'Will you also leave me? Stay, and I will prove to you that I do not deserve the reputation they have given me.' I came back, stirred to the bottom of my soul, and from that day I never left him until the last moment of his life.'[1] Cavour's energy and determination overcame all difficulties, the shares were taken up, and the first number was printed on December 15th, 1847. His work on the organisation of his paper, however, was inevitably interrupted by other duties. The public excitement over the reforms led naturally to an outburst of popular celebrations, and in one of these we get a glimpse of Cavour. Writing to de la Rue on December 15th, he says:

> Since your departure the business people at Turin have taken the bit between their teeth. The Chamber has nominated a deputation to go and thank the King for the Customs Union. The business people on the Bourse have decided to send a flag to their confrères at Genoa. I have been chosen both by the Chamber and the Commerçants, so that I take part in two deputations. We leave on Tuesday

[1] Castelli, *Ricordi*.

SANTENA: THE CAVOURS' COUNTRY HOUSE

at 2 or 3, and expect to arrive at Genoa on Wednesday morning. You would never guess who is to be my companion. I will give you ten guesses—Well, it is the old Barbaroux himself, at eighty-six, going to Genoa to celebrate the reforms! It will not be very amusing for me, but at least it is very respectable. I could not refuse the worthy old man.[1]

This picture of Cavour at thirty-seven and the old Barbaroux at eighty-six posting over pre-macadamised roads through a November night the hundred miles to Genoa in order to celebrate the reforms is worth preserving. And the banquet afterwards *chez Féder!*

The first number of the *Risorgimento* contained a statement of the aims of the paper drawn up by Balbo, which included (1) Independence, (2) Union between Princes and People, (3) Progress in Reforms, (4) League of Italian Princes, (5) Moderation in means and method. In this number Cavour, who appeared as chief foreign editor, had an article on the effect of the reforms on Italian commerce. In the second number, which appeared on 21st, he appeared as 'Direttore,' and from this time the real conduct of the journal passed into his hands. His policy during the first months was simple: to incite the people to demand and the king to grant full constitutional government. As he wrote to Giovanetti, 'Our object is not to make money but to enlighten the country and co-operate in the great work of 'Risorgimento' commenced by the government.' Political progress, however, was delayed and complicated by the state of the king's health. 'The king is ill,' he writes to de la Rive; 'I trust that he will soon get well again, but it will not be for some time. It is necessary that he should live long enough to complete his work and put it on a solid foundation. We are advancing towards a constitution. The essential is to go forward with order and prudence.' Though Cavour saw clearly enough that the present situation must ultimately lead to constitutional government, it was

[1] Bert, *Lettere*, No. 119.

none the less difficult and obscure. The Press was free, but there was still a censorship, which at any time might become active and repressive. The deliberations of the government were as before held in complete secrecy and its power was still absolute. Under such conditions the relations of the Press and the government were hopelessly illogical. A free Press and an absolutist government were contradictory terms, and Cavour in consequence bent all his energy upon the demand for a constitution. Early in January, 1848, an opportunity was afforded him of expressing his opinions in public, and he seized it without hesitation. It arose in this way. Genoa with its republican tradition was always the most radical city in Piedmont. The Genoese had accepted with joy the first reforms, while awaiting a further instalment amongst which the diminution of the salt tax, a political amnesty, and a citizen guard were in their eyes the most important. When nothing further happened, they began to agitate. As the silence of the government was attributed to the influence of the Jesuits, meetings were held and crowds gathered in the streets shouting 'Death to the Jesuits! We want real reforms!' Finally it was decided to send a deputation to Turin bearing a petition begging for the expulsion of the Jesuits and the formation of a citizen guard. These events caused great excitement at Turin, and at the suggestion of the editors of the Torinese journals it was decided to invite the Genoese deputation to a meeting to consider together the best way of forwarding the national interests and preserving public tranquillity and the good relations between government and people. Accordingly, on January 6th, 1848, a meeting was held in the Albergo d'Europa, under the presidency of the Marquis Roberto d'Azeglio. There were present, besides a number of distinguished citizens of Turin, the three delegates from Genoa[1] and the editors of all the Turin papers: Colonel Durando of the *Opinione*, Cavour as editor of the *Risorgimento*,

[1] The Marchesi Doria, Balbi, and Raggi.

Lorenzo Valerio of the *Concordia*, Brofferio of the *Messagiere Torinese*, and Francesco Predari of the *Antologia Italiana*. The first proposal put forward was that of Valerio to the effect that the meeting should endorse and support the petition from Genoa demanding the enrolment of a citizen guard and the expulsion of the Jesuits. This was seconded by Angelo Brofferio. At this point, while Valerio's motion was still before the meeting, Cavour rose and moved an amendment. This question, he observed, should be considered from a much wider standpoint. It was obvious from the course of events at Genoa that the present government in the changed condition of things had no longer the confidence of the country. The hesitation of the king had left a loophole for public disturbances, and though he associated himself fully with the Genoese proposals, he thought they should ask for more and request the government to consider whether in the present dangerous condition of the country the moment had not arrived to grant a parliamentary form of government which, while strengthening the hands of the present executive, would render secure the real wishes of the nation. He then went on to put the following dilemma. The king must either refuse the petition or grant it. In the former case, which is the more probable, no good purpose would be served by putting forward less than our full demands. If he grants it, the concession of constitutional government ensures the fulfilment of the demand for a civic guard, and the expulsion of the Jesuits will inevitably follow, and he further expressed the opinion that the expulsion of the Jesuits, which could be legitimately decreed by parliament, would never be personally granted by the king.

Cavour's bold proposal received unqualified support from a large number of those present, including Brofferio, who at once came over to his side, declaring that he would always vote with those who asked most ; but it was at once opposed by Valerio. To ask a constitution at the present time was, he declared,

inopportune : it was impolitic to complicate questions in this way : the civic guard and the expulsion of the Jesuits would be sufficient to tranquillise the country, and besides, the meeting had been called for a definite object and they could not change it. But these were not Valerio's real reasons, which he disclosed only to his friends. The fact was that Cavour had taken the wind out of the democratic sails. He had out-Heroded Herod. And Valerio, whose self-esteem gloried in his popular title of Caius Gracchus, the tribune of the people, suddenly found himself outbid in democratic demands by Cavour, whom he had held up as a reactionary. 'What would be this constitution that they want us to demand,' Valerio said afterwards to his intimates : 'some constitution *à l'Anglaise* with a property qualification for the electorate, a chamber of Peers perhaps and all the paraphernalia of aristocracy. Do you not know *Milord Camillo*, the greatest reactionary in the kingdom, the greatest enemy of the revolution, an *anglomane pur sang?* Besides, if it should be a Liberal constitution, at the present moment it would not only be useless but harmful : it would limit our rights and our progress ; it would displace the centre of action and extinguish the aspirations of the people and the march of the revolution.'

Cavour replied to Valerio's objections, but realising that the demand for a constitution would lose half its weight unless passed with a unanimous vote, refrained from pressing it to a division. A heated debate followed, and the meeting closed with the passing of a motion that in consideration of the very grave condition of Liguria[1] the sovereign be implored to grant the great boon of a public discussion on the affairs of the country in which the opinions and interests of all the nation should be represented. The day following a second meeting was held in the house of the Marquis d'Azeglio, which was again indecisive, and as in the meantime the government had refused to

[1] The old name for the territory of Genoa.

receive the Genoese petition and the police had warned the delegates to leave the city, the whole matter fell through.

These two meetings brought Cavour an unenviable notoriety. He was represented to the king as the most seditious amongst the agitators, and in the face of such misrepresentation and calumny he felt it necessary to defend himself and those who shared his views. An exact account of what had taken place was drawn up, and with a covering letter signed by himself and the three other editors who agreed with him, was forwarded to the king. As they possessed no means of reaching the king in person, the letter was entrusted to the medium of the post, and copies were simultaneously despatched to the Roman and Tuscan journals, as the censorship refused publication in the Piedmontese papers. The letter to the king was as follows :

SIRE,

The arrival of the Genoese deputation and the fear of public disorder in the city prompted certain persons who take an active part in the periodic Press to hold two meetings on consecutive days to examine the grave political state of the country. What took place at these meetings has been maliciously misrepresented and has given rise to the most calumnious rumours. With the object of discounting them and of making known the real truth, the directors of four journals published in Turin have drawn up an exact account of what took place with the intention of publishing it in their columns. The censorship not having permitted them to do so for reasons of state, the editors of the four journals above mentioned take the liberty of sending a copy to Your Majesty with the sole object of showing you the true opinions which they expressed and the attitude they adopted at the aforesaid meetings. They dare to hope that whatever may be Your Majesty's opinion of their point of view on these questions, Your Majesty will deign to recognise that their sole object was to reconcile the greatness of the Throne and the power of the Government with the true interests of the country.

C. CAVOUR. F. PREDARI.
G. DURANDO. A. BROFFERIO.

The next day Cavour printed in the *Risorgimento* the first of two articles on the events at Genoa, the second appearing a week later (January 15th). Since the censorship forbade the use of such direct terms as 'Parliament' or 'Constitutional Government,' Cavour was obliged to paraphrase them and speak only of 'free discussion.' He began by remarking that agitations such as those at Genoa 'were inopportune and failed to promote that liberty, that power of public opinion which are the foundations of all true freedom.' He then went on to discuss how such movements could best be obviated. Two alternatives lay before the government, force or free discussion. Force was fatal; it only bred opposition and ranged the authorities and the people on different sides instead of drawing them together. 'Violence,' he wrote, 'begets violence and renders impossible that free, mature and impartial discussion which is the only means of assuring the prosperity of the State.' The present official channel of discussion was the Consiglio di Stato, but it was too small in numbers and not representative. The King should summon the 'extraordinary councillors' as he had done when the first reforms were under contemplation, but even this would not now be sufficient.[1] There were many well-known men in the country who should also be summoned, and public opinion would not be properly represented in the King's Council if citizens such as these were not called to the Royal deliberations. In this way Cavour sought to widen the King's circle of councillors as a step towards familiarising him with representative institutions. The next wedge that he sought to drive into the fabric of absolutism was the need for publicity.

[1] The formation of a Consiglio di Stato was one of the first acts of Charles Albert as King. It consisted of fifteen ordinary members, while for special purposes the extraordinary members could be summoned. There were two delegates from the Order of the S.S. Annunciata, two bishops, and two councillors from each of the group of provinces comprising a military division, of which there were seven. See Capelletti, *Storia di Carlo Alberto*, p. 139.

Whatever might be the size of the body that discussed and determined the nation's affairs, the Press should be admitted. It could not perform its proper functions unless it could report the Royal deliberations. 'The exaggerations, the errors, the injustices committed by the Press,' he wrote, 'cannot be rectified except by the voice of statesmanship announcing the true facts in all their bearings in the open light of publicity.' Drawing an illustration from France and England, he declared that it was well-known that when the Chambers were not sitting and the business of the country was being carried on in the secrecy of the Cabinet, the country was a prey to doubts and rumours which were only dispelled when the public discussions in Parliament were renewed. 'It is indispensable,' he declared, 'that the public be informed of the debates on great political questions.'

A few days after writing these two articles a statement by Monsignor Morichini on the financial condition of the Roman States provided Cavour with a text for an article on the value of publicity in state finance. 'If publicity,' he wrote, 'is useful for the good ordering of every branch of the administration and is now recognised to be the chief cause of progress in modern civilisation, it is necessary above all in everything that concerns public finance. On this point I cannot too strongly recommend to the attention of the government the dictum of a great and wise minister that 'the finances of the state should be kept in a house of glass.' Publicity has not only the merit of acting as a deterrent upon malpractices, abuses, and extravagance, it has also the great advantage of checking those dangerous and malevolent rumours which arouse excessive fears and exaggerated distrust in states where the finances are administered in secret.' The fact that the Piedmontese finances were thoroughly satisfactory though administered without any publicity was disposed of as the exception which proves the rule. He warned the government that a favourable situation, due chiefly

to long years of peace, might easily assume a different complexion if Piedmont found herself at war.

In spite of the pressure brought to bear on the government policy by means of the Press, the resolutions of public bodies such as the municipality of Turin, and the clearly expressed opinions of prominent men, the King was loth to grant a constitution. The favourite argument used in official circles was that Piedmont was not sufficiently educated politically, and that the utmost that could be expected was a slow and gradual concession of reforms as the country showed itself fit for increased liberty. On the 29th of January the first half of this argument was scattered to the winds by the news of the rising in Naples and the concession of a constitution to the Neapolitans. On receipt of this news, Cavour wrote a leader in the issue of February 3rd, the pitiless logic of which swept away for ever the polite fiction of Piedmont's unfitness for self-government. If Naples and Rome, the two most backward states in Italy, if not in Europe, could govern themselves, who could deny the same right to a prosperous capable people like the Piedmontese? A few days later a fresh demand for a citizen guard raised in the columns of the *Concordia*, gave an opening to Cavour to deal with the second half of the official argument, the value of freedom on the instalment system. This article is a very good example of Cavour's journalistic style. Eschewing all abstract reasoning he chooses just those arguments which he believes will achieve his main purpose, to influence the King. The whole article is a blend of threats and flattery carefully calculated to increase the royal fears and at the same time soothe his self-esteem. After a sketch of the rising anger and impatience of the national feeling, he goes on: 'Such being the real state of opinion in the country, we do not hesitate to declare that if before the promise of the Neapolitan Constitution the concession of a citizen guard at the present moment would have satisfied

public opinion, now, unaccompanied by deliberative institutions, it would be but an ineffective and perhaps even a dangerous concession. Some will perhaps argue that a citizen guard will suffice to restrain the popular effervescence. Deplorable error! Precisely those classes that compose the citizen guard would be the first to feel most strongly the influence of Neapolitan liberty. Though devoted to the throne and country, it will be unable to curb its desires, and once out of hand its desires will of necessity increase the more.'

The reference to the horrors of 1789, which lay like a fantastic nightmare on the minds of the sovereigns of Europe at this time, is unmistakable in this passage. Nor is its effect lessened by the note of flattery upon which the article ends:

'The dangers of such a state of things are obvious; no statesman can fail to see them or deny their gravity, save those who, blinded by an illimitable faith in their own personal influence, believe, thanks to the secret and obscure policy which they practice, that they can control the country for their own purpose, despite the providential events which are happening around them. But we sincerely hope that our fears are without foundation. Our King, who has already done so much for his people, will, we trust, complete his work: and after wisely guiding them for so many years through the stormy sea of progress, be enabled to bring them to that safe harbour which his wisdom has for so long a time envisaged from afar, where he, finding that noblest happiness in having bestowed upon his people the peaceful and indestructible blessing of liberty, will take his place high among the great monarchs of Europe.'

Whether or not the King was influenced by Cavour's writings in the *Risorgimento* we do not know, but two days after the publication of this article the public announcement of a constitution was made. It came just in time. Three weeks later took place the revolution in France, the flight of Louis Philippe and the

formation of the second republic. What effect this triumph of democracy would have had on Charles Albert it is difficult to estimate, but even as it was it caused desperate uneasiness amongst the Piedmontese, lest under its influence the King should whittle down the Statuto and render illusory the hopes of the people.

During these fateful weeks Cavour's letters are few and brief. They are written chiefly to Émile de la Rue on business connected with the railways or the grain market. A few days after the promise of the Statuto, however, he wrote a letter to his cousin Matilde de la Rive, in which he sums up the situation in the following words :

> Events have moved very quickly here. In a few weeks a complete revolution has been effected in our political institutions. A happy revolution, for it has cost neither blood nor tears, and especially happy in that it has been accomplished without the Throne being dragged in the mire or robbed of its moral authority. The old constitution was in complete disaccord with our social condition and the new one will, I hope and trust, satisfy the great majority of the country. I am convinced also that we have no other upheavals to fear. The only dangerous question, the only one which causes me grave uneasiness, is the position abroad. The hatred of Austria, the desire to free Italy from all foreign domination, increase daily. The extreme parties will make use of this feeling for their own ends, and from this serious complications may arise. Austria, it must be said, does everything possible to encourage these popular sentiments. Her conduct in Lombardy is worthy of her behaviour in Galicia. She tries to irritate and exasperate the populace so as to bring about a general conflagration, and this odious policy has a worthy instrument in old Radetzky. I consider this policy as not only culpable but suicidal in the interests even of Austria herself. It seems that Providence has determined to ruin this Power, since she pushes the men who rule her to such acts of wild folly. . . .[1]

[1] Cf. Parl. Papers, March 2, the Hon. R. Abercromby to Viscount Palmerston : . . . 'I cannot refrain from mentioning how dangerous a course of policy Austria is pursuing in Lombardy and how difficult it becomes every day for the governments of Italy to restrain the feelings of exaspera-

A second letter written about the same time gives us an insight into Cavour's political ideas for the immediate future. It is written to Giovanetti and dated February, 1848.

> I am sorry, very sorry, at learning from you that it is being said at Novara that you were opposed to the representative system. I assure you that such an opinion has not come either directly or indirectly from me. I have not repeated to a soul a word of the conversation we had before your departure. So little do I regard you as an enemy of constitutionalism, that many times during the crisis now so happily ended, I have taken up my pen to beg you to come to Turin without delay, to advise the King to yield to the necessity of the times. If I have not done so, it was because events moved more rapidly than it was possible to foresee. If you had been in Turin during the last month I have no doubt you would have shared the opinion that a constitution was necessary to stop the rising anger of the public and to curb the Radical party, who thought of nothing less than rearing an ultra-democratic constitution upon the basis of municipal government. . . . But let us leave the past and think of the future. It is necessary, indispensable, to form a Liberal-Conservative party. Of this you are naturally one of the leaders, whilst I am one of the most active soldiers. Having the same opinions we must fight in the same ranks and under the same flag. Therefore I hope that your co-operation will be forthcoming. We must expect to see an impatient extreme party formed. It will be necessary to be prepared to fight it firmly and effectively.

Such were Cavour's views when the promise of constitutional government was made public. Not being nominated upon the commission appointed to draw up the Statuto he brought what influence he could to bear upon its provisions by a series of articles in the *Risorgimento*. He planned four, but all were not written, as he was nominated a member of the committee which drew up the Electoral Law. He began by vigorously opposing the idea much favoured

tion against the Austrian authorities, and of sympathy for the sufferings of the Lombards, that pervade all classes of Italians . . . unless a different system from that hitherto followed by Austria in Lombardy is speedily adopted, I shall become seriously alarmed for the result.'

at the time of basing the popular Chamber upon the existing machinery of municipal government. The conversion of the communal administrative system into a political one he held to be a great mistake. The qualities required for legislators were different from those required for successful administrators, and such a process would vitiate the communal system without producing a satisfactory legislative body. He condemned experiments in constitutional methods and advocated that the successful precedents of England, France and Belgium should be followed and the municipal system left alone. Turning to the question of the requisite number of representatives, he expressed his opinion that the deliberative assembly should be as large as possible to give room for all types of deputies, including 'those specialists, more hardworking than eloquent and more profound than brilliant, whose practical help in framing good laws was often more effective than that of members with more showy qualities.' Taking everything into consideration the Chamber should not contain less than two hundred members.[1]

The next point he dealt with was the system of election. 'The method of *scrutinio di lista* should be rejected,' he wrote, 'because contrary to the interests of the minority, one of the essential conditions of a good electoral system being the assurance to the minority in the national representation of an influence adequate to its real importance. Collective elections can never be as straightforward as individual ones, as the former nearly always provide openings for jobbery and arrangements which detract as much from their dignity as from their honesty. The system of small electoral areas on the other hand has the opposite defect, that of giving too much influence to purely local interests and of tending to the selection of deputies too much inclined to sacrifice big things to small. But besides the fact that once Parliament is in being,

[1] The number in the Chamber as actually constituted was 204.

the importance of this defect becomes much lessened by the closer relationships established between different parts of the state, this system is superior in many and important respects. Besides the guarantee it offers to the minority and the greater facility it provides for the elector to exercise his proper rights, it has the great advantage of establishing personal relations between the member and his constituents, which enables the individual voter to exercise his choice according to his personal judgment: and if it is desirable that the opinion of deputies should represent that of their constituents, it is much more important that the electors' choice should fall on persons of known morality and proved devotion in the public service.' 'It is better for these reasons,' were Cavour's closing words, 'to reject the election by divisions or provinces and adopt the French system of individual elections in suitable areas.'

The last aspect of the question with which he had time to deal was that of the necessary qualifications for a vote. Without going into details he laid down three vital requisites: independence, that is a position such as will guarantee the voter against undue pressure either from the government or particular parties; intelligence sufficient to form a judgment upon the character and opinions of a candidate; and thirdly, interest in the maintenance of social order. Further questions as to the length of Parliament and the conditions of eligibility of members were under consideration when his nomination to the Electoral Law Commission brought his articles to a close.

On February 27th a great demonstration organised by the Marquis Roberto d'Azeglio was held at Turin in honour of the Statuto. From the early hours on that day an endless stream of people from all parts of the country flocked into Turin. The whole city was *en fête*, windows and balconies decked with flags and streamers, the red, white and green of Italy and the blue cross of Savoy conspicuous above all A

great procession representing the national professions, trades and guilds, from the municipal councillors, the Syndics and Decurioni in their mediæval robes, to the latest company playing at the theatre, was marshalled on the Parade Ground. So enormous was the number taking part that it took more than an hour to put in motion, and there were still detachments on the Parade Ground when the head of the procession reached the church of the Gran Madre di Dio. Here, before a huge altar erected on the peristyle, a Te Deum was sung, after which the column reforming crossed the bridge and by way of the Via di Po marched to the Piazza Castello. For two hours the procession wound its slow length through the crowded streets, cheered to the echo by the vast concourse of citizens. Only at one point in the procession were the crowds hushed into silence ; this was when there passed a group of men all clad in black, without a banner, and mourning badges on their arms. They were the Lombard exiles, the silent witnesses of unredeemed Italy and of the cruel might of the oppressor Austria. Amongst the detachments representing the professions came the group of journalists. A merry lot, they were not a little amused at their position, for they were preceded by the wine-carriers and followed by the woodcarvers. Amongst them were Brofferio and Valerio, the great twin brethren of democracy, Giovanni Lanza, afterwards prime minister, Francesco Predari and Giuseppe Torelli, to whose observation on this occasion we owe the following pen-picture of Cavour :

> Now in his thirty-seventh year and somewhat below middle height, Cavour at this time had still a fresh, almost rosy, complexion which later became dark and sallow. The dominating feature of his face was his eyes, blue in colour, so bright and vivacious and full of changing expression that it was difficult to determine their permanent character. His habit of body was full but robust, without as yet showing that tendency to extreme stoutness which afterwards became apparent. His facial angle, his extraordinarily full forehead and his peculiar way of fixing objects he wished to study,

indicated him at the first glance as one called to high destinies. His neck was short and thick, set between two massive shoulders already somewhat bent from the habit of contemplation. His legs were short and stout in proportion to his body. His carriage was instinctively aristocratic, without however any suggestion of vulgar pride. In speech quick and incisive, with a keen sense of humour, he was a most polite and attentive listener no matter to whom he was speaking, a quality he retained even after he became famous, and which often saved him from impetuous or too hasty speech.

In the Piazza Castello, each detachment, carrying its banner and singing in turn a verse of Mameli's hymn, 'Fratelli d'Italia,'[1] defiled before the King, who, mounted on horseback and attended by his two sons, saluted each flag in turn. Then returning by another route to the Parade Ground, the procession disbanded. At night there were illuminations and fireworks. An enormous allegorical car, the old *carroccio* of the middle ages, paraded the streets. Around it were ranged all the banners of the Lombard cities, borne by men in armour, and surmounted by a great bell, beaten incessantly by an enthusiastic monk. There was more significance in the symbolism than mere popular rejoicing. To all who heard the clanging of that bell, the sound meant war. Before a month was passed war was proclaimed.

On February 23rd, Cavour had been named a member of the commission appointed to draw up the Electoral Law. His grasp of constitutional law and practice and his wide knowledge of the conditions of industry marked him out as an indispensable member, though had it not been for the fact that Count Gallina, an old admirer of Cavour's, had been chosen by the King to nominate the members, we may doubt whether he would ever have been selected. On the day of the national fête he wrote to de la Rue, 'At the moment

[1] The musical efforts of the journalists were a failure. 'Semm tanti can'—'we are so many dogs'—Cavour observed to his neighbour Torelli, who was obliged to acquiesce in its truth.

of departure for the Fête Constitutionelle, at which the *Risorgimento* will appear with an immense banner, I write you a line. I am occupied more than ever, besides working five or six hours a day on the Electoral Law.' The next day the news of the revolution in France became public property. It was a tremendous shock. With the Statuto not yet published, with the fear of riots at Genoa and other strongholds of republicanism and the possibility of a revulsion in favour of absolutism on the part of the King or of republicanism on that of the populace, the upholders of constitutionalism were almost in despair. We catch something of the common feeling in a letter of Cavour's to de la Rue, written the same day :

> You will have heard, probably at the same time as we, of the revolution in Paris. I am dumbfounded. I was far from expecting, I assure you, such a deplorable event. With France a republic, what will become of us ? Between Austria on one side and France on the other, how shall we come out of it ? However, all conjecture is premature. One must foresee the worst and act accordingly. I hope you have not yet bought that guano from Balduino. If you still have time, suspend operations until we can see events in France a little more clearly. Try not to get too far forward in the matter of the rails. If there is the least threat of war, the government may very easily repudiate the contract. Tell me if you think the events in France will have a repercussion at Genoa. I fear it greatly.

But Cavour was too much occupied to have time to pay close attention to events elsewhere. The need for the publication of the Statuto and the Electoral Law, in order to checkmate the extremists and present the country with a *fait accompli,* was urgent. On the 1st of March he wrote again to the same correspondent :

> I will not speak of the deplorable events in France ; you will know them better than we do through Marseilles. We are very nervous and excited but not discouraged. We work hard at the Electoral Law. I am charged with the section concerned with commerce and industry. I believe it best to base the qualification for a vote on the rent value of the shops and factories occupied by these two classes of citizens.

The minimum must vary according to the town, for their relative assessment varies very greatly. I am told that at Genoa the rents are very low. Will you procure me as soon as possible all the information you can on this point? We want to bring the vote down to the small shopkeeper who has a bit put by and can afford a good *pot-au-feu* daily. At Turin we can, I think, fix this limit at six or seven hundred francs, shop and lodging combined, will you let me know what corresponds to this at Genoa? Is it necessary to put the shops at a free port in a special category? Ought the captains of ships who are not licensed to have a vote, and on what conditions? I write in great haste. I hope you will understand the questions and be good enough to send me exact replies.

But Cavour had not only the commercial side to deal with, for we learn from the Ricordi di Ercole Ricotti that he and Cavour were entrusted with the clauses relative to the island of Sardinia. Thus Cavour's share in the Electoral Law was considerable, and his influence may be gauged from the fact that practically all the principles laid down by him in his articles in the *Risorgimento* were embodied in the law, which was finally promulgated on March 19th. From the same source we gather some further interesting details about Cavour at this time. Ricotti tells us, for instance, how one day during a sitting of the Electoral Law Commission, Count Balbo was sent for by the King, and on his return informed them that he had been selected to form the first cabinet in co-operation with the Marquis Pareto of Genoa. Whether or not the proximity in which Cavour thus found himself to members of the future cabinet raised in him expectations of office is a matter of conjecture, but Ricotti goes on to describe how after the last sitting of the commission, when the new cabinet was nearly completed, he and Cavour left Count Balbo's house together, and Cavour turning to him remarked with 'visible irritation' that nothing had been offered to either of them. Ricotti replied that in his case he was sorry, for he was born to be a minister, but that

for himself he did not regret it, for he took part in politics from a sense of duty and not from inclination. That Cavour was ambitious for a portfolio is well known, but whether he so far deceived himself as to the attitude of the King and the populace towards him as to be ' visibly irritated ' at being passed over in March, 1848, is doubtful, though Ricotti's expression is clear enough.

His work on the Electoral Law being finished, Cavour returned with fresh vigour to the editorship of *Il Risorgimento*. On March 4th the text of the Statuto was published, on the 16th the cabinet under Count Cesare Balbo took office, and three days later the Electoral Law was printed. While constitutional government was thus finding its feet in Piedmont, the revolutionary fever started by the outbreak in Paris was sweeping across Europe. Early in March it gripped Germany and spread rapidly to Hungary and Austria. On March 17th Vienna rose, Metternich fled to England, and it seemed as if the ancient empire of the Hapsburgs was breaking in pieces. The outbreak at Vienna was the signal for revolt in Lombardy, and on the 19th, the day of the publication of the Electoral Law, began the famous rising at Milan, known as the Five Days, during which the unarmed populace in tremendous street fighting drove out Radetzky and his garrison of 13,000 men. Venice rose under Manin and threw off the Austrian yoke almost without bloodshed, and the hour of deliverance seemed at hand. At this crisis, with the King still vacillating between the call of his country and the warnings of the Powers, Cavour published his famous article headed ' The Supreme Hour of the Sub-Alpine Monarchy.' [1] It opened like a trumpet call :

> The supreme hour of the monarchy of Savoy has sounded, the hour of decisive resolutions, the hour upon which hangs the fate of the monarchy and the people. In the face of the events in Lombardy and Vienna, hesitation, doubt or

[1] On March 22nd.

delay are no longer possible : they would be a policy utterly deplorable.

We are men of a cold temperament, used rather to listen to the dictates of reason than to the impulse of emotion, and after having carefully weighed our every word we must in conscience declare it : there is only one path open for the nation, the government, and the King—War ! War, immediate and without delay !

It is impossible to go back : in fact the nation is already at war with Austria : it is already going to the help of the Lombards : volunteers have already crossed the frontier : our fellow-citizens are making munitions and hurrying them to the Milanese : it is known to everyone : peace with Austria is broken and the old treaties on either side are torn up and destroyed.

It is then no longer a question whether hostilities should or should not commence. The only question is whether we declare ourselves loyally and decisively for the cause of humanity and Italy, or whether we pursue still further the tortuous path of doubts and hesitations. Such being the state of things, delay, we repeat, is impossible. Even for the most lukewarm, the most cautious of politicians, the duty of the government is patent, palpable. We are in a position in which audacity is true prudence, in which boldness is the wisest form of caution.

Perchance there will still be those who say that we are unprepared and that in declaring war we take a terrible responsibility : that in such circumstances England and Russia might decide to join with Austria for the destruction of Italy. To such objections we make a triumphant reply, dictated by reason alone. If Italy was tranquil it would be madness to anticipate events and commence war before mobilizing the army and preparing armaments proportionate to the strength of the enemy. But Italy is ablaze : Milan is besieged : at every cost we must go to her help. If there are only 5000 men on the frontiers they should be rushed to Milan. They will be beaten perhaps ; it is possible, however little we may believe it. But this bold move would force the Austrians to abandon Milan : it would enable the city to get provisions and arms : she would have time to put herself in a state to continue her heroic resistance, which in these last days has held us in such dire suspense.

The moral effect of the opening of hostilities, the rescue of Milan, would do far more for the Italian cause than the defeat of 5000 men could harm it. Let us then without an

> instant's delay move the regiments stationed at Novara, Vercelli, and Vigevano. Forward to Milan to share the dangers and the glory of that heroic city! Woe to us if in order to increase our preparations we arrive too late! Woe to us if as we are about to cross the Ticino we get word of the fall of the Queen of Lombardy! Once more we repeat that in the actual condition of things there is but one policy, not that of Louis Philippe and Giuzot, but the policy of Frederick the Great, of Napoleon and Charles Emmanuel. The great policy, that of fearless resolutions.

After these forcible sentences, in which he expressed in plain and uncompromising language the thoughts which were in everybody's mind, Cavour went on to discuss the vital question which loomed ahead the instant war became a probability: What would Europe do? The centre of significance in the European situation, as Cavour saw it, was England. France was not likely to come to the aid of Austria, Germany was too occupied with her own affairs, and Russia was an incalculable element. Everything depended upon how far England was prepared to go in support of her old and faithful ally Austria. It was well known that England had protested strongly through her representative at Turin against war with Austria. 'England,' said Cavour, 'will not belie her minister and she will disapprove the just war provoked by others and freely accepted by us. But it is improbable that her ill-humour and disapproval will go to the length of open warfare or that she will decide to support Austria with armed force for the destruction of Italy.' He based this opinion upon his belief that England would only fight if her own interests were in danger, and that the struggle for Italian freedom was a national not an international one, and in no way imperilled the political interests of Great Britain. Though Cavour did not trust the English government and went so far as to say, 'Even though the Liberals are in power, if the political interests of England were in danger it would not surprise us to see Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell grasping the hand of Metternich, still dripping

with Polish and Italian blood,' he put great trust in the common sense of the English people. He argued that ' at the end of the last century, when the oligarchy of great patrician families was still almost omnipotent, the English government could not induce Parliament to declare war on France until after the death of Louis XVI. and the reign of terror. Will the ministry of to-day, which has deserted the tradition of Pitt, be able to persuade England to co-operate in the barbarous undertaking of keeping Italy in slavery? It is not credible.' Then skilfully overlooking the fear of Russia, which was the real cause of English support of Austria, and playing upon her well-known distrust of France, he proceeded to point out how a firmly knit kingdom of Italy would prove of real value to England :

> England does not wish the frontiers of France to stretch beyond the Alps. Now will not Italy, strong and free, form a more effective barrier against any such ambition than an Italy discontented, divided up and angry, always ready to call in foreign aid to break the hated yoke of Austria? England is afraid of some other Power acquiring naval preponderance in the Mediterranean. She ought to desire to see Italy a naval power capable of holding France in check.

Cavour devoted no less than four articles to calming public opinion on this question of England's intervention, treating it from all sides, pointing out that such intervention meant universal war, that to oppose the struggle for freedom in Italy was alien to the whole tradition of England, and suggesting that she should, if she wished to see the House of Hapsburg firmly seated on the Austrian throne, ' encourage the liberal movement which has manifested itself with such energy in Austria, and endeavour to make the Austrian government participate in those liberal aspirations displayed in Germany and destined to construct in the centre of Europe a power well-nigh invincible '—a prophecy of which we have seen the fulfilment.

Cavour had always a great admiration for England.

He had studied our history and constitutional system with sympathy and understanding, and had grasped more clearly than most continental statesmen the reality of the power of public opinion in England. Though at this time he disliked and distrusted Lord Palmerston, this did not in the least bias his judgment, and in an article on the Chartist Riots written a little later, he made an *amende honorable* for his strictures on English policy. After expressing his satisfaction at the collapse of the Chartist demonstration and the threat of civil war which seemed imminent in the movement, he went on thus :

> We hold no brief for England, and still less are we passionate admirers of the policy of the Court of St. James's, as several of our articles have shown, but we are convinced that the preservation of the English social system is necessary to the cause of progress and liberty. For it is a matter of deep concern to the whole world that this people should go forward on that path of social and political amelioration which it has followed now for some years, and not be engulfed in revolutionary struggles which would be its utter ruin. For many centuries, while the rest of Europe groaned beneath the yoke of absolutism, England was the jealous and faithful guardian of those great principles of liberty upon which the political systems of modern times are founded. Save for few and brief exceptional intervals she has known how to keep unharmed from the usurpation of power and from popular violence the liberty of the individual and the Press, the right of public meeting and that of petition ; in short, all those rights so little respected on the Continent by victorious parties have been held across the Straits of Dover as the unshaken axioms of true political life. The French revolution did much for the cause of the people in promoting equality, and now they promise us fraternity, but up to the present true liberty has not been much of a favourite, and England to-day is the freest country in Europe. Until experience shall have proved to us that there is in Europe some other country in which the principles of liberty are held equally sacred and kept equally safe from violence or insult, we shall never cease to proclaim Great Britain to be a great luminary whose rays spread a most beneficent light upon the road to be traversed by modern peoples towards a happier lot.

On the outbreak of war Cavour had at once joined the citizen guard with the rank of captain, and in consequence his journalistic work had to be carried on in the intervals of his military duties. 'Forgive me,' he writes to one correspondent, 'if I have not replied by return to your questions relative to the affairs of Parma. You must attribute my delay to the citizen guard, which has kept me on duty for twenty-four hours in the Palace courtyard.' And again later to de la Rue, 'I write to you from the guard-house, where I have passed the night.' The popular excitement penetrated even the editorial sanctum. 'Excuse me if I write so badly and in such haste,' runs another letter, 'but in these days an editor's office is like a crowded harbour, with all sorts of excited people continually coming and going.' In spite of these demands upon his time he seems to have kept in touch with a mass of private business. The contracts for railway material made with English firms were complicated by the outbreak of war. The vital government subsidies were jeopardised, the ships now on their way to Genoa with rails might be interfered with, and a hundred possibilities had to be considered. Money matters troubled him also. 'No one pays me for the guano,' he writes, 'rice is practically unsaleable. Tell me frankly if you will accept three-month bills for 25,000 drawn on my creditors, who are all safe, and whether the bank will cash them. Reply at once; I shall want money here in a few days.' And on top of all this came the parliamentary elections.

The elections for the Chamber of Deputies were fixed for the month of April, and the returns were to be completed by the 27th, Parliament being due to meet on May 8th. The system adopted was modelled on that of France, by which a candidate could be elected for several constituencies though he could only sit for one, his resignation of the others involving by-elections. In the absence of any party organisations the number of candidates for election was very large,

six or eight for a single seat not being uncommon. At the first ballot, if no single candidate succeeded in obtaining a clear majority of all the votes cast or a number equivalent to one-third of the entire electorate, the electoral committee announced the two names obtaining the largest number of votes and fixed a day for a second poll restricted to these two candidates. Cavour presented himself as a candidate for the fifth college at Turin, but came out fifth on the poll with a total of only eleven votes. He then accepted invitations to contest two other seats, Cigliano in the Vercellese and Monforte, with very similar results. While these were yet undecided, he received a further invitation to contest Vercelli, the capital of the province in which the family estates were situated. This invitation was peculiarly gratifying, since Cavour had not only much influence in the district, but was thoroughly cognisant of its needs.

In the following letter written to Baron Vicario di Sant'Agabio, who had been mainly instrumental in promoting his candidature, he gives us a summary of his political position at the moment of accepting the offer to contest Vercelli. It is dated April 5th :

> I am exceedingly grateful to you for having thought of me as a person worthy to canvass the votes of our Vercellese. Though undeserved, these would be peculiarly pleasing and gratifying to me. But before accepting your offer of co-operation in obtaining them, I must show you what is my electoral position at the present moment.
>
> As soon as the law was published, I thought of presenting myself as a candidate at Cigliano, in which district lies some of our property, and where I have many personal friends and acquaintances. To speak candidly, I confess that I considered my election there as certain, so that I did not accept the invitation extended to me at that time by numerous electors at Turin to offer myself as a candidate for one of the divisions in the capital. But I met at Cigliano many adverse influences, especially in the communes with which I had the closest relations. These unforeseen difficulties determined me to give up the idea of being a deputy for the Vercellese, and I accepted the offer of some electors

in the Langhe (Monforte), who promised me their votes; but without pledging myself definitely. I find myself, therefore, after having given up Cigliano, a candidate at Monforte without, however, being very certain of my election there. Some of my friends at Turin have not yet given up hope of voting for me, but I think that their votes would only be wasted and that it would be better for them to support another candidate who holds similar views to mine.

Such in few words is my position at the moment when the greatest honour that the country can bestow is about to be decided. My greatest desire would have been to represent in parliament the Province of Vercelli, to which I am united by ties both of friendship and interest. Having received very small support in the constituency in which I felt certain of being successful, I must seek some other means of entering parliament. If I had thought that the electors of the capital of the province would have voted for me, I should have renounced every other candidature to fulfil my ambition of representing Vercelli. I should not be able at the present moment to free myself from the pledges contracted with the electors of Monforte unless I could be certain of election elsewhere. It appears to me, therefore, to be difficult to present myself to your fellow-citizens in circumstances which would be acceptable.

The doubts which Cavour expressed in this letter, whether his pledges to other constituencies might not render his candidature at Vercelli unacceptable, were shortly after removed, upon which he wrote again definitely accepting the offer to contest the seat. On the advice of friends he issued an election address,[1] in which he staunchly avowed himself in favour of a 'free and united Italy governed by a genuine constitutional system in which the throne should rest upon the broad and solid base of national freedom.' His principal opponent at Vercelli was an advocate by name Eugenio Stara, and Cavour was not above suggesting that his rival would have excellent chances of success in another constituency, for he wrote a little later, 'It appears to me that the advocate Stara might present himself with excellent chances of success at

[1] See full text in Appendix.

the college of Santhià. The candidature of this constituency was offered to me by a person of considerable influence, Count Feliciano Gattinara. He would be supported by persons who can certainly exercise influence in that neighbourhood. He has close relations with it, and adding my influence to his he would almost certainly be successful.'

This ingenious method of removing a rival did not succeed, however, and when the result was declared it read: Stara 202, Cavour 122, the four other competitors getting another 85 votes. This necessitated a second ballot, in which Cavour was beaten by 270 to 130.

Cavour was deeply grieved at his rejection by four separate constituencies, but he bore his disappointment in a philosophic spirit. As we can see from his letters he determined not to allow his personal feelings to interfere with his work for his country. In a half humorous vein he wrote to Luigi Franchi, one of his staff on the *Risorgimento*:

> Puisque nous ne sommes pas députés
> Tâchons de ne pas nous montrer dépîtés,

but his real opinions were expressed more fully in a reply sent to M. A. Castelli, who, indignant at his rejection, had written to him a letter of sympathy which contained strong words on the conduct of the electors:

> Thank you for your kind letter of the 26th inst. Your friendship for me makes you exceedingly severe on our fellow-citizens, who had very good reasons for not choosing me as their deputy. Many of them are actuated by such anti-aristocratic prejudices that no personal merit can outweigh them. I know only too well how great are the hindrances of caste. I have suffered too often, as I suffer now, from the ridiculous pretensions of the titled classes to be irritated for long over the prejudices and pretensions raised up in opposition amongst the working people. My failure to be elected a deputy will not lessen my devotion to the cause of liberty and progress. I shall not be able to fight for it from the rostrum, but I shall fight in the columns of the Press, in which, thanks to my helpers, and you in particular, I have

a field in which neither envy nor personal enmity can gainsay me. . . . I have read with annoyance the article of the Minister of Finance upon loans on silk deposits. I shall write an article upon this question when I return to Turin, but this week I do not want to worry myself with political matters. Besides, I might very well say to the commercial people that having excluded me from representing the capital, having chosen others as deputies, they need not look to me to champion their cause. But in politics recrimination is folly; I shall defend them as if I was their member.

A few days after the results of the elections were published, Cavour received a further invitation to contest a seat, this time at the instance of his friend Giacomo Giovanetti, the constituency being that of Arona. But Cavour's pride rebelled against further efforts and he declined.

I thank you for the sympathy shown to a poor discomfited one. At Vercelli, where they represented my victory as assured, I have been beaten by the worthy advocate Stara; at Cigliano, deserted by my nearest neighbours, the unknown advocate Ferraris has been given the preference. Lastly, at Monforte I was defeated by that great victory-winner, the inexpressible Sineo. O cruel fate, alone amongst the journalists I am excluded from the Chamber. The *Messaggiere*, the *Opinione*, the *Concordia*, will all make a fine show of themselves in parliament, and the poor *Risorgimento* sad and confused will remain shut up in its office.

However, it is better to suffer disillusion at the commencement of our political career than at the end of it. After having toiled for the Società Agraria, or rather for national agriculture, I found myself shelved, for whom? For X., whose mind is on a level with his appearance. Now, having worked in the field of politics as hard if not harder than any of my journalistic colleagues, I alone am rejected by my country.

That these electoral defeats have hurt me bitterly, I do not deny. I was specially grieved at the hostility I met with amongst the inhabitants of the villages around my rice fields, and more still at the want of faith, the broken promises, the tricks of certain Vercellesi whom I esteemed, and particularly the advocate Y., who behaved most unworthily towards me. But I have not been cast down for long. Having returned to Turin, I have taken up my pen afresh

> and have recommenced my political work without bitterness or rancour, more to satisfy my conscience than to win the praise of a public that sets but small value on me. Now you offer me the candidature of Arona, the offer flatters and consoles me, but I cannot accept it. After three defeats I should fail in my self-respect if I should again present myself for election. Besides, having opposed the railway to the Lakes and thereby shown an opinion obviously against the interests of Arona, I could not accept the position of representing them.[1]

In spite of his diappointment at the failure of his electioneering efforts, it is open to doubt whether Cavour did not at this time exercise more influence and serve his country better as editor of the *Risorgimento* than he would have done on the floor of the House of Deputies. His early experiences as a member were not encouraging. His ignorance of colloquial Italian, his hesitating speech and his inability to express fluently the ideas so clear in his own mind, militated strongly against his influence. So great was his unpopularity that his first attempts to address the House were invariably received with more or less of an uproar from the gallery, and it was a considerable time before he was listened to with anything like attention. As it was, he devoted his time and energy to writing a series of articles conspicuous for accuracy, clearness and sound reasoning on all the questions of the hour. Both Parliament and the country needed knowledge and guidance, and Cavour brought to his task a grasp of contemporary and constitutional history which was unsurpassed by any Italian writer of the day. These articles may be grouped under three heads: Parliamentary Procedure, Foreign Politics, and the vexed question of the Constituent Assembly.

Parliament met on May 8th, and out of its two hundred members one hundred and forty were lawyers, a fact which induced Cavour in an article on the railways which he wrote a few days earlier, to insert

[1] Chiala, vol. i. No. 112.

the following paragraph, full of that keen irony of which he was a master :

> Therefore we flatter ourselves that if our future Chamber of Deputies should have the good luck to number among its members—besides the numerous and distinguished lawyers of whom we have such reason to be proud—any men of special talents, engineers, business men or economists elected *by accident* in some constituency, in whom positive knowledge is still held in higher esteem than the mere merit of talking, these deputies will insist without delay that the whole question of our railways should immediately be brought before the House.

Cavour began his articles on Parliamentary Procedure with a leader written two days before parliament assembled, in which he detailed his views as to the first steps which it was necessary to take. Their first task, he said, would be to draw up the rules of the House, and after insisting on the importance of this task, ' upon which depend almost entirely the celerity with which business is conducted and up to a certain point the value of the laws themselves,' he went on to compare the existing models in the French and English parliaments. In drawing up these regulations the Chamber should endeavour ' to escape the tedious slowness, the endless formality and the ' rancide tradizioni ' with which the English system abounds, without falling into the confusion, want of order and dignity which in our opinion make the French system the worst possible example to follow.' On the other hand, while retaining ' the inviolable guarantees which protect the rights of minorities, the respect for individual opinions and the art of making full use of every member's capacity, each in his own particular sphere, which were the characteristics of the English procedure, they should seek to imitate the clarity and precision which made the French rules so admirable a model.' He then passed on to the question of the verification of powers, especially in regard to the validity of elections. Here again he contrasted the

French and English methods. The former appointed officials to whom was submitted by each electoral committee a *procès-verbal* giving the details of the election. The English method was to regard every election as valid unless objections were formally lodged against it, in which case the particular circumstances were the subject of a special inquiry. Cavour strongly supported the English method, 'because,' he said, 'it conforms to the principle that misconduct ought not to be imputed unless it is attested by an apparent fact.' He ended the article with these words :

> We know that these opinions of ours conflict with the ideas of control and centralisation which we have inherited from France. But it is just because we hold these ideas to be dangerous to the development of the true principles of liberty that we believe it our duty to oppose them in small things as in great. The French by extending to every act of political life and to all parts of the administration the supervision of the central authority, either executive or legislative ; by regulating, verifying, and controlling everything, have not allowed those habits of independence, respect for law and personal dignity which do so much honour to the Anglo-Saxon race in both continents, to take root in the nation. The American, like the English constitution, calls every citizen to co-operate in the execution of the law, invests them with a kind of magistracy and makes it a duty to denounce acts against the law or harmful to society. By such means they form free men gifted with virtue and civil courage, ready to resist either usurpations of power or the excesses of parties. We exhort then the government to hasten the definite constitution of parliament by declaring every election against which no protest is lodged to be valid.

At the first sitting of the Chamber, the speech from the Throne was read by Prince Eugenio of Carignano, for the King was with the army in the field. It met with Cavour's unstinted approval ; but acutely foreseeing the opportunity it offered for an orgy of rhetoric on the part of the one hundred and forty lawyers, he closed his article upon it as follows :

> We trust that yesterday's discourse, repeated in every city throughout Italy, will promote the cause of union for which

> our soldiers are fighting. But to complete this undertaking it is necessary that the words of our legislators should correspond to the wisdom of the Royal words. If, as we firmly hope, they sacrifice all discord upon secondary points, all desire of shining in the field of eloquence, all useless pomp of words, to assiduous labour upon the task of building the constitution, they will share with the army and the King the gratitude of the country and of Italy.

A vain appeal! Though Radetzky was still undefeated and the very framework of the constitution not yet laid, ten precious days were wasted in a torrent of eloquence before the reply to the address could be settled—ten days in which the whole gamut of political thought was traversed, from the 'Throne and Altar' *credo* of the stalwarts of Savoy to the rabid republicanism of the Genoese. No more instructive comment can be made upon the failure of Italy to make full use of the great opportunity of 1848 than to compare the articles written at this time by Cavour with the opening chapters of Brofferio's *Storia del Parlamento Subalpino*. The one so compact, so reasonable, so full of the sense of reality and responsibility, the other a turgid torrent of rhetoric without form or substance. One sentence may be given, typical of that worship of eloquence which possessed the orators of that day, until they were driven into more businesslike methods by Cavour :

> In those days there was a rostrum destined for the orators, the classic tradition of Athens and of Rome : to-day, aping England, the deputies stand content to speak humbly from their seats. True it is that to wear the Greek or Roman toga one would need to have the breast of Cicero or Demosthenes, not the scrannel pipe of Peel or Brougham. But to events and ages men and things nearly always correspond.

Could Austria have been conquered by words, she would never have survived the first sitting of the Piedmontese Chamber of Deputies.

The most interesting of all Cavour's articles on constitutional questions is the one which he wrote on the Reform of the Senate. By the provisions of

the Statuto, the Second Chamber was nominated by the King from certain definite categories of the population. In the course of a debate certain questions arose which led Cavour to examine the whole question of the value of a second chamber and the best method for its formation. He began his article with an examination of the proper function of a second chamber, which he described in the following terms:

> The political machinery of a state should be designed with a view to continuous movement, to an uninterrupted but well ordered and progressive development: and therefore we consider it indispensable to divide the power of legislation between two Houses, in one of which the popular element, that is the motor force, predominates and in the other the conservative co-ordinating element. Rejecting the idea of equilibrium, which in mechanics implies immobility, we seek to construct a great political machine in such a manner that the accelerating impulse may be combined with a moderating force: we need, besides the spring which urges forward, the pendulum which regulates and renders the movement uniform. But for this to become a reality, it is not sufficient simply to write in the Statuto that there shall be two Houses, but to construct them in such a way that the one whose task is to temper the ardour of the other shall possess an intrinsic power of its own, so that it can oppose an effective resistance to the violent passions of the undisciplined popular element and to the factions subversive of order. In England this function is fulfilled by a chamber based on the principle of heredity, which for many centuries has co-operated effectively with the increase of national greatness and prosperity and in the regular development of civil and religious liberty.

He then goes on to ask whether in view of the success of the English system it would be wise for Italy to adopt the principle of an hereditary peerage. To this he replies with a decisive negative, giving as his reason that the ancient Piedmontese nobility have neither the wealth nor the influence in the country to reproduce in Italy the function performed by the nobility in England. 'An hereditary peerage,' he argues, 'cannot exercise real influence unless the individual members

possess a personal influence of their own, independent of the function which they exercise. The House of Lords is a real power because tradition, history, and wealth make a great number of its members influential irrespective of their membership of it. Heredity tends to maintain and increase this influence, it is powerless by itself to create it.' Having disposed of an hereditary peerage on the English model he goes on to consider the possible alternatives. They are three in number. A chamber nominated by the King, a chamber elected by popular suffrage, or a combination of the two in which the King selects names from an elected list of suitable candidates. The first of these Cavour condemned on the following grounds, that although nomination would probably secure a chamber respected for its ability and honesty, it would never be strong enough to control or oppose the popular chamber. Public opinion would always regard it as composed of nominees of the government, and in consequence its decisions would never be regarded as independent and its authority would inevitably suffer. Life peerages would be no help, since the best candidates would refuse from a preference for the fuller life of the House of Deputies. However loyal the executive might be in its desire to form a popular and independent second chamber, it would never succeed in creating anything better than an esteemed and respected body, but one destitute of political influence. The combined system he held to be even worse. The best men would not allow their names to go forward for election and only mediocre candidates would come forward. Out of these the safe men would probably be chosen, and whatever the choice might be, much criticism and ill-feeling would be aroused by the selection made. 'The system of combining election and nomination,' he added, 'is at best a bastard system generally regarded as vicious and contrary to the true spirit of free institutions. There is no trace of it to be found either in the English or American constitutions.'

Having eliminated all the other possibilities, Cavour's choice fell upon a second chamber elected by popular suffrage. To the objection which at once arose, why duplicate the whole mechanism of government by passing legislation through two chambers identically elected? he replied that in addition to the soundness of the general principle of submitting the government measures to an examination in a less heated atmosphere, these objections would have great weight, 'if the mode of elections in the two chambers was identical,' but that was not his intention, nor had it been the intention of any legislative body either in Europe or America which had established a government consisting of two elective assemblies. 'We believe it easy,' he went on, 'to constitute a second chamber animated by an instinct sufficiently conservative to place an effective check upon the extravagant impulses of the Chamber of Deputies, without constituting a privileged electoral body: and that merely by imposing upon the candidates certain conditions of eligibility, varying the composition of the electoral colleges, and extending the duration of the period for which members are elected.' Unfortunately Cavour postponed to a second article a detailed examination of what these particular conditions should be, and that article was never written. His arguments on this subject might be taken as a testimony to the genuineness of Cavour's democratic views, but they afford rather an example of his disinterested anxiety to obtain for his country a constitution which should embrace the best of all political experience without regard to its origin or to the fetish of any particular political label.

Though he was mainly interested in Piedmont's nascent parliament, Cavour kept an eye on foreign affairs. About this time a diplomatic indiscretion revealed the fact that on assuming office the government had almost immediately made overtures to Switzerland for an offensive and defensive alliance. As the advantages were almost entirely on the side of Italy, and no

adequate inducement could be offered to compensate Switzerland for abandoning that policy of neutrality which was her chief safeguard, it is not surprising that the Diet rejected the proposal. When it became known, however, that negotiations had taken place, there was considerable excitement in Piedmont, especially among the republicans, who, judging Switzerland by her extreme Press, expected more substantial aid than sympathetic words. This subject was treated by Cavour in an article in which, in view of the price he himself paid in Italian soil for the French alliance ten years later, is an interesting comment on the difference between theory and practice.[1]

> The only means, perhaps, which could have counterbalanced the powerful reasons which weighed with the Swiss in favour of the maintenance of neutrality and might have decided the Diet to take an active part in the war of Italian independence, would have been the offer to the Helvetic Confederation of the Valtelline, which once formed part of it, and the possession of which to-day is the object of one of its keenest desires. But it was not in the power of the government to pledge itself in this respect, and even if it had been able to dispose of such an important province, we do not doubt that it would have indignantly refused to obtain assistance at the cost of Italian soil. The aim of the war undertaken by Charles Albert is to reunite the scattered members of our nation in a single whole. To surrender a part of it would have been a sacrifice which would have dishonoured our most holy cause.

Cavour's main preoccupation outside his own country was, however, the new government in France. He had a great admiration for Lamartine and considerable hopes that under his guidance a stable and moderate government would be obtained. He seems also to have held the opinion that in the last resort the old rivalry between France and Austria could always be utilised to save Italy from the worst effects of defeat. In view of the struggle across the Alps, France had at this time

[1] Savoy and Nice were part of the price paid for the French alliance in 1859.

assembled an army of observation not far from the Savoy border, which was watched with considerable distrust by Italy. The fear of the moderate Liberals like Cavour was that in the event of the triumph of the extreme Radical party in France, they might join hands with the Republican element in Piedmont for the overthrow of the monarchy. In the middle of May news came of the Republican rising against the government in Paris. Cavour realised that this was a critical test of the strength of Lamartine's government and that if they proved strong enough to overcome the extremist danger they might possibly prove useful later to Italy. With this in mind he wrote on May 20th as follows :

> In spite of the disquieting news received to-day from Paris we trust that Lamartine and the National Assembly will issue victorious from the terrible struggle which the Socialists have let loose in Paris. If they succeed we shall look without distrust on the army of the Alps. As long as French politics are guided by that great man, and as long as we have the Signor Bixio as his representative in Italy, we shall consider it as an army of security from which we shall be able to profit *in extreme cases*. If a cruel fate should render vain the magnanimous ardour of the King and the sublime valour of our troops, and we should be compelled to yield before the greater forces of Austria : if the theatre of war should be transferred from the Adige and the Mincio to the Sesia and the Dora, then French intervention would not be a matter of doubt, it would become a tremendous necessity.

But in spite of Cavour's strong words, when the hour of necessity came the army of the Alps remained in its cantonments and ten years had yet to pass before his own genius drew the French bayonets flashing through the defiles of the Alps.

Cavour's absorption in his country's affairs was rudely broken in the beginning of June by a bitter domestic loss. His nephew Auguste, now a lad of eighteen and a lieutenant in the Guards, while gallantly rallying his men was killed at Goito. Cavour's grief was desperate. Castelli, who on hearing the news at

once went to him, found 'him pacing his room weeping desperately and unable to speak a word.' In a letter which he wrote later he described his nephew in these words :

> Our loss is cruel, it is especially bitter for me who saw in Auguste my own feelings and opinions under a more brilliant and energetic form. Nothing base or vulgar ever entered his heart. Death has taken him at the very moment when he was realising all our hopes, when he was showing to the world how great and noble was his soul. Auguste met his end with perfect calm. The chaplain of the Guards, an excellent priest, was with him at the last. He died with a smile upon his lips, as a soldier and a Christian. It is truly the noblest of deaths, the most enviable. It is terrible for those who remain.[1]

We now come to the last important articles written by Cavour before his entry into political life, those on the proposed Constituent Assembly. The matter arose in this way. After his expulsion from Milan and Piedmont's declaration of war against Austria, Marshal Radetzky retired to the famous Quadrilateral, where, acting on the defensive, he reorganised the army and awaited reinforcements from Austria. As the Austrians retired the country rose behind them. Venice declared for a republic, Padua, Vicenza and other cities demanded union with the monarchy of Savoy, while Milan and as much of Lombardy as was free were divided between the two forms of government. To solve the difficulty the Provisional Government installed at Milan with the consent of the King demanded the convocation of a Constituent Assembly, comprising all the states concerned, to determine the future constitution of the Kingdom of Northern Italy. The demand was accepted by the Piedmontese government and a bill for its convocation was prepared and introduced into the Chamber of Deputies. Regardless of the fact that the Austrian army was not only undefeated but firmly entrenched in one of the strongest

[1] Till the day of his death Cavour kept the uniform of his nephew in a special cabinet in his sitting-room, where it is still to be seen.

positions in Europe, with its communications with Austria still intact, the country behaved as if Radetzky had vanished into space and the war had already ended in victory ; and yet only two months were to pass before Radetzky was thundering at the gates of Turin and the very thought of a ' Kingdom of Northern Italy ' had vanished. Even Cavour, though he had moments of doubt, seems to have been carried with the stream and wrote of the new kingdom as if it was an established fact.

Cavour's position was difficult. He did not like the idea of a Constituent Assembly, but he felt that a measure brought forward by the Lombards themselves with the consent of the King and accepted by the Ministers of the Crown was one which in the interests of the country should not be opposed, and in consequence he refrained at first from writing about it. Nor was he urged into print by the taunts of rival journals who declared that he was seeking popularity by the prudent policy of sitting on the fence. But when the bill was published it was found to be so loosely and inadequately drawn that criticism became imperative. The public interest in the subject was intense, and one aspect of it, the question of the future capital, created such feeling as to lead almost to open rioting. Cavour's first article appeared on June 19th, in which, after lamenting the public dissensions at a moment when it was so desirable to see the longed-for union ' received with unanimous applause and universal jubilation,' he expressed his own opinion as follows :

> We do not wish to discuss whether the convocation of a Constituent Assembly elected by universal suffrage is or is not the best method of building upon firm liberal bases the constitutional edifice of the Kingdom of Northern Italy. Perhaps it would have been wiser to maintain our Statuto, provisionally applying it to all the provinces which unite themselves to us, proceeding later to a meeting of deputies from all the provinces for the development of the good elements which it contains and the reform of its defects. But when, after the rejection of this simple method, the

convocation of a Constituent Assembly was adopted, it appears to us to be undeniable that it would have been more logical and more convenient to have brought up the present Parliament to its full complement, which then, with the deputies from Lombardy and the other provinces, could have decided upon the steps rendered necessary by the needs of the moment and further upon the lines to be followed for the convocation of the Assembly and the scope of its labours.

However, as a different procedure was adopted, Cavour loyally supported it, only advising that no time be lost in setting it in motion. Turning then to criticism of the bill itself, he remarked that in its present shape the bill was inadmissible and would have to be subjected to revision by the Chambers, 'not only in the interests of Piedmont but also of Lombardy, in order neither to outrage common sense and logic nor to sanction a piece of legislation contrary to the most elementary and fundamental of political ideas.' His first point was that although provision had been made for administrative fusion, legislative fusion had been entirely omitted, with the result that until the work of the Constituent Assembly was completed and the new constitution was in being, Lombardy and the other provinces must continue under the oppressive system of Austria. He next pointed out that to restore the confidence of the country two additional clauses must be added to the bill, the first giving the place of meeting of the Assembly at Turin and the second declaring that this Assembly could not transfer the seat of government elsewhere.

On the question of the future capital, Cavour personally had an open mind. He had already written a month earlier that 'Milan perchance would have the high honour of being the seat of government of Northern Italy,' but he saw clearly enough the great danger of changing horses while crossing the stream, and wrote on this point :

The question of the capital cannot, ought not to be defined until the new Kingdom of Northern Italy is settled and the new constitution is in working order. Then, if the interests

> of Italy require it, Turin will know how to submit to the greatest sacrifices. But so long as the country is in a state of crisis and transition, so long as it is not firmly on its feet and is confronted by an implacable enemy, in the name of heaven let us not introduce an element of discord, let us not weaken the executive by obliging it to change the seat of government, nor sow seeds of distrust and depression in the generous minds of the Piedmontese, who, if they are not the most noisy supporters of Italian independence, are certainly those who have beyond possible comparison poured out with the greatest profusion their blood and treasure to redeem Lombardy from the tyranny of the foreigner.

The bill, however, was so fundamentally defective that at least one important amendment had to be proposed by the Government itself. This took the form of an additional clause whereby the powers of the Constituent Assembly were limited to laying 'the bases and form of the monarchy.' In his second article Cavour, while praising the minister in charge of the bill, Count Ricci, for his courage and promptitude in repairing such a glaring omission, enlarged on the fact that not a word was said as to the place where the Assembly was to meet. He put very clearly the reasons why the meeting-place should be Turin, emphasising the impossible position of having a Government in the capital and a Constituent Assembly elsewhere, acting apparently without the advice or presence of the actual Ministers of the Crown. In the meantime the bill had been submitted for examination by a committee of the House, who received Count Ricci's amendment with anything but favour, hesitated to accept it, and appeared to wish to conceal it from the Chamber. While the question of the bill was still *sub judice*, Cavour wrote his third and strongest article to show the vital necessity of limiting the power of the Constituent Assembly to purely legislative functions. He began by criticising the first draft of the bill in the following terms :

> Either by someone's blundering, or as the result of too much hurry on the part of the Ministry, the bill in its first form

presented so many omissions and such serious defects that to adopt it without amendments would have been to give the sanction of the Chamber to a piece of legislation from which might have arisen the most serious difficulties and the most unhappy consequences. This extraordinary inadequacy of the bill was recognised at once both by the parliamentary committee and by the cabinet. By the committee, which found so many omissions when they came to examine it as to oblige them to propose a number of amendments, one of which has for its scope nothing less than the provision of a legislative authority for the new provinces in order to meet urgent cases until such time as the new constitution is framed. By the ministry, which not having defined the powers of the Constituent Assembly, left it open for the bill to be interpreted in such a way as to overturn the whole social edifice and throw into disorder the entire administrative machinery of the government and even the executive power itself.

Then, after giving the history of the Ricci amendment and the extraordinary conduct of the committee in hesitating about its acceptance, he goes on :

It is obvious that the amendment has the great merit of consecrating the sound principle which lays down that the mandate of a Constituent Assembly must be limited to the exercise of legislative power. Woe to us if this principle is violated, if an assembly recognised as almost omnipotent for the formation of new constitutional laws should invade the province of the executive and that of administration. The government, without legal means of resisting its usurpations, would quickly fall beneath its dominant will, and the outcome would be a real dictatorship, the more dangerous and the more to be feared perhaps when exercised by an assembly than when entrusted to a single individual. To maintain that an independent authority and a constituent assembly with an unlimited mandate can coexist, is to give no doubtful proof of great historical and political ignorance or of absolute bad faith. . . . There is not a single one of the states which form the Confederation of North America whose constitution does not provide for the reform of its organic law by means of a Constituent Assembly ; but in every one the mandate for this extraordinary assembly is rigorously defined, and in all it is restricted to the exercise of legislative functions. Equally, the constitution lately presented to the French Chambers, which may be termed the

> boldest democratic experiment up to now attempted in political history, when fixing the rules to be followed when the nation desires to modify the constitution, solemnly declares that the assembly called for this purpose 'must occupy itself solely with that revision for which it has been convoked.' Is our committee more distrustful of the executive power than the republics of France and America?

The cogency of Cavour's reasoning had its effect upon the Chamber, for the Ricci amendment was accepted and the powers of the Constituent Assembly limited. But while the Chambers were talking, Radetzky was assuming the offensive, and the Constituent Assembly, and with it the Kingdom of Northern Italy, went up in the fire and smoke of Austria's victorious legions. The lesson of these weeks was not lost on Cavour, and ten years later, in a closely analogous position, there was no talk of constituent assemblies, but the best men he could find were sent to hold the provinces for the King until such time as a parliament representative of all should render their presence no longer necessary. On the very day that Cavour wrote this article, he received news of his election as Deputy in the colleges of Monforte and Cigliano and the first college of Turin, and, as he wrote to his friend de la Rue, he was 'at last politically rehabilitated.' Cavour's return at the by-elections was a foregone conclusion. There was a crying need in the Chamber of Deputies for men of special knowledge, notably in the sphere of finance, and sensible members not blinded by party bitterness had come to recognise that the country could not afford to pass over men of such outstanding ability as Cavour without suffering in consequence. The *Costituzionale Subalpino*, in an article printed a few days before the elections, voiced the common sentiment when it wrote:

> Everyone deplores the lack of special knowledge in the Chamber of Deputies: we trust that the elections which will take place on Monday will partly repair this weakness. We have, for example, some reason for believing that two men of real financial ability, Count Revel and Count Cavour,

> will be returned to give the House the benefit of their financial knowledge. They have other claims to the esteem of their fellow-citizens. . . the Count Cavour has acquired a reputation as an economist, and as to his political opinions we can only say that he defends with great courage and ability views with many of which we are in thorough agreement.

Cavour brought into parliament an equipment at once extensive and profound. His position as a politician was clear: he was a convinced moderate Liberal whose principles had been tested for many years in the hard school of opposition. Opposed on the one hand to the retrogressive ideas of the extreme Conservatives, he had on the other combated with equal vigour the excesses of the Republicans. In the task of solidifying the newborn constitutional monarchy of Piedmont, his grasp of constitutional principles and procedure was a real help to the country. In the past ten years of his life he had acquired a comprehensive knowledge of the industrial needs and possibilities of Piedmont. An expert in agriculture, he had a genuine first-hand knowledge of finance, banking, railways, mills, and had had a hand in nearly every industry in the country, down to the rearing of silk worms and the making of roads. To this practical equipment he added a theoretical knowledge of economics, the result of deep study for many years in the works of all the best writers of the time.

No less extensive and scarcely less profound was his knowledge of foreign political conditions. For twenty years he had watched the political barometer of Europe with unrelaxed vigilance. France and Switzerland he knew thoroughly and most of their leading men were known to him personally. His knowledge of England was less extensive and he was unfamiliar with her statesmen, but his knowledge was founded on an acquaintance with many of the middle classes, country gentlemen, members of parliament, professional and business men, who reflected perhaps better than her leading statesmen the real opinion and ideals of

the country. As far as it was possible for one who had no inner knowledge of what went on in the chancelleries of Europe, Cavour's grasp of foreign politics was both sound and thorough. Scarcely less useful to him than his knowledge of foreign countries was his ignorance of his own. He had never been anywhere in Italy outside Piedmont, except for one solitary visit to Milan, Venice, and Trieste. It saved him from provincialism. He viewed Italy as a whole and, ignoring the quarrels and jealousies of individual states, he looked at the Italian question with a breadth of view which was rare amongst the statesmen of his time. He had no sentiment in regard to the preservation of her individual states, her local traditions and racial peculiarities : to Cavour there was one race and one country, whose freedom from the hated foreigner was the common task of all.

But of far greater value than his knowledge was his character. An indefatigable worker—he was habitually up before six and seldom in bed before midnight—he combined with this tremendous industry two of the great gifts of statesmanship, the capacity for mastering elaborate and intricate detail and the power of rapid and acute generalisation from isolated facts. An iron will and a fine courage, he could be convinced by reason but never browbeaten by popular clamour or mere opposition. His tremendous self-confidence and readiness to accept responsibility gave him power to face long odds with an equanimity unknown to weaker characters. We can see in his early life, in his determination to make politics his career and his patience in waiting for his opportunity, that tenacity of purpose which afterwards served his country so well. While he could be bold almost to the verge of rashness, he never lost sight of his maxim that ' the tact of the possible ' is the criterion of statesmanship. On the other side of the account we must place his impatience of contradiction and his inability to suffer fools gladly ; a self-confidence which reached the point of cock-

sureness and led him sometimes to lecture other people as if they were children. His masterful character made him too often overbearing and accounted for much of his unpopularity. When he first entered the Chamber of Deputies he was neither liked nor trusted by either of the extreme parties. His want of fluency in Italian was a severe handicap in a House accustomed to the sonorous declamation of Brofferio and the ponderous dialectics of Gioberti. His practical and economic outlook and his failure to react to the patriotic idealism of those around him lessened his influence until the Chamber came to recognise the reality of his patriotism and the faith and foresight with which he viewed the national destiny. It was typical of the man that when he realised his failure to impress the House he set to work with his usual indomitable courage to overcome his difficulties; and if he never became an orator, he became a master of clear and lucid exposition and a debater of the very first class.

Above all he loved politics with all the strength of his nature. The stress and storm of debate were meat and drink to him. He was singularly free from rancour, and the abuse of his opponents never disturbed his self-control. His election as Deputy came to him as the first step in the fulfilment of his life's ambition. To this end had been directed all his thought and study; for this he had sedulously and unceasingly equipped himself; waiting long and patiently, steadily refusing to sacrifice principle to self-interest, firm in his unalterable conviction that his chance would come at last; and when the opportunity came, it found him with a fullness of knowledge and experience and a grasp of the task that lay before him such as few, faced with that long struggle for recognition, would have had the staunchness to acquire.

APPENDIX

CAVOUR'S ELECTION ADDRESS

To the Electors of the Constituency of Vercelli:

Your Electoral Committee having invited all those who desire to serve their country in the high office of Deputy to come forward, I am anxious to solicit your suffrages at the approaching elections, though I feel how few and inadequate are the merits on which I can claim to be chosen as the representative of your ancient and illustrious city.

I am, however, consoled by the deep conviction that the principles laid down in the manifesto published by your Committee are those of my entire life: they are the principles for which in my youth I sacrificed an honourable career, adopted under the most favourable auspices: they are those which I openly advocated both in speech and in writing at a time when it was considered prudent to conceal liberal ideas: they are those which I have sought to propagate and develop in the open field of journalism from the moment that the Press became free. Yes, I can, I believe, from the very depths of my conscience, say like your Committee that I have at all times desired and tenaciously worked for an Italy free and united and possessed of a genuine constitutional system in which the Throne rests upon the broad and solid base of national freedom.

I have been in the past and still am at this hour an honest and devoted friend of constitutional monarchy, because I believe that in the actual conditions of European society and of Italy in particular it is the only means of reconciling liberty and order: which alone can give the stability necessary to the development of economic interests, together with the political and moral improvements that the just and increasing needs of the people require: because constitutional monarchy is the only system of government in which the pro-

gressive movement which urges Christian civilisation towards higher destinies can be maintained within the limits assigned by reason.

The Statuto then will be our political standard (simbolo) : but the Statuto considered not only as the consecration of many great and fruitful principles of liberty, but also as the most efficacious and suitable means of introducing into the political and economic spheres all the reforms and improvements demanded by proved experience or by incontestable scientific reasons, and also all those yet in the future which the inquiring spirit of modern peoples will reveal.

This declaration embraces my entire confession of political faith. To this I believe myself to have been faithful in all the controversies undertaken by my paper, a journal in whose creation many of you assisted. In these controversies I have put forward honestly, fearless of offending either those in power or the more extreme organs of public opinion, what were my political opinions upon the great political questions which for the last four months have absorbed the attention of the country. To these I may be allowed to refer as to the most precise programme of the conduct I intend to follow if I am elected as Deputy.

But political questions are not the only ones to which a Deputy jealous of fulfilling his mandate should give attention. He ought equally to have a care for the administrative and economic interests of the State.

The Vercellese, a fruitful source of profit to the public treasury, deserve the special attention of the Government. My frequent residence in your province, my long practical experience and deep study dedicated to your principal industry, agriculture, permit me to hope that I shall be able not unworthily to fight the cause of your material and moral progress in Parliament.

Your Deputy ought, as far as he can, to interest himself in spreading the benefit of primary instruction, still so restricted, and in improving the secondary education which is yet far from adequate to the needs of the people. He ought to endeavour to promote improvements in internal communications which have remained for long enough in a disgraceful condition of neglect. He ought to employ every means to reconcile the financial interests of the principal boat-owners in the Vercellese with those of agriculture and the public, so that the waterways of the country shall cease to be a monopoly abandoned to private cupidity, exercised with such rapacity that it is constantly harmful to the welfare

of agriculture, to the rights of property, and sometimes even to the principles of morality.

With this profession of faith, with this short and clear declaration, I have believed it my duty to reply to the invitation of your Committee. If perchance it is such as to commend me to your votes, I trust that my acts will correspond with my words. If, however, your choice should fall on some other more worthy candidate, I shall always rejoice at having put it forward if it wins the esteem and sympathy of any amongst you.

C. Cavour.

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